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ACROSS A WORLD

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ACROSS A WORLD

JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

With the collaboration of THOMAS KERNAN



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Censor of Books
 Imprimatur

✠ FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN, D.D.
Archbishop of New York

August 14, 1942

First printing, September, 1942
 Second printing, October, 1942
 Third Printing, February, 1943

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 CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA
 MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK
 PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 BY J. J. LITTLE & IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Introduction

Christianity: The Perfect World Idea

THE WORLD of the contemporaries of Christ was the world of the geographer Strabo; it extended to a portion of Europe, a strip of Africa, and a relatively small part (less than half) of Asia. If, when Christ said, "Teach all nations," the Apostles were acquainted with Strabo's map, they pictured in their mind's eye the inhabitants of a limited land area centered about the Roman Empire. While our ancestors knew what Christ meant, they did not know whom He meant, since, after nineteen centuries, all the peoples of the earth have fallen within man's ken only in our own times. The known world and the real world have never before matched.

While the world of Strabo has changed, the aspirations of the men of Strabo's day and of our own day remain the same; namely, to dominate the earth. Conquerors have striven to dominate for power. Merchants have sought to dominate for trade. Scientists have dreamed of mastering the world through knowledge. The God-Man has enunciated His plan to possess all men in grace and love.

Today, four great world ideas, four principal world trends, contend for universal sway.

First, there is the universal idea of Moscow—materialist, communist—served by propagandists on every continent intent on making all men subject to the communist way of life. The national state, the Marxist says, is an instrument destined for eventual destruction in a classless world society. Throughout the world, men of bad faith and men of good faith, under the fair slogan of relieving the oppressed, serve a world "religion" that is a caricature of the dignity and rights of man.

Secondly, there is the world idea of nazism—called the "New Order." The philosophy of National Socialism considers primarily the welfare of but one people, the "Aryan" people. But it has a world view, which Hitler says is "intolerant and cannot permit another to exist side by side with it." In internal affairs, "it im-

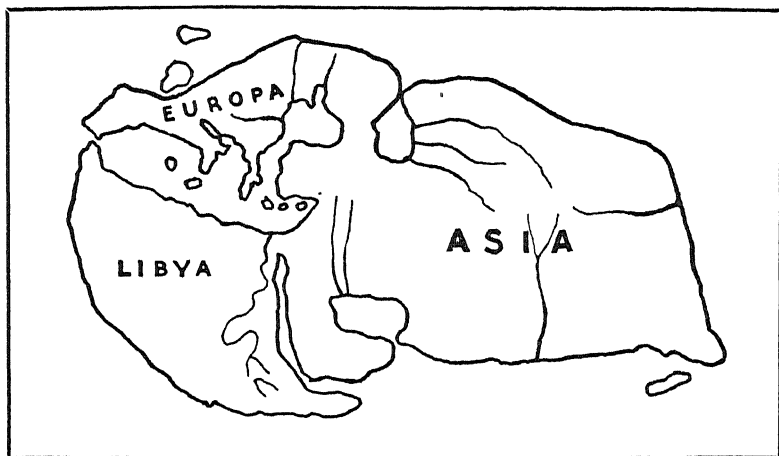
periously demands its own recognition as unique and exclusive." As to world policy, "the fundamental and guiding principle which we must always bear in mind is that foreign policy is only a means to an end, and that the *sole end* to be pursued is the welfare of our own people." One of the sciences emphasized by nazism is geopolitics, a "global scheme of political strategy."

Pius XI condemned bitterly the religious concepts of nazism in his *Mit Brennender Sorge*: "None but superficial minds could stumble into concepts of a national God, of a national religion; or attempt to lock within the frontiers of a single people, within the narrow limits of a single race, God, the Creator of the universe, the King and Legislator of all nations, before whose Immensity they are 'as drops in the bucket.'" Nazism and similar fanaticisms of world conquest are universal but destructive concepts seeking mastery over the peoples of the earth.

Thirdly, there is the universalism of modern power politics. This professes no philosophy directly affecting religion or ethics, but it cannot operate unhampered unless it controls the political and economic life of the globe. After World War I, a League of Nations was set up that was to provide equal rights to all member nations. This failed. Nations could not find a formula by which to share securely the political and economic power of the globe. Unless provision can be made, the universalism of power politics will rise again after World War II.

Fourthly, there is the universalism of Christianity—the most far-reaching of all world ideas, for it seeks to provide for the whole man, for all men, for body and soul, for time and eternity, for living and for life. It provides for the material in so far as the principles that govern material justice are concerned, and it rules for the spiritual relations between man and man, and man and God.

For those accepting the fundamentals of the Christian world idea—the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the authority of the teaching Church—the Catholic Church represents Christianity in its world aspects. True, a bare half of Christians accept Catholic Christianity, and herein lies Christianity's principal modern-day handicap. Adolph Hitler remarks on this: "For the future of the world, it does not matter which of the two triumphs over the other, Catholic or Protestant. . . . The two Christian denominations



This map of the world according to Strabo, the greatest geographer in the days of Christ, embraces a portion of Europe, a strip of Africa, and less than half of Asia.

are not contending against the destroyer of Aryan humanity [he refers to the Jews], but are trying to destroy each other.”

This is salutary warning from a hostile source. It should prompt Catholic and Protestant, for the sake of God's interests throughout the world, to take steps toward union which will obviate the weakening of Christianity in the prosecution of its universal task.

Particularly since the dawn of the present century, the movement toward Protestant unity, or “ecumenicity” as it is being called, has made progress. Notable are the great missionary movements, the Bible Societies, the Evangelical Alliance, and special efforts at large groupings, such as the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Y.M.C.A., and the Y.W.C.A. Protestants date a new era from the great Missionary Conference of many different sects held at Edinburgh in 1910. The International Missionary Council and other united movements were born of this gathering, and continue to function.

Outstanding also were the conference on “Life and Work” held at Stockholm in 1925, and that on “Faith and Order” held at Lausanne in 1927. Just before the outbreak of World War II, in December, 1938, the International Missionary Conference considered Protestant world mission questions at Madras, India; and in

July-August, 1939, a Protestant World Youth Conference was held at Amsterdam.

For over a century, Protestant sects have engaged in mission work aimed at adding to the Christian ranks over the world. Catholics have admired the selfless idealism that has led thousands of Protestants to sacrifice themselves in foreign lands. One of my first tasks during my stay in Rome was to prepare a series of statistical graphs for Pope Pius XI on Protestant world missions. His Holiness followed keenly this and other Protestant activities.

Today among thinking Protestants and Catholics alike, bitterness toward each other no longer exists but, rather, a feeling of deep sadness over the disunited state of Christianity. One morning at the Vatican Mission Exposition in Rome, in 1925, an American Protestant missionary from China called and I accompanied him through the pavilions. After some two hours, we took a seat under the orange trees in the *Cortile della Pigna* and he became suddenly reflective.

"It's a sorry plight we are in, isn't it?" he said. "I have been a missionary for some years in the neighborhood of Hankow. Time and again I have been embarrassed to the point of pain when I have had to try to explain to inquiring Chinese why in the single city of Hankow there should be one church of Christ called the Episcopal, and another called Wesleyan, and another called Adventist, and so on; and why all of these seemed called upon to warn their followers, sometimes against each other, but certainly against the church of Christ called the Catholic. The pity of it! The task of bringing Christ to the world would be huge enough if all Christians were exemplary and all labored unitedly throughout the globe. But what a travesty we make of God's mission among men by carrying on thus!"

In these grave days, when the world is desperately in need of the Christian way of life, great harm is done because Christendom appears to the world as a divided household.

In the pages that follow, I am reviewing Catholic endeavor for the advance of the Faith in Asia and Africa, as I saw it during a journey from Rome out through Asia, and then across the Dark Continent. I make practically no reference to Protestant mission work, though I saw much of it and met many excellent Protestant

workers. This is because I have followed the ancient advice to the shoemaker to stick to his last. It does not represent any sinister conspiracy of silence.

The Center in Rome from which the world missions of the Church are directed represents at once the traditions of centuries and the fresh vigor of a resilient spirit which, in some miraculous manner, has a way of constantly renewing itself.

One morning shortly after I reached Rome, a group of staff workers in the Congregation of Propaganda were animatedly discussing the Andaman Islands.

"What seems to be the problem?" I asked.

One of the priests smiled. "We are considering the merits of some muddled records," he said. "We must decide for the Holy Father whether the Archbishop of Calcutta or the Bishop of Rangoon has responsibility for the Andaman Islands. You might say, 'For heaven's sake, give them to one or the other and be done with it.' In a way you would be right. But by a very beautiful tradition here in Rome, the assignment of responsibility for the souls in any territory in any part of the world is regarded as akin to a sacred trust and is never treated lightly.

"It is a striking fact to recall," he continued, "that every square mile on the face of the earth is charted here in Rome, and responsibility for the care of souls, Christian or non-Christian, within every area has been carefully determined. With the Holy See there is no forgotten man."

He paused and then added: "To begin with, there is a division of the surface of the globe into two categories, Christian territory and non-Christian territory. All Christian territory is ruled by bishops, and all that is needed for Catholic life is provided locally. The Holy See merely exercises an oversight and governs Catholic faith and activity as required. All non-Christian territory is regarded as directly the responsibility of the Pope. This territory can do little or nothing for itself; hence, the Pope calls for Christian agents to carry the great message, and for funds from Christians to back the agents. This is the Church's mission work. Missions, therefore, are no mere pious notion of sentimental dreamers; they represent a part of the bone and marrow of Catholic life, one of the Pope's special world tasks."

One of the Pope's special world tasks. In the years to come, I was to remember the phrase each time I entered the Palace of Propaganda, the Church's mission headquarters, which for centuries has stood on the *Piazza di Spagna* in Rome. A dignified structure, with long reaches of corridor and ceiling and stairway, and a host of quiet offices, this building shelters a library with a quarter of a million volumes, immense archives, ordered expanses of books and maps and records, and parlors for meetings and consultations. In one little cubbyhole room is a silent man who spends the entire day repairing shabby manuscripts. Centuries-old mission records are brought to him, and he blends the crumbling parchments onto silk gauze. In contrast, a neighboring room harbors the modern press department, from which items on the Church's mission work are periodically released and broadcast throughout Christendom.

The office of the Congregation of Propaganda is the workshop which cares for the Pope's plans for winning the world. Here operates the staff which works out the blueprints of universal salvation. Over it all is a Cardinal, dubbed "the Red Pope" because responsibility for so much territory has been delegated to him by the Holy Father. For each section of the world, there is a trained expert.

One morning the expert for India remarked, "I see by the latest census that my realm has grown by thirty millions." The men who rule modern armies have nothing to offer to compare with this!

"I was quite interested recently," continued this priest, "to read a Communist description of the marvelous organization in Moscow for Red advance throughout the world. The Communists have a Europe Bureau, a North America Bureau, a Latin America Bureau, a Middle East Bureau, a Far East Bureau, an Africa Bureau. As a matter of fact, they are centuries behind the times; the Pope has had such bureaus for hundreds of years.

"It is not the Popes who have been neglectful of getting Christ's message to mankind," he concluded. "It is the rest of us, who have been too absorbed in little things to see the big things, too distracted to hear when the Pope has called on us to labor and pray for all men."

The non-Christian world, as I have already mentioned, is practically all in the charge of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

The Christians of Latin rite in the Christian world are under the care of the Congregation of the Consistory, while those of other rites are under the Congregation of the Orient.

Eloquent things are on the maps in Rome, for they deal not in mountains or valleys or rivers, but in living human souls. A billion and a half men distributed within some 650 divisions constitute what, in the eyes of the Holy See, is the non-Christian world. Over a thousand archdioceses and dioceses comprise the Christian world. In all, there are 1,730 assigned divisions of territory on the surface of the earth. There are, besides, certain countries closed to the Gospel, on which we shall say a word presently.

The countries of Europe have 575 divisions for Latin Catholics, to say nothing of six million Uniate Catholics of Oriental rites who likewise have dioceses united with the Holy See, though with territory which often overlaps that of the Latin sees. Of the 575 divisions, thirty are missionary. It is interesting to note here that over a million Moslems dwell in Albania, just across the narrow Adriatic Sea from Italy.

The Americas are represented on the Roman maps by 468 divisions, plus sees caring for a million Uniates of Oriental rites. Already the United States has over a hundred archbishops and bishops, while Brazil, which likewise counts over a hundred divisions, runs it a close second. There are some sixty mission territories in the Western Hemisphere.

Asia, with population of over a billion, has but 277 divisions, plus Uniate Catholics of something over a million in Western Asia and India. There are over eight million Uniate Catholics of Oriental rites in the world. The countries of Asia whose maps are most thoroughly cut into subdivisions are India, with sixty-eight territories, and China with 129. China, we may note, has today over 11,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters, and India has over 12,000. All but a few of the Church's divisions in Asia are missionary. On this huge giant among the continents, every square mile, except for the few countries hermetically sealed to the Gospel, has been assigned to one or other squadron of the Church's missionary pioneers. Our American Society of Maryknoll has responsibility for seven of the 277 divisions—for some twenty-five million of the billion souls.

Africa, the Dark Continent, much of which was unknown and

unexplored up to two short generations ago, is represented in Rome today by 175 divisions. On the heels of every discovery, of every exploratory expedition, missionaries marched into its jungles and savannahs. The northern and southern fringes have many whites who do not represent missionary conquest, but almost ten million of the one hundred twenty million blacks have already been converted by Christ's messengers sent out by the Holy Father.

Australia and New Zealand have thirty divisions, caring chiefly for Catholics of European stock. The island world of Oceania, with almost seventy million inhabitants, has thirty-eight divisions, and over a million Catholics.

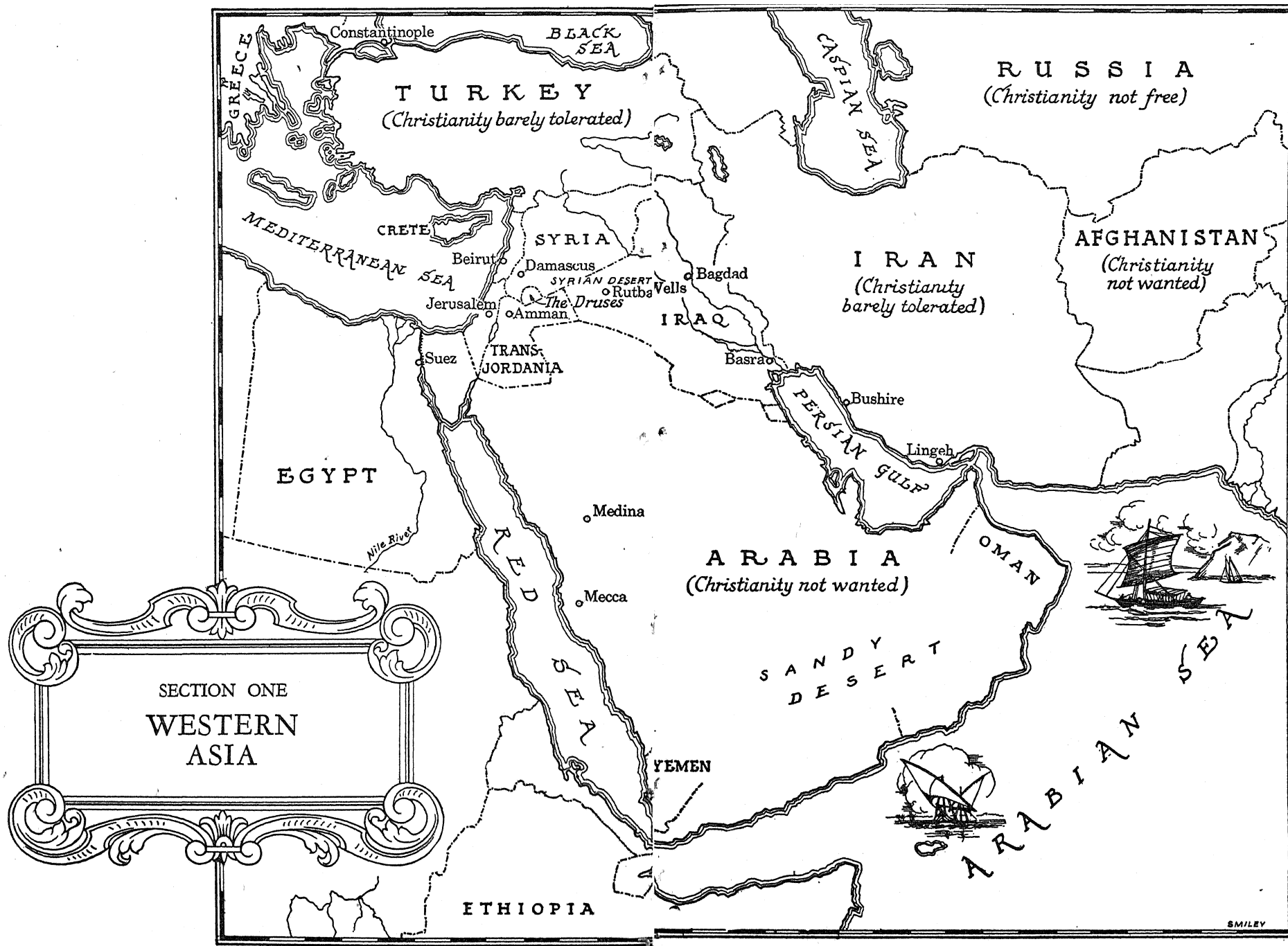
While in this vast catalogue of lands no man has been forgotten, many men are yet physically beyond reach. Ten countries of the globe are territory into which the Catholic priest is forbidden to enter.

The single large country is Russia, whose hundred and sixty-five million souls are for the moment withdrawn from every effort of the Popes. Nevertheless, Pope Pius XI erected the Russian College in Rome, and each year in normal times hardy missionaries are trained there and sent to Russia's borders. No day passes in Rome without prayers and Masses for Russia.

Eight countries of Asia, totaling twenty-five million inhabitants, are closed to the Gospel: Afghanistan, Arabia, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal, Tibet, Outer Mongolia, and the Unfederated Malay States—these last scattered through the jungles of the sinuous peninsula down which the Japanese advanced to Singapore. The tenth country in this series is, curiously enough, Greenland, which is still officially and completely closed to the Catholic priest. This last prohibition is a survival from Reformation days.

Thus in no figurative but in a very literal sense, the Church goes to the world, maintains a fighting front on every continent. The good tradition of the Popes carries on through the ages. Christianity is by divine command, by organization, by its world mission action, the earth's great spiritual universalism.

ACROSS A WORLD



I

A Thank-You to Abu and the Boys

ON MY first morning in Jerusalem I was in the narrow streets before dawn, to say Mass at the altar of the Holy Sepulcher. The city has its charm at this hour. All is hushed; there is an infrequent shaft of smudgy light as a householder stirs himself, a dimmed lantern moving along the street; there is a rare passer-by, his face swathed in rags against the cool air. At a corner a young man slept on a step, his hand holding the rope of his donkey, patient beside him. The basilica was impressive in its stillness. Only birds chattering in the cupola of the chapel of Saint Helena broke the quiet, nature's sweetly jubilant accompaniment for the Mass which every day is the same here: "He is risen as He said. . . . Behold the place where they laid Him."

During the climb back up the long hill, in the crowded alley which serves as a street, I met Abu and the boys. Down the slope, feeling his way over the cobbles with his stick, came a blind young man, a Moslem. As he neared me, two ragged urchins on a doorstep to my right, Moslems also, bounced up and ran toward him.

"Ay, Abu!" they cried.

"Ay!" he called back with a gentle, quiet smile.

All three squeezed each other's hands affectionately. Then one of the boys, who apparently had anticipated this moment, thrust his hand vigorously into his pocket and drew therefrom a large crust of bread which he pressed into the blind man's hand. The face with the sightless eyes shone radiantly. Arm in arm, the three brushed past me, the bringer of the bread fairly beside himself with joy. I had the sensation of being out of breath. I gazed with strange new interest at the stream of humans that poured by me.

That afternoon, while I was picking my way through the turmoil outside the Jaffa Gate, an Arab coolie, struggling under the killing weight of a bale of goods, cried that his burden was slipping—would someone straighten it on his back? A spare, hard-bitten camel driver stopped his beast; drawing on hidden wells of strength,

he threw the great bale into place again, then casually returned to his camel.

Next day I came upon a small boy huddled in a gutter, pouring his heart into the caresses he gave a puppy which he held in his lap while he wept over him most forlornly.

"What is the matter?" I asked a bystander.

"His dog has been hurt," replied the man, his eyes agleam with sympathy.

I rode to Beirut and watched a Moslem father, a fellow passenger, lavish his love on his two children. In Bagdad, at the Royal Hospital, the Sisters of the Presentation receive thousands of the city's wretched every day. As the nuns bustled about, I watched old Moslem mothers paw the Sisters' veils in reverence and shout vigorous greetings.

"What are they saying?" I asked the Mother.

"They have a habit of calling after us," she explained, "'May Allah bless you for your goodness!'"

On reflection I asked myself if it were not rather unreasonable to get excited over these simple evidences of feeling, of fellowship, of elementary gratitude, which after all should comprise the least common denominator of decency in all human beings. Balanced against them were the mountains of calloused chicanery found everywhere in the Near East.

To complete my adventures with this train of incidents, I shall jump ahead some months in my story. I sat one morning with old Bishop Jarlin in Peking, China's one-time capital. "What caught your attention as you came into Asia from the West?" he asked.

"Why, I am almost ashamed to say," I told him, "that my strongest first impression was one of surprise to discover that non-Christians give play to their affections, show the warmth of friendship, practice a natural charity." And I rehearsed my experiences with Abu, the blind man, and the rest.

"Excellent!" he cried. "I had exactly the same experience. Arrived here in Peking as a young priest, I took a walk the first morning. In a quiet alley I came upon a Chinese mother, her babe tucked inside her robe, pressing it fondly to her bosom and whispering to it little endearments. I was quite startled— 'What! Have these

pagans such love?' And then I was startled with myself that I could have been so stupid as to expect otherwise.

"A pity, isn't it, how easily we forget that every one, whether born a king or a savage, has the gift of affection and a fund of natural goodness? The striking thing about men over the earth is not that they have differences which separate them, but that they have such remarkable likenesses in which they meet. Why do we put chasms between peoples by insisting that they are inexorably strange and strangers?"

"Thanks!" I whispered to Abu and his ragamuffin friends, as I left the Bishop's garden. "Thanks for touching off in me a very good thought. Thanks for reminding me that all men are one under the sun."

But we have wandered afield from Palestine and the Moslem world of the East. It lies curved like a scimitar from the Strait of Gibraltar to Afghanistan and beyond. For a thousand years it stood, the principal barrier to the march of the Christian Faith.

The rise of Islam is a curious and dramatic story. Arabia was still pagan and savage in the year 610, when a dreaming merchant named Mohammed, in the parched, rusty, desert town of Mecca, began to preach a new religion embodying the idea of One Supreme Being—a religion which he had acquired when traveling among the Jews and Christians of neighboring Syria. First, the city of Medina, then Mecca, rallied to his cause, which acquired a political as well as a religious character. The new faith had few subtleties with which to confuse the intelligence. It demanded little of the morals of the convert, and so, with the swords of the Meccan clansmen to dispose of any who hesitated, all Arabia adopted Islamism during Mohammed's lifetime.

Then occurred one of those volcanic bursts of national energy that several times in history have led a small and unknown people to sweep out from their fastnesses and carve for themselves an empire. The idea of a world power and a universal religion began to obsess the Arabs. Syria and Egypt were near at hand, weakly defended, and very rich. Within a century, the Arabs were the established masters of Syria, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, North Africa, and southern Spain. All of these countries, wholly or partly Chris-

tian for several centuries, passed under the rule of the fanatic desert warriors.

The Crusades of the Middle Ages were Catholic counterattacks, to win back, at least the eastern bastion of Christendom—Palestine and Syria. But the Crusades suffered from the jealousies of feudal Europe, and were doomed to failure. Then, for centuries, the crescent barred the egress of the Christian world. For hundreds of years, only an infrequent traveler, in disguise, managed to reach outer Asia. It was not until the late fifteenth century, by a vast outflanking movement, that Portuguese navigators and missionaries arrived in India to re-establish the lost contact between Europe and the Orient.

In modern times the Arab world is no longer a material barrier. The Arab countries either are under the tutelage of European powers, or live in passable peace with them. The plane, the train, the autocar take us quickly and comfortably enough across the deserts and mountains. Spiritually, however, the penetration is slow, very slow, and one cannot hope for great progress in our lifetime. Even to keep the door open, even to plant the most fragile seed, the Christian missionary must move with greater patience and caution than anywhere else in the world.

Omitting for the moment the countries of Africa, and considering the eight of Western Asia—Palestine, Transjordan, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan—we find ourselves with an area embracing some fifty million inhabitants. Of these, half a million are Catholic Christians, and six hundred thousand are of other Christian bodies. Some thirty-five hundred priests, Brothers, and Sisters labor ardently and assiduously in these lands.

II

Iron in Their Souls

PALESTINE today represents two distinct activities of the Church. The first comprises the care of the Catholics and the apostolate among the non-Catholics of the country; the second, the guardianship of all the shrines connected with the life of Christ.

Amid blood and battles the Franciscans have built up in Palestine a kingdom known as "the Custody." The sons of Saint Francis have borne the burden of the Catholic struggle in the Holy Land since the time, seven centuries ago, when the last Crusaders were driven out in defeat. Generations come and go, relations with civil and religious forces improve or grow strained, but the brown-robed friars bear on the flame of a tradition. They are the last of the Templars.

Apart from the custody of the shrines, the Catholic work in Palestine includes many hospitals, orphanages, and schools. The vast hospital of the Daughters of Charity is little short of a city, a Jerusalem that most visitors never see. Each building is dedicated to the care of some human misfortune. Mother Helena, the superior, said with serene emotion that when, on Sunday morning, their large church was crowded with their charges, many of whom had to be carried to their places, it was as in the days of old when Christ walked here and gathered the halt, the mute, and the blind. Perhaps it is because of charitable efforts such as this that in some small measure the fierce and blind hatred for the Christian is lessening, not only in Palestine but elsewhere in the Moslem world. The evidence as yet is scant, but in every center where Moslems and Christians meet in school, in politics, in business, in society, there is a diminishing bitterness.

There is a thin but continuing thread of Moslem conversions. A nephew of the mufti of Jerusalem, a young man of the Hussein family, entered the Church some years ago. The traditional threats were made against him by enraged relatives, but the Government gave assurance that it would take action if any harm were done.

He is now living peacefully in Jerusalem. A court recorder in a village near Nazareth was converted, and the step promised trouble; it was arranged for the convert to change his post, and he is living unmolested.

So far, the celebrated Zionist question, the project of a Jewish state in Palestine, is a matter between Moslems and Jews, and the Palestine Christians are only academically affected. The fires of Arab nationalism are being fanned; while on the side of the Jews there is every determination that their movement, thus far quite successful, shall suffer no setback. Palestine is not only the Promised Land; it is the twice-promised land. During the previous war, the British apparently offered it once to the Arabs and once to the Jews. There have been bloody conflicts between Arabs and Zionists. The movement may find its solution in the turmoil of the new World War. It has no direct bearing on Catholic activities at the present time.

Palestine, parched and austere though it is, seemed like an orchard, compared to the harsh land that lies beyond the Dead Sea—the country of Transjordan. In Bible times this was the land of Moab. Even then, before the change of climate that has affected all these countries, Moab was arid and sterile. Now, Transjordan is a country as large as Denmark, all of it tumbled rocks, granite crags, white-sand valleys. Yet, somehow, three hundred thousand Bedouin Arabs eke out an existence grazing their sheep on the scorched hillsides and watering them laboriously in the valleys, where primitive windlasses are mounted on the copings of deep wells.

Transjordan has always been thinly settled and is almost without a history. Its present rather artificial name was given it in 1929, when the British cut it off from Palestine, so as to create a buffer state between Mohammedan Iraq and Zionist Palestine. They gave the throne to a son of King Hussein of Hejaz, whose family led the Arab revolt during the World War. Of his subjects, thirty thousand or ten per cent are Christians—one of the highest proportions in any Arab land.

I entered Transjordan by automobile, crossing the Jordan on a fine bridge near the site of ancient Jericho. There, on a mountain top, out of the way of assassins' knives, was the fortress palace of

Herod Antipas. And there it was, on this mountain in Transjordan, that his stepdaughter, Salome, danced for him on a moonlit night, and won as her prize the head of John the Baptist, the first of Christian missionaries.

Among the whitewashed, mud-and-stucco houses of Amman, the capital, stands a very creditable Catholic hospital. Mother Margherita, the superior, was an Italian from Milan.

"I am so glad we are going to have someone who appreciates our beds," the Mother said with a little chuckle. "I've just had a time with a Bedouin, brought in after a three-day journey over the desert on camel back. He had never been up a pair of stairs and had never seen a bed. He begged and besought us to let him lie on the floor. He is afraid he will roll out of his cot and fall from his dizzy height. He marveled to see water flowing out of the wall from a spigot, and when darkness came he shrieked in astonishment when we flicked on the electric lights."

"The desert hasn't gone in for modern comforts," remarked the priest who was with me.

"No, indeed," commented Mother. "When these men are brought in sick, and we cut off their filthy rags, bathe them, and put them between two white sheets, it is like taking them to another planet. But I can't say that they appreciate our solicitude. The desert Arab is so hardened to his lot that he definitely does not feel the want of anything beyond what he possesses."

The first modern Catholic parish in Transjordan was established at Salt in 1866. Now there are seventeen parishes, with five thousand communicants; each parish with a boys' school, and thirteen of them with girls' schools as well. A substantial number of the Catholics are of Arab blood. Shortly before my visit, a body of four hundred schismatics had asked to be taken into the Church; I visited the gray, mud-walled village of Fuheis, where a chapel was being built to accommodate the converts. The hospital at Amman is the only one in the country, and it plays an important role in making the way easier for the Christian name.

South of Palestine and Transjordan lies Arabia, the holy land of Islam, the fatherland of the Arabs, hermetically closed to the Catholic missionary. In the course of the last century, several attempts have been made, not to teach, not to preach, but merely to have a

missioner live quietly in one of the coastal cities. In each case popular feeling obliged him to withdraw. So, in this land of a million square miles, with ten million inhabitants, there has been no Christian activity for centuries.

Arabia possesses vast spaces of sand, sparse pastures, precipitous mountains, inhuman heat that drops as much as sixty degrees at nightfall, rare villages on precarious oases, and a fierce nomadic population that still pursues its tribal life of thousands of years ago. The land is practically closed to even the scientist, the physician, or the explorer of European birth. The British, who have some political influence along the coast, do not penetrate into the interior. Most of what is known about the vast hinterland derives from the studies of educated Turks or Egyptians.

From this stern land emerged the Arabs who became the ruling people in the vast Moslem crescent. Something of the Arab's iron has entered into the soul of all of Western Asia. The spirits of these men still return in their dreams to the black tents of their ancestors. Grave and reserved, they offer us their coffee and their hospitality, but they never cede an iota of their heritage.

Two decades ago, there appeared a certain deterioration of religious spirit among the Moslems of Western Asia, principally among the Turks. But in Arabia itself, the Moslem body is as determined as ever in its convictions, and today a revival seems imminent. The political successes of Ibn Saud, present ruler of Mecca, and the vast prestige which they have gained for him throughout the Moslem world, have put into favor the reformers of whom he is the head—the Wahabis, a puritanical sect which insists on frugal and stern living. No Arab people today is strong, but all of them are magnificent fighters. They bring to combat a fierceness and fanatic zeal unknown to Western man. The European has his hatreds, but they are child's play compared with the Arab's. The millions of the Arabian desert have never lost their primitive vigor; these hard men will rise again.

Every migration in history seems to have passed through Syria, and to have left a residue, scattered in globules throughout the land. If the dominant race is vaguely Arab, one finds also the descendants of Hittites, Arameans, Jews, Phoenicians, Kurds, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, Turks, Circassians, and even many others. For Syria

has been the crossroads of those who came from Europe, Asia, or Africa, since time immemorial.

The religious picture is almost as complex as the racial. If the principal faith is Islamism, divided into four main sects, there are also a quarter of a million Christians of every known dissension, and three hundred thousand Catholics of six different rites: Latin, Maronite, Greek, Syriac, Armenian, and Chaldean. These different Catholic rites, all in union with Rome, betray the racial and historic origin of their adherents; some of them go back to churches and missions founded in the very days of the Apostles.

Damascus is the great Moslem center of Syria, and before Bagdad arose it was the caliphate of the Moslem world. To the Arab poets it is the "pearl of the East." It possesses some two hundred and forty mosques, of which about seventy are in use. I went to the lovely Omiad mosque, once a Catholic basilica. It was at first divided in two, the Christians keeping the western half and the Moslems the eastern; but in the eighth century the sons of the Prophet took all. The old Catholic edifice was dedicated to Saint John, and many Moslems claim that they have here the head of the Precursor.

Damascus has a more authentic Christian souvenir in the memory of Saint Paul, who, while journeying from Jerusalem to Damascus to harass the Christians, was metamorphosed by God into a firebrand of the Gospel. It was not without feeling that I found myself on the "*vicus rectus*" of which the Acts speak. To Ananias came the words: "Arise, and go into the street that is called Strait, and seek in the house of Judas one named Saul of Tarsus. For behold he prayeth." In a dilapidated, two-horse carriage I rode the length of this street, a thoroughfare not without importance even to this day.

There are twenty-one thousand Christians in the city now, of whom twelve thousand are Catholic, most belonging to one or other of the Eastern rites. Like many other cities of the East, Damascus has its Christian quarter, which at one time was so constructed that in times of bitter feeling its gates could be closed. Today the quarter is called after one of its gates, the Bab-Touma. No longer ago than 1860, a massacre took place here; six thousand Christians were killed, and a great number of women led off to the harems and to slavery.

No Catholic priest works directly to win Moslems; it is not advisable, for many reasons. But converts do come; often they remain secret Christians for many years. The way of the Christian is hard. One evening with the Franciscans in the Bab-Touma, I heard the impressive story of the conversion of four Moslems, an event of but a few weeks before. Two were of distinguished families; the others of humbler origin. All four found it necessary to flee for a while to Beirut, though one of the wealthier converts tried to slip home quietly at midnight. A serving maid waited at the garden gate to warn him that his brothers were gathered in the house, perhaps to kill him; she secured him a few belongings, and he likewise fled. Converts here, avowed one of the Fathers, should be given a city of sanctuary as in Old Testament days, but of course this in itself would prove a hardship.

If Damascus is the great Moslem city of Syria, Beirut is the great Christian center. It was late afternoon when our road led us up into the mountains of Great Lebanon. The scenery is almost of Alpine grandeur, and the sunset made a gorgeous splurge of salmon and pink. Evening had already descended when we came out of the mountains above Beirut, but we were not sorry, since for an hour we had the spectacle of the twinkling lights of this city built in terraces about its roadstead on the Mediterranean.

We should recall that Beirut is the principal city of that portion of Syria called the Republic of Lebanon; fifty-six per cent of the people in this state are Christian. Here is the home of the industrious Syrian merchant whom we find in every corner of the globe. Here, too, thrives that magnificent institution, the University of Beirut, now half a century old. It is a foundation of the French Jesuits, whose record in Syria is little short of glorious. If today the Church in Western Asia has a small but well-prepared elite, here is the secret of it. The faculty of medicine alone has graduated seven hundred native doctors, students at Beirut from all Moslem lands.

Turkey is Moslem but is a non-Arab country. The Turks are the descendants of a people, cousins to the Mongols, who came out of Central Asia early in the eleventh century. Little by little they encroached upon the decaying Byzantine Empire, became the masters of Asia Minor, and overthrew the Arab rulers of Damascus and

Bagdad. As a crowning humiliation to Christianity, they converted Santa Sophia, the gorgeous cathedral that the Emperor Justinian had built in the city of the Golden Horn, into a mosque.

Few countries in modern history present such lurid incidents of savage cruelty and such explosive upsets as Turkey. Under the old regime there was the massacre of 1895, when eighty-eight thousand Armenians were slaughtered, five hundred thousand others robbed of all they possessed, and five hundred churches pillaged and destroyed. In 1908 Sultan Abdul Hamid killed thirty thousand Armenians and Chaldeans. Later the Young Turks came into power and, in the twenty years of the irresistible leadership of Mustapha Kemal, the country has undergone most extraordinary changes.

Turkey's new leaders were as determined as the reactionaries to be rid of all minorities. During World War I, over eight hundred thousand Armenians were either massacred or deported. In the United States, the movement to relieve the after-war horrors in Turkey and neighboring countries gave birth to the Catholic Near East Association, which still aids this portion of the world. With the co-operation of the League of Nations, a million Greeks were removed from Turkey to Greece, and nearly half this number of Turks were transferred from Greece to Turkey. The surviving Armenians were deported to the Armenian Soviet Republic in Transcaucasia. Thus, when Kemal Ataturk died, in 1938, he had built a new Turkey which was homogeneous as never before and ninety-eight per cent Moslem.

Not that Ataturk was interested in Moslemism. For twenty years he had attacked it with fury. He secularized it completely, broke the back of its political influence, assigned it a place in Turkish life similar to that of Christianity in Nazi Germany; that is, he recognized religion as a major force among all people, took pains to claim never to persecute it, but placed it in thorough subjection.

This policy meant no more leniency for Christianity than for Moslemism. The familiar charge in Turkey is not that Christianity might weaken Islam, but that its expansion would create a discordant note in an otherwise well-regimented nationalism. The Church has some eight hundred missionaries in Turkey (seven hundred of whom are Brothers and Sisters), but they are rigidly held to "non-proselytizing" activities, principally school work.

III

Desert but No Thirst

A BEDOUIN SHEIK, his head veil blowing in the wind, cantered on the road before us, breaking in a lovely bay Arab stallion. He pulled up the horse and made him stand stock-still, trembling like a morsel of quicksilver, as our car crawled slowly by. How ugly was our contraption of metal beside that vibrant animal, his eyes wild with apprehension, his pink nostrils quivering! The horse is the most cherished, the only handsome possession of the desert Arab, though sometimes the Arab himself, well-accoutered and dignified, mounted on his horse, likewise presents a handsome figure.

We were making our way out from Damascus to the Jebel Druse. The landscape was steadily growing more dismal, and we came upon one more of the typical Arab camps with its black tents of goat or camel hair. "Let us stop here," said Father Klein, my companion for the journey, taken by a sudden inspiration. "I have a friend here, Baroun. I want you to meet him."

Flocks picked at the sparse burnt grass of the neighboring hills, and hungry Bedouin dogs eyed us ominously. But Baroun drove them off with a thunderous growl and led us to his tent. It was propped on poles some nine feet high, with a low flap that obliged us to stoop to enter. We seated ourselves on cushions dropped on the ground about a shallow cavity in the center, in which glowed a fire of dried camel dung. Nestled in it was the brass coffee pot.

"Ordinarily," explained Father Klein, "Baroun's son would grind the coffee before our eyes, in the mortar he has there. But we are foregoing that formality."

Baroun stirred the fire. A moment later he solemnly raised himself, took from the ground a very small cup without a handle, poured a few drops of coffee into it, and gracefully reached it down to Father Klein. With the same cup, and of course with no thought of washing or wiping it, he came to me, and I drank my portion. It was strong and bitter, flavored with an herb called *hail*, and there

was no sugar. Then Baroun seated himself to complete the circle that included his two sons, Father Klein, and myself.

We sat. "Time exists not," the atmosphere softly proclaimed. No one pressed to speak, no one felt hurried; the longer we stayed the greater was our courtesy, and the happier our host. Conversation was not essential to the occasion. The fine old man rose periodically to make the circle with his coffee, and the cup rested on the earth between rounds.

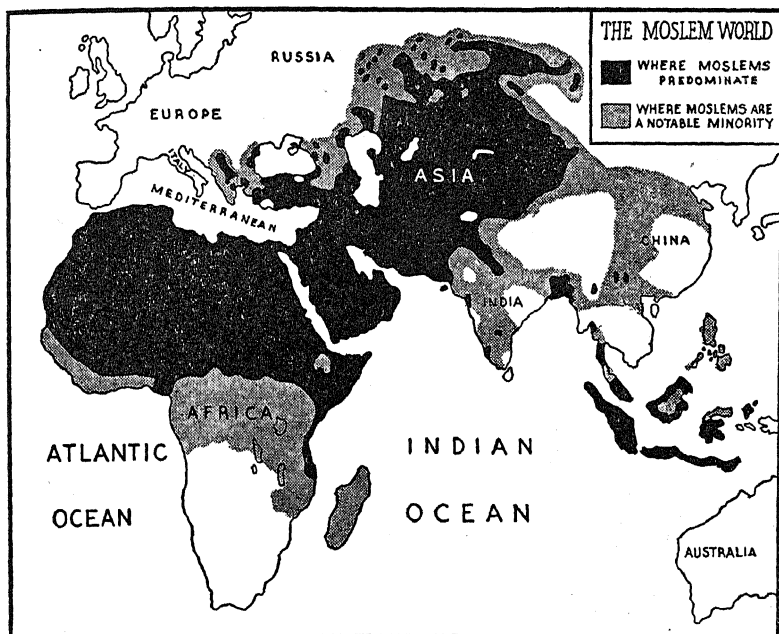
Finally we betook ourselves off slowly, to make the customary show of reluctance and regret. Had Father Klein known Baroun less well, we should have had to stay for dinner. Indeed, as we passed from the tent, the women were working over the crackling thorn-wood fires. Chicken livers, legs, wings, were speared on long skewers and were broiling over the flame. It was the celebrated kebab of Arab cookery; with it we should have had native dates, so mealy as to be more vegetable than fruit, cakes sweetened with honey, and wine. But we were pressing on to the Jebel Druse.

What is the Jebel Druse? It is a land of uncanny desolation. Back in a past age, a strange religious leader, Hakim, brought together a mixture of ideas from Christianity, Islamism, and paganism, and converted a powerful tribe whose descendants now number a hundred thousand. During the nineteenth century the Druses dwelt in the mountains of Lebanon, but they so harassed the Lebanese Christians, whom they despised, that the latter were driven to ask the aid of France. The French army defeated the Druses and obliged them to migrate from their beautiful mountains to a frightful desert country on the border between Syria, Transjordan, and Iraq, once known as Mount Hauran and now called the Jebel Druse.

The country became poorer and poorer as we advanced, until finally, as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but black rock of all sizes and shapes—nothing but rock. It was like a picture out of Dante, a "deification of desolation."

"There is the village of Orman," said Father Klein.

But where? True enough, on the horizon appeared a contour of buildings which a moment before had seemed but an ordered node on the rolling plain of stone. Was it a deserted village? No—for behind that piece of wall we saw a man, and here two women, and



there two donkeys. Indeed, upon investigation, we learned that the village had a thousand souls. But what life could go on within such confines? The question repeated itself at every other community to which we came. The only activity was found about the village cistern, in which lay a bit of stagnant water, often scummed with green.

Yet within this wilderness live a remarkable people. In 1925 they rebelled again against their conquerors. It took some of the best troops of France two years to suppress them, for they are hardy fighters, of a wild ferocity, with a voluptuous hunger for danger. And among these, Father Klein, a French Jesuit, is the Catholic missionary. I watched him as he saluted quietly the proud, sullen people and received their cold but respectful response; as he visited his crude little schools and spoke to his teachers; as he called at certain of the homes and talked to the men of the household. Few heralds of the Lord over the earth have a stranger flock. The Druses are one of the most extraordinary phenomena in an extraordinary corner of the globe.

The journey from Syria to Iraq lies across five hundred miles of sand, the Syrian Desert. Once it required a month for vague-eyed, patient camels to make the transit. Now an automobile covers the roadless waste in a little over twenty-four hours. Not that anyone can merely jump in a car and go. There are rules, and there are desert police. The rules are wise: a group of Europeans tried ignoring them recently, lost their way, and died of thirst. The police are a safe precaution too, since, from time immemorial, there have been the desert raiders.

On two days a week only may cars travel, and then they move like ships in a fishing fleet out of Boston, each on its own, if you will, but keeping the others in sight. After a steady grind from Damascus all day, with a cloud of sand as substitute for the ocean spray, we stopped late in the evening for a meal at Rutba Wells, the desert station where the sleek Arab mounted police congregate. A few moments of haven and rest; then the drivers rode forth and moved steadily under the moon.

At half past one, the businesslike little fellow at our wheel stopped suddenly and said, "We shall sleep a few minutes." Sleep he did, as cozily as if he were in bed. The desert was silent, the wind moaned softly, like the wind in the eaves at home, inducing meditation. And then, suddenly, the driver straightened up again, and we were off once more.

The night grayed, dawn came; and we saw, not desert, but the palms on the banks of the Euphrates. We crossed it and rode to its sister river, the Tigris, beside which reposes Bagdad. These two rivers stretch the length of the country, like two streamers of rich green. Here, in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, legend places the Garden of Eden, where man first spoke to woman, and where the Lord God walked in the cool of the evening. Despite the palms on the banks, it is not inviting now. Most of Iraq is desert. In ancient times elaborate and extraordinary irrigation systems extended over this country, once known as Mesopotamia. The fierce invader, Hulagu Khan, is said to have destroyed them deliberately; and in the somnolent centuries since, they have never been replaced. Babylon, the once-fabulous city of luxury and wealth, capital of an empire three thousand years before Christ, is no more. Bagdad, its successor, city of the magic carpet and of the adven-

tures of Haroun-al-Raschid, also has lost all its physical enchantment.

The Carmelites, for centuries the missionaries of Latin Catholicism about Bagdad, are now aided by keen young American Jesuits from New England. My days in Bagdad were tintured by many tiny cups of black coffee, one of which I took with the venerable old Chaldean Archbishop, head of the largest Christian group in the city. His people within modern times have likewise suffered slaughter at the hands of the Turks and Kurds. What fiber men must need to live in such lands! It is no mere matter of being defeated at the polls, of losing political privilege here. Rather, will your sword-swinging neighbors by some chance decide during the night upon a holocaust?

"But there is no state of siege," explained Father Anastasius, a fine old Carmelite, himself of Arab blood, who has labored in Bagdad for a generation. "Believe it or not, these outbursts of blood-spilling do not reflect any abiding tension between the peoples here. They do, however, account for our tendency to be on the defensive, to forget that the Lord's commission to us is not to overcome enemies, but to win Him friends and followers.

"All of the Church's work among Moslems," he continued earnestly, "should be on irenic, that is to say, on peace-making lines. We should never attack the Moslem, for immediately he goes on the defensive—indeed, goes on the offensive—and closes his mind to influence. Charity is the great instrument. Charity, particularly the patient charity of the Sisters among the suffering, is the key that one day will open stubborn hearts."

And so, in Bagdad, there is the work of the Sisters of the Presentation, most of them natives, in the Royal Hospital with its three hundred beds and its large clinic. The clinic at Bagdad has a thousand cases a day, and smaller clinics operate in other cities.

Nor would Father Anastasius exclude the intellectual approach. A college was opened in Bagdad by the Jesuits in 1932. The roster of some hundreds of students covers the gamut of Mesopotamia: Armenian, Chaldean, Jewish, Moslem. The sons of the most important families of Iraq have been enrolled in the classes of these American teachers, some of whom are fresh from the football fields of Boston College and Holy Cross.

"Don't you missionaries get discouraged?" I asked Father Anastasius.

"Only when we forget what we are doing," he replied. "We must remember that we are wearing away rock, that it is hard rock, but that we can really wear it away. Most of the two hundred million Moslems in the world are thoroughly ignorant of Christianity and have a ferocious hatred of Christians. We prepare an entering wedge by merely living quietly among them. Our Catholic works of mercy warm them toward us little by little. Our patient efforts to show them that the Arab, the Persian, the Turkish languages and culture are independent of Islam and, indeed, were far richer before the Islamic conquest, will, we feel sure, destroy the hostility of the leaders. They see Christianity merely as a phase of Europeanism, which they detest. Before they will ever accept Christ, they must be led to understand that His teachings are independent of all nations and races, the completing crown of all cultures."

Oil has appeared on the horizon of Persia, or Iran, as it now prefers to be called. We passed above its wells as our plane flew southward out of Basra, Iraq's port on the Persian Gulf. Oil riggers from Texas and Oklahoma have become familiar sights in towns that had seen no Occidentals since the armies of Alexander. Such operations are quite out of character in classic Iran, the legendary homeland of the Aryan race, still inhabited by a predominantly Aryan people. For long it was the most cultivated of all the Moslem countries, and the best of the arts that we know as Arab or Moorish are really of Persian origin.

Iran is the size of the United States east of the Mississippi, with its principal cities on the great plateau well inland. Our stops at Bushire and at Lingeh were like brief calls at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Savannah, Georgia; though the great waves of the Persian Gulf break not on Iran's eastern, but on its western shore. The night at Bushire was memorable for its engaging primitiveness. The bedrooms of our little hotel were of the summer-cottage type with plenty of French windows. A friendly goat paid us a call in the room which I shared with a fellow traveler, and later a dog dropped in. I found a mouse playing with my shoe as I sat writing.

The Persian coast is demoniacally volcanic, almost terrifying in its splendor. At times, as far as the eye could see, were whole fields

that looked like giant stalagmites. The sea was as blue as at Naples, and the mountains possessed all the hues of the Grand Canyon. Tufts of green palm trees came down to the shore, and a rare string of camels moved with grace along paths that lost themselves mysteriously behind hilly barriers.

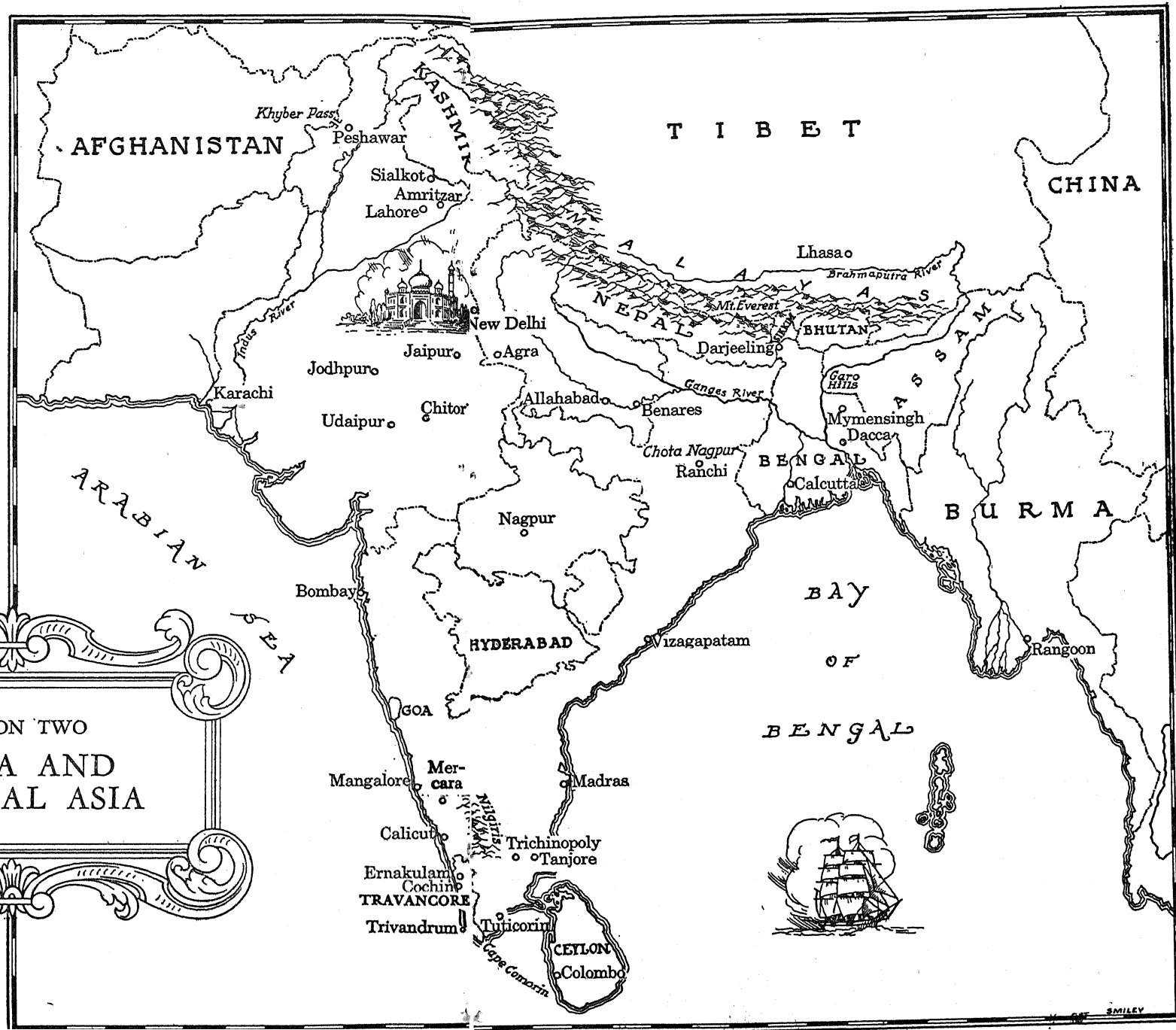
Iran is almost wholly Moslem. In the first centuries there was a strong Christian body, but in the sixth century these people passed into the Nestorian heresy. In its day, Nestorianism flourished and sent its missionaries as far east as China. Today it hardly exists, worn out by many battles with Islam. Tiny groups totaling thirty thousand survive, some of whom have been stirred to new life by Protestant effort.

Catholic Christians include five thousand Armenians and Chaldeans and some twelve hundred Latins, cared for by Vincentian missionaries who have a small seminary and who recently ordained their first native-born priests. In August, 1939, Iran took over all schools, thus throttling the little group of institutions conducted by the Sisters.

As I moved along the Iran coast, I peered with my mind's eye over the peaks to another land with an all-Mohammedan population—the land of Afghanistan, which lies between Iran and India. It has the distinction of prohibiting every form of Christian missions, of forbidding even the presence of the Christian missionary. The only priest lawfully within that land today is an Italian Barnabite, chaplain of the Italian Minister at Kabul.

Afghanistan is the corridor which world conquerors since the days of Cyrus, Darius, and Alexander have followed on the road to India. Pope Pius XI knew this. That remarkable Pontiff sat one evening and questioned carefully one of his representatives returning from Iran, to learn what routes were open between Iran and Afghanistan that, perchance, might be used one day by messengers of the Gospel. Pius XI's was a vast, encyclopedic mind which embraced with calm power all the problems of a Church dedicated to bearing a message to all men. Every sea, every pathway over the land, every ship, every vehicle, every human activity, had its interest for him in terms of the dutiful father of all mankind.

SECTION TWO
INDIA AND
CENTRAL ASIA



I

India, More than a Star

AS THE automobile brought us from the airport into the city streets of Karachi, a bearded Sikh policeman stopped us to let a camel and its rider make a crossing. That was quite as it should be: Mr. Camel is Asia, is the East. We and all our trappings from the West are the intruders.

Not that camels are very numerous in India, or common to all sections. Indeed, they are found only in the north. But again, this is characteristic of India; very little that applies to one section applies to all. India is more diverse than are the various parts of Europe. A Pathan from Khyber Pass differs more greatly from a Tamil of Tuticorin than does a Swede from a Greek. The Indian peninsula harbors some fifteen races with sixteen languages and 243 dialects among its three hundred and fifty millions. India is not a star, or even a constellation; it is a pleiad in the firmament of peoples.

There is, first of all, that region to which Karachi, beautiful port high on the west coast of India, is the side door. "The Russians want Karachi," said with trepidation one of the Goans of the splendid Catholic parish in the city. "It would be their sea outlet for Central Asia." True, but the Moslems of India likewise want Karachi. Seventy millions of them, their principal area of residence is the Punjab, and the northern portion of the Indian peninsula, of which Sind, the province to which Karachi belongs, is a part. Millions of Moslems dream of cutting off northern India from the lands to the south and of giving this territory the name of "Pakistan." Thus a new Moslem country, bordering on Iran and Afghanistan, would be created.

I rode north from Karachi to Delhi, and then to Lahore. Three hundred miles beyond Lahore is the Khyber Pass, famed entrance to Afghanistan. At Peshawar, the city of the Pass, the bazaars are not Indian but Central Asian; the air is not of the plain, but of the wild mountains. The people, their beasts, their very lives, are gaunt

and hard, like their country. Over the Pass in the spring come the files of camels, sometimes five miles long—one of the wonder sights of the world. Kipling has a piece of verse to describe it:

“When springtime flushes the desert grass
The kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the north comes down
To the market square of Peshawar town.”

To the east of the Northwest Frontier Territory is Kashmir, paradise of quiet and beauty. All this area would be embraced within “Pakistan.” Fantastic, the idea seems; but once we are here in this north country, we understand why men whose traditions are linked with the north revolt against subordination to the peoples of the south.

For centuries Delhi was capital of the Moslem empire of the Great Moguls, one of history’s really brilliant dynasties. It has often been said that no royal line in the world ever enjoyed a succession of six rulers the like of the Great Moguls of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, best known of whom were Akbar, Jahangir, and Shah Jahan (who constructed the Taj Mahal). As conquerors, as builders, as administrators, they conceived and executed as titans. Even their courtly splendor was titanic: a triumphal procession required tens of thousands of foot soldiers, thousands of horses, and as many as five hundred richly caparisoned elephants.

Thirty miles from Lahore, however, is Amritsar, city of the Golden Temple of the Sikhs. Here is one of the numerous flies in the “Pakistan” ointment. Nestled in the very heart of the Punjab are these not numerous but decidedly articulate people known as the Sikhs. They are not Hindus, nor are they Moslems. They are only some four million in number but, because of their beards and the fact that they have supplied the policemen and many of the soldiers for British colonies throughout Asia, they are among the best known of all the peoples in India. “Delightful,” Ramsay MacDonald called them; but they are also proud, superior, militant, and have no intention that their homeland shall fall to the Moslem.

Neither Moslem nor Sikh has given many followers to Christ in “Pakistan.” Of the four million Catholics in India, barely two per

cent, or eighty thousand, are found in this northern area, and practically all of them are from the relatively small oases of non-Moslems.

After we leave the Punjab, our journey takes us down the valley of the Ganges to the lovely Taj at Agra, to Allahabad, and to Hinduism's holy city of Benares. As we witness the multitudes, we understand Islam's distaste for the idea of a free and politically homogeneous India in which each man would have an equal vote. For every seventy Moslems in India, there are two hundred and twenty Hindus. With numbers as the basis of government, Moslems are irrevocably committed to being a mere minority on the peninsula.

As we reach the mouth of the Ganges, we are in Bengal. Calcutta is its great center, while three hundred and seventy miles to the north are Darjeeling and the Tibetan border. Assam, in the valley of the Brahmaputra, is part of the Bengal hinterland where eighty-five per cent of India's tea is grown. Behind Dacca, on the eastern border, and Mymensingh, which produces a quarter of India's jute, are the Garo Hills. All of these regions are important for the Church because in them dwell lowly aborigines, at present the most fertile field for the Faith in India.

Beyond the Bengal border is Burma. Catholics in Bengal and its neighborhood approach half a million, and in Burma one hundred and fifty thousand. In both of these regions, the main substance of the flock comes not from Moslem, Hindu, or Buddhist, but from the islands of aborigines found in the strange sea of Indian life.

The Punjab, the Ganges, Bengal, Burma—thus far four great regions in the Indian picture. Now a journey of twelve hundred miles across Central India from Calcutta to Bombay, and a fifth region reveals itself. This is the storied land of the Rajput princes. The Rajputs and the Mahrattas of western India are the two great Hindu peoples who have fought most bitterly through the centuries against the Moslems of the north.

Rajput annals breathe feudal romance and knightly chivalry on every page, though they are Oriental romance and chivalry, the terrifying grandeur of which makes us gasp. There is, for instance, the imperishable glory of the city of Chitor, which three times was besieged and three times overwhelmed, but whose people each time

intrepidly made holocausts of themselves by tens of thousands. In 1303, all hope lost, every last one of the thousands of women immolated herself by fire, and all the men, arrayed in bridal robes of saffron, sallied forth to death from the swords of the Moslems. In 1535 again there was a siege; again the enemy was about to triumph; and thirteen thousand women gave themselves to the flames, while nineteen thousand men marched out to die. Thus thirty-two thousand Rajputs fell that day. In 1567 came the third siege; this time nine queens, five princesses, and seventeen thousand noble women immolated themselves, while eight thousand men fought to death against the Moslems. Overwhelmed by the more powerful armies of the north, Rajput tradition was great in defeat.

Today Rajput cities still retain their charm. Udaipur, almost like the Taj Mahal, defies brush and pen to describe its beauty. Jodhpur is marked with loveliness. Jaipur is an audacious and unusual city of sugar-pink houses set among the blue hills.

Central India traversed, we come to the Bombay Presidency, the classic Mahratta country. The city and harbor of Bombay are beautiful in the clear light of the quiet days of spring and autumn, but its mills and its modernity rob the city of distinction. Reaching down India's west coast as far as Goa, this area's forty millions count among them some two hundred thousand Catholics. The strongest Catholic group is in Bombay City. Journeying from Bombay obliquely down the peninsula to Madras on the other coast, we pass through reputedly the largest Moslem state in South India, Hyderabad. Its rulers, however, rather than its people, belong to the Prophet, for the populace is ninety-three per cent Hindu.

Down the eastern coast of India, from Madras to Tuticorin, is again a line of huge temple and pilgrimage cities almost comparable to those of the Ganges. Tanjore, set in a rich country which is called the garden of South India, but which is in reality poor because over-populated, was for centuries one of the chief political, literary, and religious centers of the south. Trichinopoly has great temples and, standing up hundreds of feet on the plain, a great rock from which there is an extraordinary panorama. Most important is Madura, sacred to the memory of Robert de Nobili, the Jesuit who settled here in 1606 and accepted the Hindu social concept of caste in order to win the caste people. Madura's Great

Temple is regarded as the most complete and interesting of all India; astonishingly elaborate in its carvings is its Hall of a Thousand Pillars. A short distance below Madura is the landing for the ferry to Ceylon. That pear-shaped island off the tip of India is almost as strongly Buddhist as is Burma.

India's west coast from Goa to Cape Comorin is isolated from the rest of India by the Nilgiri Hills. At Calicut, in May, 1498, arrived Vasco da Gama, after a voyage of ten months and two days from Lisbon. He was the first of modern-era Europeans to reach India. The west coast people are predominantly Hindu, though a fanatical Moslem sect, the Moplahs, is found there. Its most recent death-dealing outbreak was in 1921.

Very important for the Faith is the entire lower portion of India: the east coast south of Madras, and the west coast south of Goa. If we draw a line from Goa to Madras, we find that in the vast expanse of India above the line are three hundred million souls, of whom only a million and a half are Catholic; that is, one half of one per cent. Below the line we find a total population of fifty million; and among these are two and a half million Catholics, or five per cent. The Church's present strength in India, therefore, lies below the Goa-Madras line.

Again, below this line the distribution of Catholics is very uneven. In the independent states of Travancore and Cochin, with a population of five million, there are virtually a million Catholics. Thus the faithful in this tiny sector of India are twenty per cent of the whole, or stronger proportionately than are Catholics in the population of the United States. Chief credit for this goes to Saint Francis Xavier and his companions who worked here.

With Archbishop Benziger and an Indian priest, Father Valerian, I drove from Trivandrum, along the famed Fishery Coast with its many descendants of Xavier's converts, to the southernmost tip of India, Cape Comorin. The Cape's name signifies Cape of the Virgin, but the dedication is not to Our Lady; rather, it is to Kumari, a title of the Hindu goddess Durga. A temple in her honor stands embowered in the palm groves overlooking the waters off the point. In the village is the beautiful Catholic church erected with their fish by Xavier's fisher folk, the Paravas. Some five per cent of their catch goes to the parish. "And, too," explained Father

Valerian, "all sharks' fins, each of which weighs from a half to two pounds and brings six annas a pound [about twelve cents], go to the church.

"Lovable people, these Paravas," Father Valerian went on to explain, "thoroughly generous and devoted to their religion, though a little quixotic and thus taxing the skill of the pastor to keep them at peace. They are excitable, wildly courageous when excited, completely uncontrollable when excited. Recently during a procession in Kotar in honor of Saint Sebastian, a Moslem shouted an insult as the procession passed the mosque. Down went the statue of Saint Sebastian, and our sturdy fishermen launched toward the mosque. Moslems quickly gathered to the number of three thousand, and the outcome would have been disastrous if a Moslem leader had not been able to persuade his people to make concessions."

Standing on the placid shore of Cape Comorin, we found it easy to comprehend how intricate is the pattern of India. Khyber Pass, Kashmir, and Darjeeling are in another world, indeed. Throughout the vast sub-continent between, there is every variety of man and life. There are humble primitives like the Gonds of Nagpur, who venerate cholera and smallpox as if they were serpents that bite, and like the Toda people in the Nilgiris, who will show you the spot in their mountains where resides the keeper of the gates of heaven. Alongside these are the men of learning and culture who send thoughtful articles to the *Hindustan Review*, who reflect India's centuries of gathered riches of the mind, shared by only the few, but not for that reason any the less real or precious.

Ninety per cent of India's peoples are peasants who live in poverty and even in misery, but they weave their lives for the most part uncomplainingly into the country's rich tapestry of palaces and temples. Every Moslem town of any size has its *jami masjid*, or great mosque, every large Hindu community has its *raja mahal*, or royal temple, and each of these represents in its way the labor and care of a cathedral of Europe. India's pilgrimages are the greatest of the world. Pilgrimages are incorporated into the life of even the poorest outcaste; the Government must build its railroads with pilgrim towns in mind; the economy of the country turns about each year's shrine feasts.

There are ignorance, and dirt, and superstition, and hurly-burly,

and abuse about many pilgrim spots. But then there are also such places as Mount Abu and Palitana, with their cities of shrines over which reign silence, cleanliness, exquisite peace. Prayer amid noise or prayer amid silence is somewhat a matter of taste or of social background. Of much more substantial importance is the tendency of the Indian, high or low, to pray.

"Why do you come to me for advice?" asked an Irish officer of a Moslem soldier.

"My father told me to," replied the Moslem, "because I explained to him that you are a man who prays."

In this respect for prayer, lies the presage of future triumph for Christianity in India.

II

I Particularly Liked Maria

THOMA, the blinds tied over the eyes of his buffaloes, solemnly made the sign of the cross and signaled his animals to begin treading the endless circle of the sugar-cane press. The cane wrenched and resisted and moaned complainingly, but into the pail flowed slowly the sugar paste which in Punjabi is called *ghur*. Among the peasants there is no refining; the *ghur* serves as their sweetening and as their sweets.

"A fine old man, is Thoma," Father Oscar remarked to me quietly. "He has a son a priest. Let's slip over to his home."

Father Oscar and I were in the Catholic village of Khushpur, a little world of thirteen hundred souls on the Punjab plains in northern India. We made our way along dusty little streets stirring with life—village folk, cattle, innumerable dogs. There were a few shops, a simple market place, a primitive cotton gin, a brick works. All other structures were homes or cowsheds, except—an important exception—the mission compound with its chapel, school, dispensary, rectory, and convent. All in the village was mud or mud brick, with only one garnishing of color, the great purple vines of *bougainvillea* which clung over the convent porch.

India is a continent of little villages. There are seven hundred and fifty thousand of them. Less than five per cent of the people live in cities of fifty thousand or more; of these there are but eighty-nine in the entire peninsula. Villages, villages—an infinity of villages—such is the overpowering impression one has of this vast land.

And in these villages, among the microscopics of family life which are the sum of all concern, principal attention goes to food. That is only natural, since hunger, even famine, can probably be voted the greatest source of anxiety for the greatest number of Indians. Some fifty million suffered from famine in 1896-97; fifty-five million suffered in 1899-1900; thirty million in 1907-08. It is something to be remembered. Famine is a normal item of consideration in

government administration. Careful and quite intricate machinery has been created whereby food for millions begins moving, once a crop failure is reported.

"Why is everyone so poor?" I asked of Father Oscar.

"Too many peasants, too few fields," he replied laconically. "Here in the Punjab, barring accidents, a hard-working and good-living man can eke out a modest livelihood for his family. But too often there are accidents."

One of the most effective aids given by the Government to the peasants is irrigation. A great part of the Punjab and Sind would be uninhabitable without artificially supplied water. After a century, Britain has built thirty thousand miles of canals in India, irrigating forty-five million acres. Often connected with these canals in India, are farm projects, a hundred or so of which have been sponsored by the Government. Near Lahore, to mention one, is Okara Military Crop Farm, consisting of seventeen villages or *chaks*, each with a thousand inhabitants.

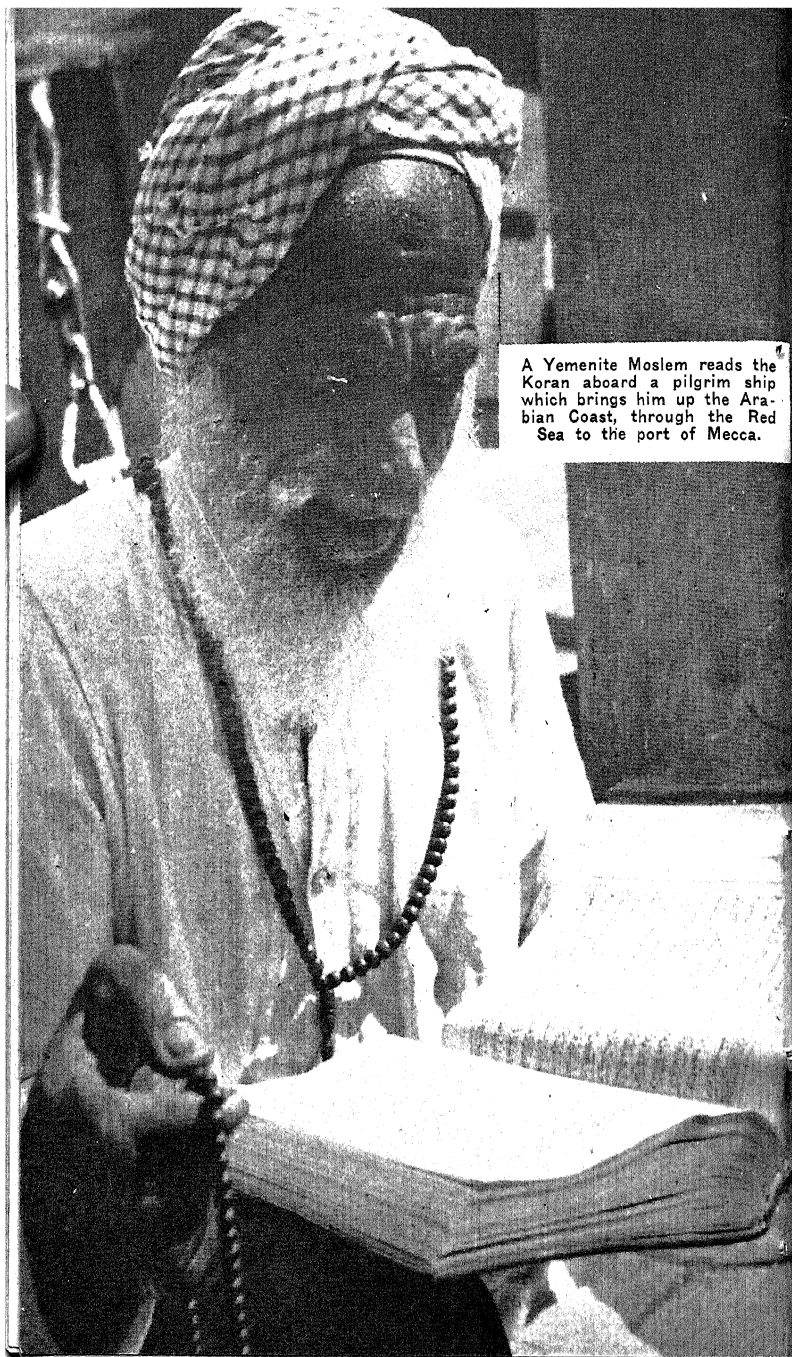
The settling of this new land gave the missionaries in northern India, desperate for a means to reach the people, a needed opportunity. Although the population is dominantly Moslem and Sikh, there are millions of Hindus in the Punjab; but, weak and scattered as they are, they could not be held in the Faith even if won. The Chuhras, for instance, who are the scavenger caste, number 1,200,000 in the Punjab, but they are scattered thirty or forty to a Moslem or Sikh village, to care for the menial, degrading tasks. How solve the riddle? The missionaries determined upon the foundation of Catholic villages.

Even though relatively few, these would be tiny dynamos by which zeal and exemplary Catholic life could be generated and diffused among the scattered Christians of the adjoining countryside. The plan was launched successfully, and today the missionaries are well prepared to pass the Faith to millions of other low-caste people ready to receive it. Three species of Catholic village have been evolved. In the first type, such as that of Maryabad, the people are the tenants of the bishop; in the second type, such as a village near Okara, they are tenants of the Government; in the third type, such as here at Khushpur, they are independent owners but protected by the Government.



Under the three most recent Popes—Benedict XV (left), Pius XI (right), and Pius XII (center)—the world Church, particularly in its missionary endeavors, has enjoyed a period of vigor seldom witnessed in history. Below: Pius XI consecrates six Chinese bishops in Saint Peter's.

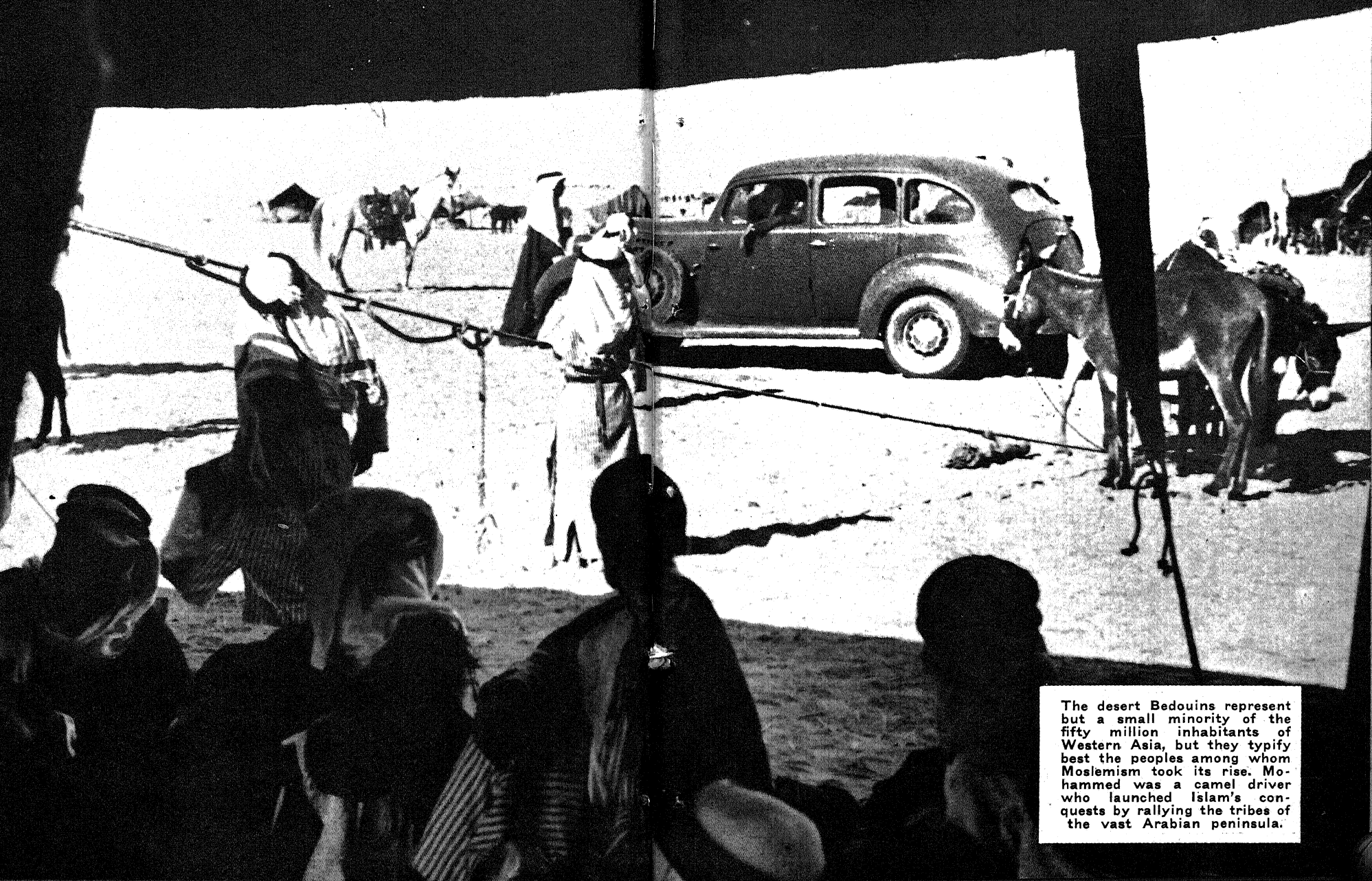





A Yemenite Moslem reads the Koran aboard a pilgrim ship which brings him up the Arabian Coast, through the Red Sea to the port of Mecca.




A Palestine Jew. The Zionist Movement has brought to Palestine a new generation of Jews, many of whom are disdained by ancient Jewish dwellers in the Holy Land because they do not pray at the Wailing Wall or dream of rebuilding the Temple.



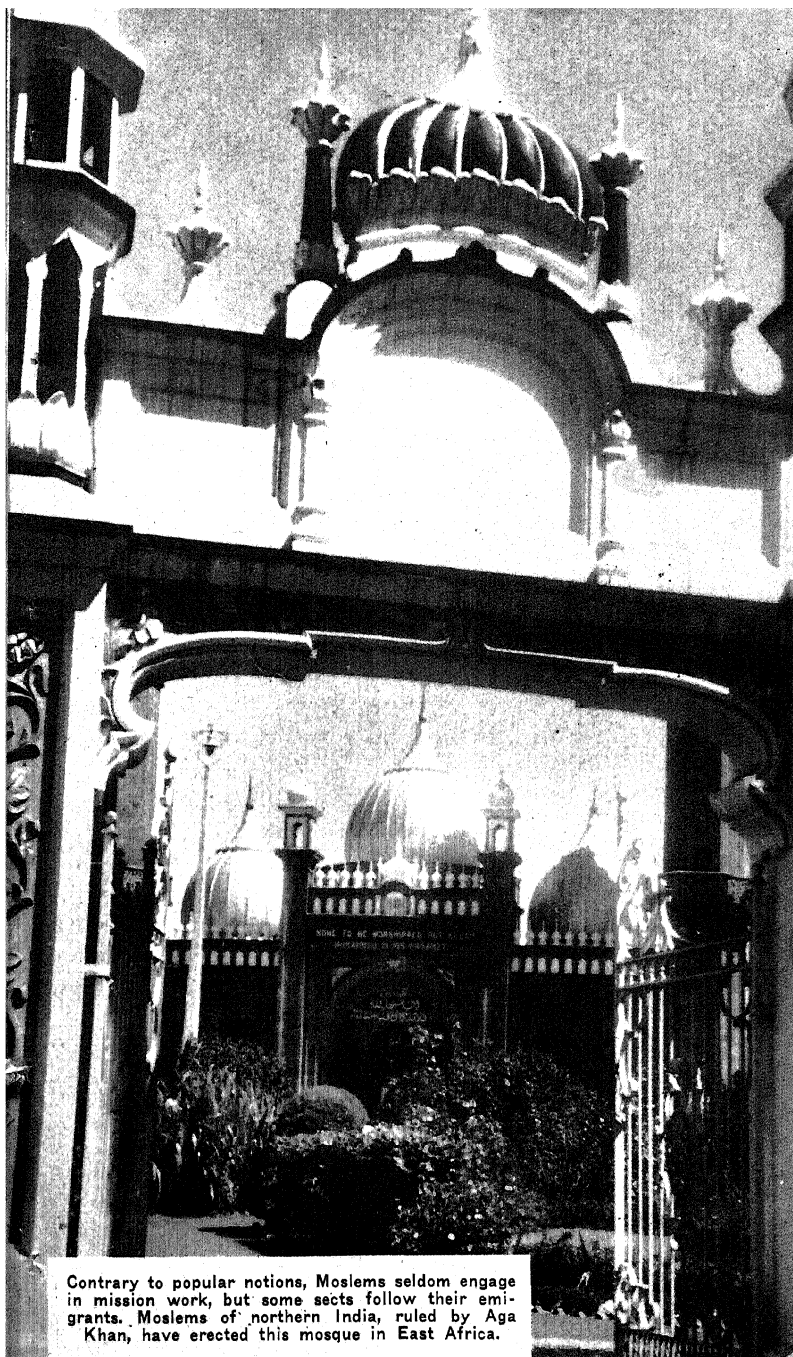
The desert Bedouins represent but a small minority of the fifty million inhabitants of Western Asia, but they typify best the peoples among whom Moslemism took its rise. Mohammed was a camel driver who launched Islam's conquests by rallying the tribes of the vast Arabian peninsula.



A gypsy family of Oman, in southern Arabia, home of the finest camels in Western Asia.



In sharp contrast with the peasant and desert peoples of Western Asia are the merchants of the cities, keen and sagacious individuals, a match for their business confreres anywhere on earth.



Contrary to popular notions, Moslems seldom engage in mission work, but some sects follow their emigrants. Moslems of northern India, ruled by Aga Khan, have erected this mosque in East Africa.



A vender of pottery in the vale of Kashmir, a portion of northern India which Moslems would include in Pakistan.



Moslems continue strong wherever they maintain their traditions of worship. Prayer in a typical mosque of northern India.

Old Father Felix, a Belgian Capuchin who was in the house with us during my stay at Khushpur, was the great pioneer of Lahore's Catholic villages. He began at Maryabad in 1893, a youngster fresh from Belgium. The Christians who promised to go with him from Sialkot lost heart, but he took two men by the nape of the neck and dragged them after him. "You have both promised me; you must come!" he told them peremptorily.

One of the two was Thoma Sundar, whom we had just watched press his sugar. They found only wilderness and swamp at the Government-assigned site when they arrived in a pitiless rainstorm. After gazing over the waste, they threw themselves down and slept as they were. "I had on high boots," Father Felix explained to me in rehearsing the story, "but they were filled with water. With boots on and my habit soaking, I went off to slumber—the best sleep I ever had."

The start was a fearful struggle. But after the first harvest, the two men and their families found themselves with more grain than they could eat, and they sent for their relatives. These in turn found an abundance they had never known, and decided to remain. From Maryabad, Khushpur was founded in 1900. Thoma Sundar was again in the vanguard, this time to set up a home on land possessed in his own right, and to give his wife and children such freedom and human dignity as few members of the lowly scavenger caste had ever known.

"And here we are at Thoma's house," said Father Oscar. "Ho, Maria," he called, "I am bringing you a visitor!"

We passed through the gate in the mud wall and found ourselves in a courtyard where two cows munched, chickens explored, and a bevy of rabbits hopped about in a cage.

"Maria, this is a priest from America," said Father Oscar as a pleasant-faced, motherly woman came toward us. "I told him I was going to show him the happiest home in northern India."

"Well," she rejoined easily, "I don't know any home upon which God has showered so many blessings."

By this time an attractive, black-eyed girl had brought from the house what turned out to be nothing less than a bed, a hemp mat stretched tautly on a light frame. This is the proper move here

when a guest arrives. Maria quickly threw a white cloth over it, and we were invited to be seated.

Father Oscar was the first to speak. He addressed me in English, and then translated what he was saying into Punjabi. "Maria and Thoma have had eight children—haven't you, Maria? Three have passed away; one of them, Margaret, was among the first candidates in our community in Lahore. Of the living, three boys are married; Sara, here, stays at home with her mother; and the fifth is John, his mother's pride and joy, a splendid young priest in Lahore."

By now the old woman's face was radiant. She drew her hands together on her breast, threw her head back, and closed her eyes for a moment, in a gesture of thanksgiving.

"But Thoma has done it all!" she cried. "Thoma and Father Felix. Father Felix, you know," she said, turning to me, "took Thoma and another man with him to Maryabad. For weeks they slept in mud and water. They lived on half-raw food, and worked from dawn far into the night. My, what a wonderful man was Father Felix! Then, years later, after Maryabad had become a fine little village, Thoma came here to help found Khushpur. Thoma has always worked very hard."

"And Maria, who was a school girl in Sialkot when Thoma went to Maryabad," put in Father Oscar, "did at least half the work, what with keeping house and all the prayers she said for Thoma." And Maria was quite brought to confusion.

"But please invite us into your house, Maria, for Father would be happy to see it."

Maria led the way over the mud threshold, and I gazed upon the simple, one-room home with its mud walls and its ceiling of brush plastered with mud.

"This opening high in the wall," explained Father Oscar, "is common to all houses here, for ventilation. But the window is a novelty and rare exception. The Punjabi seldom stay in their houses except at night, so they don't build windows or adorn their homes. The little embellishments here"—he pointed to the carving on the door post, the ornamented shelves, and the brightly shining brass pans on the hooks—"are tributes to Maria's thrift, for few homes have them."

"Here is our shrine," observed Maria, bringing us to a crude

little altar to Our Lady. "When Father John comes home from Lahore each month, the family kneel here, and we say our beads."

"Notice how clean the floor is," said Father Oscar. "It has been bathed this morning with a wash. You are new in India, so you must learn not to start in horror when you hear that it is a cow-dung wash. The cleanest country homes are those best treated with cow dung. It keeps out much vermin and has a definitely sanitary value. Resolve to show proper respect for cow-dung wash!"

I took Father Oscar's word. Later, in country chapels large enough for a thousand worshipers, I found floors which were washed with cow dung.

Sara insisted on a present of hardened *ghur* for me, and mother and daughter asked our blessings as we took leave.

"Really an excellent family," repeated Father Oscar. "Thoma has never in memory borrowed a rupee—and that, dear friend, is the greatest tribute one can give an Indian peasant, for the curse of India is the loan shark. For weddings, funerals, and even for baptisms, most fellows give in to the temptation of borrowing, and never as long as they live are they free again."

We walked to the edge of the village, saluting on the way Barnabas, Peter, James, and others with names from the Apostolic band. As we reached the fields, the bell on the chapel pealed the noon Angelus, and before us was re-enacted Millet's beautiful painting, the workmen halting their buffaloes and bowing their heads in prayer.

"I love this village," said Father Oscar, his eyes looking far away. "It reminds me of my home in Flanders."

"There should be more like it," I commented.

"There should be many, many more, and there will be!" replied the priest vigorously. "Without some such full-blown Christian life, the pagan customs remain for generations. The true Christian era in these families really begins with the children. In the early days the homes were established, school life began, and then one day a father planned the marriage of his daughter to a Moslem in a neighboring town. There seemed nothing wrong to him in this arrangement. But the daughter went and complained to Father Felix. He could not interfere, the priest explained discreetly, but when next the father should speak of the matter, he told the girl, she should

object. She would be beaten of course, he observed, but at that she should run out of the house to the rectory.

"So it happened. Following the prescribed plan, the crying girl went to the rectory, and Father Felix then accompanied her home. He told the father that he desired to meet the family at eight that evening. The parley lasted until one in the morning. Finally the father agreed that the girl should not be given to a pagan. Thus the precedent for Christian marriage was established."

"How do you explain your many vocations?" I asked.

"Father Philip began the movement," said Father Oscar. "In his simple way he proposed to all the young people that, while growing up, they consider the possibility of entering religion. To his surprise, twenty-eight girls and eight boys volunteered after getting the permission of their parents. He gave them twelve little rules to follow each day, and invited them to Mass and Communion. Others have joined since, and now, from Father Philip's informal vocation club, a few enter religion each year."

Next day we were about to mount the rickety *tamtam* to ride to the distant railroad station. "Let's say goodbye to Maria," I suggested.

"Fine," agreed Father Oscar, and we went again to the little mud dwelling. Maria, of course, was all smiles. Yes, she would take care of Thoma, she assured Father Oscar, and she would care for all her children, particularly Father John.

"And what are you going to do for Father, Maria?" asked Father Oscar, pointing to me.

"I will pray for him every day," she replied earnestly. I am sure she has never forgotten.

"There are many Brahmans in India," said Father Oscar as we rode, "who would regard themselves as defiled if the shadow of Thoma or Maria fell upon them. Here in the Punjab we are beginning with the lowest of the low, but of course in the Roman Empire things started in the same fashion; the seed was first planted among the slaves."

Aboard my train, my thoughts remained at Khushpur. I particularly liked Maria. I saw the little hut, fresh in its bath of cow-dung wash, and heard Maria's musical voice.

"I don't know any home," she said, "upon which God has showered so many blessings."

III

Main Stream of India

THE SUN lost its glare as it sank in the west, and the alabaster walls of the Taj Mahal took on the color of old ivory. The dome appeared ready to float away in the deep blue sky. The green cypresses formed shadows like dark lances across the lagoon in which the mosque lay mirrored, a castle out of a land of dreams.

The Taj is not really very ancient, as things go in Asia. It was finished in 1634 by Shah Jahan, one of the greatest of those Moslem rulers of northern India known as the Great Moguls. It has never fallen into disrepair, and has never known the vandalism of restoration. It was so beautiful that even warring armies have never touched it, nor have pilgrims defaced it.

"One of the world's great love stories forms the background for the Taj Mahal," Father Alfred told me as we slowly approached it. "Shah Jahan, as befitted a Great Mogul, had a hundred and more wives. But he loved only one and she was Mumtaz-i-Mahal, 'Light of the Palace,' whom he married when very young and cherished with a passion that never cooled. He also had great confidence in her judgment. He consulted her on state affairs, and entrusted her with the royal seal. After seventeen years she died, and Shah Jahan's grief was so terrible that his hair turned white in a few weeks. He shut himself away from public life and visited her grave every Friday, to read the Moslem prayers for the dead.

"After two years he conceived the idea of the Taj for his beloved. It was to be both a mosque and a tomb, and for seventeen years twenty thousand workmen labored on it for him. A Venetian who is buried in our cemetery near the old church of the Jesuits in Agra, is reputed to have designed this marvel. If it is really his work, our unknown exile deserves a place beside his compatriots, Bramante and Michelangelo. All of the Great Moguls built like giants and finished their work with the care of Swiss watchmakers. You will see this for yourself when we enter."

It was true. A single screen about the tombs of Shah Jahan and

his beloved took the marble workers ten years to carve. Lilies and roses inlaid in the marble are in jasper, malachite, mother-of-pearl, coral, lapis lazuli, and are as delicate as living petals. The vault rises eighty feet, and not a square inch of the interior, or indeed of the vast exterior, has been neglected.

Yet—the true test of great art and good taste—there is never a corner that seems cluttered or confused. The planes are really very simple, and can therefore support the vining arabesques of inlaid stone without distracting the eye. But in addition to this mere technical perfection of the architect, the Taj Mahal has greatness of spirit. It is like the mystery of the Cathedral of Chartres, which, Henry Adams has explained to us, is the flowering of a great religious emotion: the cult of the Virgin of Chartres. Much in the same sense, the Taj Mahal is the realization of a great emotion: the grief of Shah Jahan. It re-creates in stone his vanished spring.

Two custodians, Moslem priests, moved noiselessly about in the gloom. One approached us and was quite chatty.

"These flowers have been blessed by the tombs," he explained to Father Alfred and me, handing each of us a small orange blossom. "You are privileged," he continued, "for these flowers journey all over India."

"Have you many visitors?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, we have thousands of pilgrims every year. The buildings about the park form a large caravansary, and all corners are free to lodge overnight. India is the largest Moslem country in the world, you know. We count seventy-seven millions."

This gentleman with his easy manner reminded us that the Taj Mahal is a Moslem shrine. That is characteristic of the alert Moslem throughout India. In Old Delhi I visited the Jami Masjid, one of the great mosques of the world, in the courtyard of which ten thousand worshipers may pray. I watched the throngs make their ablutions and prepare for the hour of prayer, at which moment all non-Moslems must leave. An attendant conducted me to the reliquary, heavy with incense and strewn with rose petals, and showed me, among other things, a hair from the red beard of Mohammed.

That evening I was talking with a Moslem college professor. "Today," I remarked, "I visited the Jama Masjid."

"Oh, I am so glad," he replied, his face lighting. "So many in

America believe our country is a Hindu country. Numerically we Moslems may be fewer, but in muscle and in strength of spirit we are much stronger than the Hindus. Ours is the great religion of India."

The professor's view is not shared, however, by most of the dwellers in the Indian sub-continent. To the Hindu, this is a Hindu land. At one period or other in his life, possibly many times in life if circumstances permit, he performs the ceremonial walk about his village, calls upon the souls of his ancestors to accompany him, and sets forth on a pilgrimage—either to the greatest pilgrim spot of all India, the holy city of Benares, or to another of the hundreds of shrine places. The latter are often in cities, but sometimes are on remote hills or mountains. With remarkable frequency they are caves. At Karli, for instance, some eighty-five miles from Bombay, is the largest cave shrine in India, a great excavation in solid rock; it is the size of a Christian church, one hundred and twenty-five feet long by fifty feet wide, and probably was a place of Hindu worship two hundred years before Christ.

At Benares we see Hinduism at its best. Benares receives a million worshipping visitors a year. In its permanent population of two hundred thousand, are over thirty thousand Brahmans. The pilgrimage circuit about the city is more than thirty-five miles in length and requires six days. Packed tightly side by side along the city's river front, high up from the water and approached by the broad avenues of steps known as the ghats, are the temples and palaces, the names of the owners or donors of which form a litany of all the great Hindu rajas and maharajas of India.

One of the illustrious figures on the Benares horizon, the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram, traveled in Europe some years ago. While in France his wife, who is called the Kumarrani, fell ill and had to undergo an operation. Fervent Hindu though she was, she made a vow to Our Lady of Lourdes that, if she recovered, she would erect a Lourdes grotto at Benares. Thus it happens that at the Catholic mission in the city stands a tasteful grotto to the Blessed Mother, with the inscription, "This grotto has been presented by Srimati Bhagirathi Devi, Kumarrani of Vizianagram, in fulfillment of a vow to the Lady of Lourdes, 1929."

It chanced that this princely Maharajkumar with his Lourdes

background was my host in Benares. My introduction to the city was through his park-like estate and the salons of his palatial residence, the most interesting adornments of which are his many and magnificent tiger skins, pelts of beasts shot by this young nobleman in his own hunting forest some thirty miles from Benares. In the company of a guest of his house, Govadhan Shah, I saw Benares.

A bare half mile from the Vizianagram Palace is the popularly called but misnamed Monkey Temple, where hordes of these animals chatter uninhibitedly in the trees. The temple is dedicated to the goddess Durga, who delights in destruction and to whom sacrifices of goats are offered here while the monkeys, sacred to the Hindu, look on. We took a fleeting glance at Durga through the glass doors—her shrine is typical of a hundred in Benares—and went on to the greatest thing in Benares, the Ganges. Govadhan, a white Gandhi cap on his head, sat beside me in the Vizianagram boat and described this marvelous scene. His handsome face glowed, and he was alive in every fiber of his lithe young frame—he is a champion cricket player!—as he pointed out the storied pinnacles that etch the sky line, and interpreted the doings on the ghats where thousands crowded.

“Down the stream ahead of us,” he explained, “are some forty ghats, built at different periods, and devoted to different castes and forms of worship. Here is Asi Ghat, first of the five holy places of ablution where the pilgrim must bathe successively in a single day. Here is Tulsi Ghat, named after the celebrated author of a version of our Hindu epic, the *Ramayana*, which counts more than twelve thousand lines. His shoes and pillow are preserved in that building behind.

“And here before us,” he continued as we moved slowly downstream, “is the Harish Chandra Ghat, where my father was cremated. It is one of the great cremation spots along the river, though the most important is Jalsain Ghat, or the Burning Ghat, where we shall disembark and go to the Golden Temple.”

We left our boat and mounted the enormous stone steps which line the bank and lead down to the river. In places there are quay-like platforms and on these the cremations were in progress. Doms, men who are outcastes—for to touch the dead is pollution—

arrange the wood for each fire in a flat square. The body of the departed in its shroud is placed on top, and the hand of the chief mourner puts the torch to the pyre. The corpse writhes gruesomely. Relatives and friends huddle at a distance, witnessing the consummation; and when the flame is spent, and the embers glow no longer, the ashes are pushed into the water. Mother Ganga has taken to herself another of her children.

"Any spot along the Ganges, from its source in the snows of the Himalayas to its mouth in the Bay of Bengal, is a privileged one for cremation," noted Govadhan, "but Benares and Allahabad are more sacred than others. If our bodies can be burned here, our souls will go straight to heaven."

We brushed through the crowds, some of whom thought to stare at me, the only foreigner in the scene, but for most I did not exist. Sacred cows sauntered about as they pleased; beggars were plentiful, some deformed, some sick. A wretched leper, noseless, a hole where his mouth once was, reached his hand toward me and turned his haunting eyes on me. By the river, people performed their ablutions carefully, methodically, very solemnly. Men and women sat, some gazing in placid silence over the river, some chatting quietly. There was something almost hypnotic in the strangeness of the scene.

We moved toward the Golden Temple. We wound down alleys hardly two yards wide, stepped aside to let a cow pass, peeped in at several temples, in some of which was the infernal din of gongs and drums. We mounted shadowy steps and at last stood, not inside, but on a level with the Golden Temple's three domes—one of stone, the other two plated with real gold.

"A century ago," explained Govadhan, "Ranjeet Singh, Maharaja of Lahore, gave this gold. He was ancestor," he added with a

THE PRINCIPAL LONG RIVERS OF THE WORLD

RIVER	MILES	RIVER	MILES	RIVER	MILES
Amazon (Brazil).....	3,900	Mackenzie (Canada)	2,525	Madeira (Brazil) . .	2,000
Yangtze (China).....	3,700	Mekong (So. Asia) ..	2,500	St. Lawrence (N.A.)	1,900
Amur (Russia)	2,900	Missouri (U.S.) . . .	2,475	Rio Grande (N.A.)..	1,800
Congo (Africa)	2,900	Mississippi (U.S.) ..	2,470	Sao Francisco (Brazil)	1,800
Lena (Siberia)	2,800	Parana (So. Amer.) ..	2,450	Indus (India)	1,700
Hoang-Ho (China)...	2,700	Volga (Russia) . . .	2,300	Euphrates (W. Asia)	1,700
Niger (West Africa)	2,600	La Plata (So. Amer.)	2,300	Ganges (India)	1,540

smile, "of our Ranjeet of today, of cricket fame." How strange, to talk of cricket here in this weird place!

Most touching sight of the day: a boy of high-school age in the Temple of Annapurna. Bells, incense, priests held the center of attention, but crouched at the side, under a dim light, was this youngster, devouring with the fervor of a saint the prayers in a little prayerbook which he held in his two hands. How perfectly he would fit, I thought, in another setting—before the Blessed Sacrament or an altar to Our Lady in a parish church at home.

What is witnessed on a large scale daily at Benares, and at other great centers such as Madura, is duplicated on special feasts and in smaller degree at hundreds of shrine spots throughout India. Far to the south, in the exotic country behind Mangalore, is Udipi, relatively unknown as a Hindu holy place. Yet there we found eight large monasteries. We explored the travelers' halls of these and saw sleeping quarters for thousands. We visited the eating halls, and saw the kitchens where food is prepared for fifteen hundred persons daily, and for ten thousand a day at feast times. There were enormous brass cauldrons for the cooking, great bins for vegetables, and stables of cattle for milk. Udipi is typical of a major factor in Hindu life in every corner of India.

Hinduism is less a dogmatic religion than a way of life. It is elastic in its doctrines, but extremely rigid in its customs; hence, the extraordinary degree to which the caste system has gripped India. Some fifteen million Hindus belong to the Brahman or priest castes, and thus occupy a position similar to that of the Levites among the tribes of Israel. Over one hundred and fifty million, or ten for every Brahman, belong to the remaining castes, which include some two thousand. A number of these caste people are so far down the scale that Brahmans will not take water or food from them; and other low-caste people in southern India legally pollute the Brahman if by chance they touch him, or come within twenty-four or thirty feet of him.

Below these lowly, low-caste folk, are sixty million more people who are the pariahs and outcastes. The pariah's position is desperate. He is a Hindu; but he cannot enter the temples, he can engage only in certain tasks, he can live only in certain quarters,

he frequently is denied access to the wells, and his children cannot enter the caste schools.

Money and possessions have nothing to do with caste. The Maharaja of Gwalior, with millions of pounds in his coffers, can send his sons in style to the University of Benares, can outshine any Brahman in the land, but can never have a Brahman for a wife, since he is of too low a caste. Many great lawyers, doctors, teachers are of humble caste. Indeed, many men who are now comfortably fixed can still neither eat, nor sleep, nor marry, nor associate, nor pray with the caste folk of the country; for in India they are social lepers, they are outcasts. It is an inexorable law of blood.

We from the West are equally degraded in the eyes of India's Hindus. At several temples in the Madura country, I found a placard stating, "Europeans, Mohammedans, Christians, Pallas (pariahs) are strictly prohibited within this gate." Over one gate at Trichinopoly is a variant of this: "No Mohammedans, dogs, or Christians. . . ." The sequence is not complimentary.

Child marriage and the prohibition of widow remarriage are two other Hindu practices which work bitter hardship. By the Sarda Act of April, 1930, child marriage has been abolished; and the minimum marriage age for females has been fixed at fourteen, for males at eighteen. At the time of the enactment, over six million married girls were between ten and fourteen years of age; two million were between five and ten; while two hundred thousand were under five.

The tradition against widow remarriage continues to be strong, but is under attack. Mr. Sarda said recently before the National Social Conference: "Widow remarriage should become as general as widower remarriage at present is. If marriage is a Hindu sacrament and can be performed only once in life, why is a widower allowed to perform it a second, a third, or a fourth time, when a widow is not so allowed?" Mr. Sarda believes that, quite as suttee, or the immolation of the widow on her husband's funeral pyre, was successfully abolished, so will be India's perpetual widowhood.

Worse than the actual prohibition to remarry are the hardships heaped upon girls whose husbands have died.

"I am on my way home," a university student told me one day, "but I hate the thought of returning to my native town. For I have

a sister of whom I am very fond. We grew up together, played together, studied together, did everything together. Then she was married into a strict Hindu family, and her husband died. It makes my heart bleed to see the indignities to which, as a widow, she is condemned as long as she lives! She, who was so pretty, has had her head shaved, cannot bathe in the same manner as do the rest of the family, must wear wretched coarse cloth, is the reproach of every member of her husband's miserable clan. Why is anyone cursed to such a destiny?"

Why indeed? There are an estimated twenty-seven million such widows among the Hindus.

Apart from the Hindus and Moslems, the other organized non-Christian religions in India are but four: the Buddhists, with twelve million members; the Sikhs, four million; the Jains, one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand; the Parsees, one hundred and fifty thousand.

A hundred and thirty miles from Benares is Buddh Gaya, linked with the origins of Buddhism. Here stood the bodhi tree under which Buddha received enlightenment. But Buddhism today is dispossessed from the village and the land of its birth. There is a temple at Buddh Gaya, and there is a statue within it which might represent Buddha, but it is interpreted as the Hindu god Vishnu. A quarter of a million Hindus come here annually. The Buddhists possess a travelers' house opposite the temple, but there are no monks at the shrine. A beautiful statue of Buddha, a gift from Japan, stands in this residence house. Japanese, Chinese, Thailanders, Burmese, Ceylonese, come to Buddh Gaya, where Gautama Buddha practiced his fasts and penances and entered into those friendships with animals and birds which make his life read like passages from the *Fioretti* of Saint Francis of Assisi.

We have already alluded to the Sikhs, who represent a vigorous and important element in the Punjab. The Jains of India are the last remnants of an offshoot from early Hinduism. The Jains were great builders in their heyday, and their lovely temples are among the most renowned in India.

Finally, there are the Parsees, found chiefly about Bombay. Twelve centuries ago they came as religious refugees from Persia, in order to continue to practice Zoroastrianism, which Moham-

medan conquerors were crushing in their homeland. At Udvada, one hundred and fifteen miles from Bombay, is the oldest Parsee temple in which glows the sacred fire brought from Persia by these people. Ethnically they are quite distinct from the Indian. They are a successful, disciplined, and cultured group that does honor to itself.

Parsee men wear queer hats resembling those of Halloween witches, and odd, preacher-like coats prescribed by tradition. Parsee women are almost uniformly distinguished in bearing, with thoughtful eyes and fine intellectual faces. They wear a colored sari, gracefully draped about the body and carried over the top of the head to frame the face in its soft folds. They have great liberty, Parsee women often traveling alone to the colleges of Europe and America.

A young Indian gentleman and his bride took me one day to see the famous Parsee Towers of Silence, five miles from the business center of Bombay, on a long, palm-clad ridge softly stirred by the zephyrs of the Arabian Sea. In a great park of green, rose the gaunt white hulks. A funeral procession entered through a distant gate, and—revolting sight!—vultures stirred themselves expectantly. The Parsee method of disposing of their dead has its origin in their religion: both earth and fire are believed holy, and a defiling corpse may never be committed to the swift embrace of fire or to the slow-burning torch of earth. On the upper terrace of these towers, the dead body is placed, uncovered to the sky, and within an hour the carrion birds consume it.

"My employer is a Parsee," observed the Indian by my side, "and I often ask myself how to explain the high quality of his people. The Parsees are noted for their integrity, they are remarkably intelligent, they are the financial kings of India, and the leaders in the development of big industry in the country. Charity seems to belong to their very bone and marrow; some Bombay Parsees have made bequests totaling millions of pounds, while every Parsee business man I know gives alms as regularly as he studies his ledgers."

The great bulk of Indians, whether high or low, have an appreciation of religion. It is the main stream of Indian life.

IV

Redskins of India

THE FOLK on whom we dwelt in the last chapter, even the humble pariahs, at least reside within the garden walls of organized religion. But there is another population in the peninsula, whose beliefs are those primitive forms of animism or totemism that form the lowest evolution of man's religious heritage. These people are also set apart by their racial origin. Just as the Aryans were preceded in India by the Dravidians, these in turn were preceded by a layer of still older races that gave way before them.

These aborigines differ as greatly from the rank and file of Indians as do the redskins in America from the white settlers. They number some ten millions. Until the missionaries took an interest in them, they were the sorriest of all the hodgepodge of peoples on the peninsula.

While Columbus discovered America only in 1492 A.D., the flow of Aryan peoples from Central Asia into India is supposed to have occurred between 2400 B.C. and 1500 B.C. The Dravidians probably came a thousand years earlier. The pre-Dravidians were pushed about quite as were our wigwam dwellers at home, and ended by being thrown like backwash into whatever wretched corners of the land the newcomers did not covet. They have remained poor in possessions, gross in manners, and despised by the main body of the population.

The Catholic missionaries' swiftest advances in India today are among the aborigines. The great majority live in northeastern India, where the fleeing tribes found a last refuge in the deep valleys tributary to the Brahmaputra River. Among these are the Garos, a small people speaking a Tibeto-Burmese language, who signalized themselves to the British during the last century by their proficiency in the charming art of head-hunting.

But it was without apprehension that Father Goodall and I joined the circle, one evening, to watch a festival dance in the Garo village of Biroidakuni.

Andrew was leader of the chorus. His face in the moonlight was rapt as he signaled the start of the dance. In the center stood the musicians, two with drums and two with cymbals, and about them in a circle formed the men of the village. The motif was simple and brief, repeated unendingly. The music began slowly and softly, the singers expressing themselves in hardly more than a whisper, which brought a hush over the gathered watchers; even the surrounding woodland and wild country seemed to stand still. Steadily, however, there was a crescendo, an increase in volume and movement, working up to exultation and ultimately to frenzy. Then, suddenly, it dropped back to the original slow tempo, only to resume its gradual ascent. The theme, the missionaries explained, was religious, some tale of tree spirits and cave devils. It vaguely suggested our Negro spirituals.

"Andrew, show Father the drums!" called Father Hannigan when the evening's entertainment was ended. The village headman brought over the strange instruments, which have a small end for a high note and a large end for a bass note.

"The Garo people," explained the priest, "play the drums with their fingers, almost as if they were stringed instruments. Like aborigines all over the world, they have nothing short of a passion for music and dancing."

We returned to the rectory, a tin-roofed house held high in the air on piles, as primitive as a cottage at the seashore. This was "Notre Dame among the Garos," for the splendid group of young priests were Holy Cross Fathers who at one time or another had lived in the mystic country of Knute Rockne.

"Most of us prefer this work among the Garo tribes to the missions among the main body of Indians," one of the priests told me. "The Garos are unpolished, but listen more readily to what we bring them, and they have the artless vigor of people who live simply, in the open."

As might be suspected, these aborigines have taken on stature now that the world knows them better. Frequently they are quite intelligent; usually they are loyal, brave, able to endure and suffer. As followers of Christ, they possess the ingredients which make daring champions of the Faith.

Among the Santal tribes in Bengal, during a recent wave of

nationalism in India, the wife of a Hindu landlord called together the Santal women in her neighborhood. "Now that the European is being driven out," she said, "the teachings and the Christian religion of the European should be abandoned. The Santals should become Hindus."

Upon this, one of the women, the mother of a family, rose. "I am a Catholic," she said firmly. "We Catholics follow Christ, not because He came to us from the Europeans, but because He is God. We Catholics do not want to become Hindus; we want God."

"Why," asked Father Rocca, of the Milan missionaries, as we sat in his schoolmaster's garden in the little village of Dhanjuli, "do people despise my Santals? I find them as warm and true of heart as my own family at home." And as if to confirm this, Cecilia, the schoolmaster's wife, appeared, her dark face smiling, her arms heavy with purple coxcomb.

"You see," cried Father Rocca triumphantly, "Cecilia has flowers for you, and here comes my old friend Julio to play for you!"

Young though the day was, Julio, a staunch old veteran, drew out his native violin, with its one hemp string and one metal string, and played a pastoral theme that was surprisingly simple and sweet.

American Jesuits work among the Santals. These people are quite different from the Garos, although they live in the same general region. They are Negritic, ranging from dark brown to coal black. They were totemists, and had the charming legend that the human race descended from a wild goose that laid two eggs—as good an explanation as any for all our follies. But now the Santals are leaving behind their totems and their witchcraft.

How memorable was my Christmas Eve in Sugathan! Through a bleak drizzling rain, hundreds came and crowded the temple of the Lord until it could hold no more. Christ was born in a stable that night in pioneer Sugathan, before a congregation that was witnessing its first Christmas, for the majority were converts made during that year.

"I call this chapel of mine the catacombs," explained big-voiced Father Kilian, Sugathan's pastor, "because it is so long, low, and narrow."

It was originally a cow shed, enlarged by an extension at one end.

The sacristy was a cow stall and has only two tiny apertures high in the wall. The whole building is of mud, coated with cow dung and then whitewashed. The altar is of mud coated with cow dung, while the altar table and tabernacle are feats of Father Kilian's own carpentry. The roof is bamboo and straw. The Infant Christ must have surely felt at home that Christmas night.

But all other work among the aborigines is overshadowed by the proportions of the drive in the Chota Nagpur area. The Chota Nagpur movement is probably the most remarkable phenomenon in modern missionary annals.

Its center is Ranchi, a small city two hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, in the hills that form the western embankment of the valley of the Ganges. Here the story of the Garos and Santals is repeated—tribes of aborigines that once inhabited the rich valley were driven into the hills by ancient invaders. From Ranchi, Bishop Van Hoeck took me twenty miles further to Torpa. Then, in Torpa, the Bishop's first move was to conduct me to the police station.

"The secret of the Chota Nagpur movement," he said, "was learned from a policeman, and this policeman belonged to this very station. We say that we should unveil a bronze plaque here.

"In 1885, Father Constant Lievens was assigned to Torpa and had very few Christians. He wandered frequently into this station. The officer in charge, a Hindu, became quite friendly and one day remarked: 'Father, you would like to convert these people. Let me make a suggestion. Take up their cause against the zamindars (the landlords); fight for them!'

"Father Lievens promptly saw the possibilities. These despised aborigines were often wronged by their masters. Sometimes they hired lawyers, but these took bribes from the zamindars, as did also, it seems, some of the judges. Father Lievens found an honest lawyer. 'You must promise me,' he said, 'that if I bring you a case, you will fight to win.'

"Soon he came upon a peasant who had a grievance. 'Go to court,' the priest said.

"'No use,' replied the man. 'I should only lose the little I have.'

"'Go to court!' insisted Father Lievens. 'I will arrange everything.'

"The lawyer took the case, secured a change of venue, and won. He took a second case and won. Word passed like wildfire—'Go to Father; he will tell you how to get justice!'

"Thousands wore a path to the priest's door. Throughout the countryside he became regarded as the embodiment of justice. Through him these people visioned the Man of the Gospel, who had pity on the multitude. The way was opened."

Today some three hundred thousand Chota Nagpur people are Catholic. Curiously, Torpa accounted for relatively few. A district called Barway, with fifty thousand inhabitants, was won to a man. At dinner in Torpa a charming priest of the Chota Nagpur people (there are some fifty of them), a native of Barway, sat beside me.

"How do you like your work?" I asked him.

"Very much, indeed," he replied, "but it is so pagan here. You see, I come from a Catholic country."

I turned to the Bishop and laughed. "He sounds like a young man from Ireland or the Tyrol."

"True," smiled the Bishop, "but I can assure you, the children of Barway grow up without any immediate contact with paganism."

At every mission station in this rude farming country, I noticed two schools—one for the boys, one for the girls.

"When I was a young priest," explained Bishop Van Hoeck, "we evolved what came to be known as the 1912 plan. By this we decided upon a lower primary school for every important village, an upper primary for every station, a middle school for every district center, a high school for each established region. The Belgian Jesuits have made cruel sacrifices to keep to the plan, but have succeeded.

"As a result, we have today among the Chota Nagpur people over seven hundred and twenty-five schools, in which there are eighteen thousand children. For them we employ a little army of over a thousand teachers. We are proud of our schools, for they are the backbone of the Faith. And the Government is proud of them, for through them these lowly people are able, after thousands of years, to hold up their heads in the light of day."

Sunday morning, when I said Mass in the Ranchi cathedral, I saw before me some thousands of people squatting closely together on the floor. There are no benches, for none of these people

have ever sat on chairs. Banks of humanity like sea waves advanced to the rail for Communion; there are over two million Communions in Ranchi yearly.

It was a beautiful experience to see the women approach with infants in arms. Mothers have no nursemaids at home in Chota Nagpur and hence have been trained to feel at ease carrying their children in the Lord's house. One bright little speck stared after the Host into its mother's mouth, one was chewing a cookie, one was sucking its mother's breast, others were crying lustily.

On my last day in Chota Nagpur, I said Mass at the mother-house of the Daughters of Saint Anne. Mata Cecilia, the Mother General, was there, now quite matronly and bearing well the responsibilities of her growing community. Years ago she and a companion had rushed into the Ursuline convent at Ranchi in trepidation, out of breath from their hurry.

"We have run away from home, Sister!" they had cried. "We were to be married, Sister, but we don't want to be married. We want to enter the convent, Sister."

"The convent!" the astounded Sister had exclaimed. There was no convent for the young women of Chota Nagpur.

But why not? The Bishop and his advisers put their heads together, and these two runaways became the foundresses of a community.

The Daughters of Saint Anne go barefoot; indeed, no one wears shoes in Chota Nagpur. They wear a blue habit bordered with white, cut in the style of local costumes. The entire life of the community is cut to Chota Nagpur styles, in conformity with the sage advice of the Holy See that the Church in each land sink its roots deeply into the local soil.

We visited a border-station convent of these Daughters of Saint Anne and found that, quite as in their own homes, these native religious used no beds or chairs. The Sister Superior showed us a clean spacious room which possessed little more than its mud floor and mud walls.

"This is our recreation room by day, and at night we spread our mats here and use it as our dormitory. Incidentally," continued the Sister, "over there in the corner, Sister Agnes killed a cobra last night. They come into the houses in rainy weather"

"A cobra!" I exclaimed. "How could she do that?"

"Everybody in Chota Nagpur knows how to kill a cobra," smilingly replied the Sister. "She cracked it sharply before it could get poised, and broke its back. It is not difficult to kill a cobra."

I looked in amazement at these cobra-killing nuns.

"Oh, we can do anything that people do in Chota Nagpur," she continued quiet simply. "I guess that's why we get so close to the hearts of the people."

V

The Miracle of Old Goa

SOMEONE fingered a little harmonium, and the sweet notes of the *Ave Maris Stella* drifted back to us, as we stood by the rail and watched the gleaming harbor of Bombay fade out of view. Darkness descended, and there were the rosary in common, litanies, and again hymns. Then we stretched our sleeping mats on deck, and the night winds from the west coast of India helped us to rest.

We were aboard a pilgrimage boat on our way to the tomb of Saint Francis Xavier, at Goa. The Apostle of the Orient died on December 3, 1552, propped up outside his hut on Sancian Island, his eyes turned to China. His body was put into the ground near his cabin, and shortly after was taken in quicklime to Malacca, where again it was buried. After a year it was exhumed, found to be as fresh as in life, and transferred to Goa, here in India, where it received a place of honor in the cathedral and where it continues to rest to this day.

Curiously, of the seven hundred aboard our vessel, some hundreds were Hindus, Moslems, and Parsees. One of the striking features of the devotion to Saint Francis Xavier in the East is the reverence in which he is held by non-Christians, who flock by thousands to his tomb. As I said Mass aboard, a well-dressed Parsee woman knelt near my altar, never once raising her eyes, and recited the beads. A number of Parsees pray to Our Lady every day.

Goa is a little colony of several hundred square miles—an island and its hinterland—on the southwest coast of India. It is Portuguese, a sad little remnant of the once-great Portuguese empire in the Indies. The Dutch, the French, and the English are inheritors of trading stations, cities, and native states in Hindustan, the East Indies, and China, that once were ruled by the Braganzas in faraway Lisbon. The Portuguese were the deans of all the European colonists and, considering the difficulties of their era, were the greatest race of sailor-traders since the Phoenicians.

Today all that remains of their Asian empire are several little settlements such as Goa, in India, Macao, in China, and a part of Timor, in the East Indies.

New Goa, or Panjim, makes a pretty sight as the steamer draws to its dock. This is now the capital and the port of the colony. It is the most Catholic spot on the Indian peninsula. The two hundred and fifty thousand members of the Church are in heavy predominance and give to Goa a tone as Catholic as that of the cities of any Old World land of the Faith.

The Goans, both here and in the many centers to which they have emigrated, reveal great native ability and intelligence. Three out of four of the men are literate, a high average for India, and their energy brings them success in their undertakings. They have absorbed much that is Western, but remain strongly Indian and still observe caste distinctions. Even the six hundred Goans in the Church's priesthood are divided according to their high-caste, middle-caste, or lower-caste backgrounds. This is purely a social distinction. Even so, it has been the subject of some ecclesiastical controversy and will eventually disappear.

On landing, I had a word with the Patriarch of Goa, His Excellency, Archbishop Vieira de Castro. "Welcome to the Rome of the East!" he said warmly. "You will find the Faith rooted in a marvelous manner here, for God has given us the privilege of guarding the body of the greatest missionary since Saint Paul."

We set out to see this body and soon discovered that Goa hides a tragedy. Old Goa, the city that was the center of Portugal's astounding Eastern empire, through which flowed the treasures of the Orient, is no more. Government and commerce have moved to the healthier seashore at Panjim. Even physical decay has attacked Old Goa, for deadly marsh gases seep throughout the damp soil of the once-proud capital. The buildings have fallen, and only four of the score of churches remain. Nature has raised a heavy tropic growth, and the kindly creepers conceal the cadaver of the dead city. The tomb of Saint Francis Xavier rises as a great shrine in the forest.

In this ancient baroque Church of the *Bom Jesu*, during each year of pilgrimage, the rich sarcophagus of Xavier is transferred to the center of the church at the choir rail. The front end of the

coffin is removed, and the feet of the apostle are exposed. Immense crowds form in a line at one side door, pass quietly up to the body, "get the kiss," as the curious expression goes, and file out the opposite side.

I took my place in the line, bent over those feet which had borne this marvelous messenger of the Lord throughout Asia, and then found a niche where, unseen, I could watch the rare sight. The sea of humanity slowly surged by. A certain number, by dress or bearing, appeared wealthy and distinguished. The majority were clean and carefully groomed. A small number, feeling perfectly at home in the house of Saint Francis, were folk of very lowly estate, the men wearing little more than loincloths.

A group of beggars stood quietly near the entrance. It was impressive to see many of the pilgrims, who apparently possessed little themselves, reach within their garments, untie a soiled cloth, and take from it some small coins to distribute among these wretched people. Deserving or not, these beggar folk were, in their eyes, God's poor.

Saint Francis must have been pleased at the fervor and devotion of this strange stream of petitioners which flowed before him. That morning the first was a blind woman; then came a paralytic, carried by two friends. A Parsee woman brought her baby whose feet were crippled, and the doctor in attendance touched the maimed parts to the saint's body. A Sister, who accompanied some ailing folk from Bombay, pointed out a woman who moved as in a trance and explained to me that she was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman who had married a Moslem woman. The girl had been beautiful and a pupil of the nuns, but her mother had drugged her in order to secure the family fortune, and she had become an idiot.

Thousands in good health came to ask spiritual favors of Saint Francis, or privileges other than cures. Some, to be sure, were there through curiosity or mere superstition. The ailing, however, held the center of attention; the air was charged with their cause. Everybody was kind to them and pitied them as they approached the remains in deep earnestness or sobbing expectancy.

On the vessel from Bombay was a blind boy, a Hindu, who refused all food.

"You must eat, son," one of the priests told him gently, and tried to put some supper in his hand.

"No, Father," he replied. "I want to see."

I watched this child approach, his face intent, saw him kiss the feet, and later found him with a Sister attendant, his head nestled in her arm. It was not in God's plan that he should see.

Each year there is a series of miracles, which the authorities treat cautiously, as at Lourdes. I met in New Goa the happy mother of a child whose cure was being examined at the time. Maimed from birth, the child had been carried to the tomb, some weeks before our arrival, had kissed the feet, and had walked from the church by his own restored powers.

My visit to Goa was toward the end of the period of exposition; thus it chanced that the official examination of the remains of Saint Francis was due. The Patriarch invited me to be present, and I accompanied him to the church. The doors were closed, and the crowds held outside. The remains, vested as if for Mass, were drawn completely from the sarcophagus and rested on the table. A commission of five doctors was headed by Lieutenant Colonel da Silva Correia, who as a child was cured of a foot deformity by the intercession of Saint Francis. This gentleman, quite as simply as if he were alone, dropped to his knees for a prayer before beginning his task, then rose and kissed the saint's hand.

"You will notice," said Da Silva Correia to me, "that there is still hair on the head, and certain vein marks are evident. The deep cavity in the right cheek was made by an accident to the body in its transfer from Malacca, while the nose was slightly flattened in another accident. It is man, not nature, that has damaged the body."

The face of Saint Francis is earth-colored and drawn, but in no way repulsive. The film of skin lies lightly over the eyes, and the lips are drawn together quite naturally over the teeth. The skin seems fallen from the back of the skull, and the left cheek is slightly withered.

The right forearm of Saint Francis was amputated, and is venerated in the Church of the *Gesu* in Rome. The left arm lies folded across the breast, resting on the chasuble. The left hand

is remarkable, the skin shriveled as that of an old man of eighty, but soft to the touch and revealing every muscle and vein.

The feet, that have been kissed by millions and touched by countless articles of piety, are somewhat the worse for wear. But when one feels the instep, it is striking to find the skin velvety and the muscles pliable under pressure.

No change had occurred since the preceding examination, the physicians attested. Da Silva Correia concluded: "This examination accords with preceding ones in refuting assertions that the body of Saint Francis is artificially mummified. Medical science cannot explain its present state after almost four hundred years."

On the following day the Golden Bell of *Bom Jesu* wafted its deep notes through the coconut palms, the signal that the pilgrimage period had come to a close. There was regret in its song, for the remains of the Firebrand of the Indies would soon be left alone in this distant shrine of the untenanted city.

"Tomorrow all will be dead here," said a young Goan by my side.

The casket of gold and silver will smolder in its chapel; the silent domes will rise above the jungle. Monsoons will brush continuously through the palm trees, and one can imagine their rustle to be the whisper of all the prayers that come to Francis Xavier from every corner of the world.

VI

Berta Finds the True Cross

THERE was an hour free before supper.

"We are going to call on the Mallik family," said Father Brown.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"They own big coffee plantations here in Coorg," explained the local missionary.

"Catholics?"

"No, they are not Catholics, and perhaps none of those now living ever will be. Only God knows as to the future and the fruits my successors may reap."

We stepped into the clear air and walked along a path that gave us a view of towering mountains and rich green valleys. Coorg is a little native state deep in the peninsula. The British call it the Scotland of India because of its beautiful peaks and vales. We were in Mercara, its capital.

"Men measure their wealth here in coffee plants," Father Brown observed. "These are not merely forests that you see across the valley, but plantations, for Coorg coffee is grown in the shade of the jungle trees. We are proud of our coffee and of our magnificent forests. Where there is no coffee, there are elephants; Coorg is classic hunting country.

"As to this family we are visiting," continued the priest, "don't miss your chance to witness here the power of long, silent, good example. The Sisters of Saint Joseph have an academy in Mercara. For several generations now, the women of the best families of Coorg, as well as many girls of humbler station, have made their studies there. The Sisters have followed the policy of never directly influencing their students toward Christianity. If they did so, the youngsters would be taken from them.

"The Coorgs are Hindus. They are not strong on practice, but are held by bands of steel to the social forms of Hinduism. Few women here have dared the terrible ostracism that awaits all who decide to become Christians."

We passed through an open gate and crossed a luxurious garden to the Mallik house. There was a bustle, large lamps flickered, a young serving woman opened the door with evident pleasure, and we entered a spacious parlor furnished in European style. The greetings were cordial.

"You are welcome, Father," Mrs. Mallik assured me very graciously. "This was my father's home, and as far back as I can remember, priests have been our guests here."

Father Brown asked news of her husband, of her sons, and of her two daughters, the elder of whom was married.

"Armat has his captaincy in a Hyderabad regiment. Towar entered his aquarelles in an exhibit in London and won a medal."

"Why, medals must run in the family," said Father Brown. "Mrs. Mallik, you must know," he continued, turning to me, "has received the *Kaiser-i-Hind* Medal from the Government, for her great charities in Coorg."

"Sister Marie has chosen Berta to play the part of Saint Helena in the commencement play at the academy," remarked Mrs. Mallik, to change the subject, and drew her youngest daughter to her side. Mother and daughter wore the graceful saris of Coorg, richly fringed and colorful.

"You'll make a very pious queen, Berta," was Father Brown's comment.

"In the second act I announce to Constantine that I have found the True Cross," explained Berta. "It is a marvelous moment, Father Brown."

We spoke of many things and then took our leave. Night had fallen, the stars rode high above the mountaintops, and the two of us walked some time in silence. I thought of the convent play: in how many climates and languages, and in what seasons, it has given a common childhood to good women throughout the world. The agonies of casting, the grind of rehearsals, the great matter of costumes, the curtain that sticks, the off-stage whispering, the poor prostrated nun who directs it—these are the same in Philadelphia, or Paris, or Coorg. And where are all the little girls who have played Saint Helena? And what crosses have they discovered?

"Berta," Father Brown remarked after a while, as if he were musing, "is a Hindu, of course, but she recites the beads every

day. She was in an automobile accident a while ago, and when the hospital nurses removed her sari, they discovered a medal of Our Lady.

"Berta's little niece has built a tiny altar in her room, prays before it several times a day, and tells her mother she is to be a nun; though the youngster has only the prospect of remaining a pagan.

"Many of the non-Christians at the academy know as much Catholic teaching as do the Catholics. They ask to have Masses offered for their intention. They visit the Blessed Sacrament, say the beads, pray to the saints."

"But how," I asked slowly, "can this go on?"

Again silence. "Whenever," answered Father Brown at last, "one of these young folk can be advised to break with her surroundings with some hope of success, it goes without saying that we let her take the step."

Thus, in this little highland town, we find an interesting example of the problem which faces young men and women of good family throughout India. When the full acceptance of Christ does occur, when the great step is taken, it is sometimes at a great price.

In Delhi I was told of a Moslem boy from the Punjab who had been pursued by his father and brothers from city to city, far into the south of India, until finally he took refuge in a jungle mission where he could study and practice his Faith in tranquillity. He literally had to lose himself in order to find what he sought.

Another recent case was that of a Brahman boy who returned home long after his conversion, and was met by his father as he arrived. "You are not worthy to cross our threshold, and you shall never do so again!" cried the father, and slammed the door in his face.

A Parsee girl was forced to fight furiously when her conversion was discovered, and at last fled from home disguised as a pariah. A recent Brahman girl convert feared to go home, but after six months her family cajoled her back. Once she was within the house, they imprisoned her for months and tried to force her to recant. They planned a Hindu marriage for her, which would make her legally a Hindu regardless of her personal desires, but she was able to escape through a window in the night.

Because of woman's lowly place in India, the nuns who conduct schools for young ladies are in a delicate position. As with the Sisters of Saint Joseph at Mercara, they recognize that they cannot compromise the trust which the pagan parents have placed in them.

In a large school of northern India, in which several hundred girls of distinguished Hindu, Moslem and Parsee families were studying, a student was converted and insisted on being baptized secretly. The Sisters and the chaplain finally consented. She practiced her Faith privately for some months, then was joined by a companion, and a little later by still two others. A fifth girl discerned that the little group had some hidden possession in com-

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN THE MISSION WORLD (1934)

MISSION FIELD	ELEMENTARY		SECONDARY	
	Schools	Pupils	Schools	Pupils
Western Asia.....	366	46,905	76	7,525
India, Burma and Ceylon....	4,893	289,065	760	112,932
Southeastern Asia.....	2,031	102,079	60	9,704
China (Statistics 1941)	3,416	181,472	531	54,851
Japanese Empire (Statistics 1939).....	155	26,172	40	16,821
East Indies and Oceania.....	1,957	123,491	270	26,041
Africa.....	16,941	869,058	1,229	68,756
	29,759	1,638,242	2,966	296,630

mon, showed interest, learned the story, and, through either malice or imprudence, betrayed everything to her parents at home.

There was a furore. For days the newspapers mixed truth and falsehood, bazaar gossip flew, and almost overnight all but fifty of the school's hundreds were withdrawn by irate parents.

It has been said that, to accomplish good among an extended number of people, medical missions play the greatest role; but for intensive influence upon the individual, nothing equals a Catholic school. And since our schools are particularly strong in India, their influence is the great fact of the India missions. The Catholic Church in Greater India conducts over five thousand grade schools and almost one thousand secondary schools, with a total enrollment of a half-million.

There are fifteen Catholic arts colleges: eleven in South India, three in Calcutta, and one in Bombay. The work of the Jesuits in this field is outstanding, with five colleges counting over six thousand students under their direction. These institutions began as schools for the Catholics; Saint Xavier's in Calcutta, for instance, ran for twenty-five years without giving any attention to the non-Christian. Today, however, at Saint Xavier's and elsewhere, the majority of the students are non-Christian. They enter the Christian orbit, drawn by the reputation of the schools for excellence in secular learning, and, it goes without saying, matriculate with an appreciation of the soundness and beauty of Catholic philosophy and ideals.

At Saint Xavier's, Bombay, Father Heras has founded the Indian Historical Research Institute and inaugurated the first course on Indian archeology to be given in an Indian university. At Saint Joseph's, Trichinopoly, Father Leigh is celebrated in another field; namely, as a specialist in the poisonous reptiles of India. In the college laboratories I faced Father Leigh's live snakes and his deadly scorpions, tarantulas, and spiders. His cobras, their eyes unblinking like a basilisk's, poised themselves within a few inches of my face and—terrifying experience—struck at me with full force, their venom spewing itself on the thick glass of their compartments, enough each time to bring death to a man within an hour. Near the cobras are the Russell viper and carpet viper as well as the krait. These are India's four most poisonous snakes. Well caged also is a python, not poisonous but hitting a hammer blow with its nose that will fell a boy. Its prey thus stunned, the python kills the victim by constriction. Father Leigh's studies have been useful in lessening the menace of reptiles in India.

It also goes without saying that few, either Catholic or non-Christian, leave our colleges without an affection and admiration for many of their teachers. At Saint Xavier's, Calcutta, for instance, the love for Father Johann is almost legendary. A distinguished philosopher and, as well, a writer of mystery plays and other works, he has many of the charming idiosyncracies of learned men and the simplicity of a child. "Ask Father Johann to do some praying for you," is a common remark of student to student when some problem is to be solved. Father Johann will pen the petition

to Our Lady and solemnly place the note on the pedestal beneath her statue.

Thanks to these schools, the missionary in the great cities, in the villages, in the bush country, is constantly encountering pleasant surprises. Sometimes a civil servant, sometimes a merchant, sometimes an estate proprietor or a member of a princely family, will show himself kindly and affable, and an acknowledgment will bring the protest, "But you are no stranger to me, Father, for I am a graduate of Saint Xavier's," or of Saint Joseph's, or of Saint Aloysius', as the case may be.

While most of these Catholic colleges are conducted by foreign missionaries, there are several excellent schools entirely in the hands of native sons and daughters. Two outstanding examples are Saint Agnes College for Women, Mangalore, and Saint Theresa's College, Ernakulam, both registered by the Madras Presidency as possessing the highest possible qualifications.

Certainly any Catholic community in any part of the world might be proud of the large and attractive buildings, the well-laid-out grounds, the play fields, and the tennis courts of Saint Agnes'. In its capacious assembly hall one evening, I witnessed the annual distribution of prizes and a presentation of the *Martyrdom of Saint Agnes* by a school cast. The occasion brought together the elite of Mangalore; scores of motor cars were parked about the grounds.

This college at Mangalore was conceived, erected, and paid for, and is now successfully conducted, by a community of Indian Sisters, the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel. Mangalore more than any other section in India now possesses a large number of cultivated Catholics so placed economically that they have been able to educate their daughters well. From these same families have been drawn the members of the Apostolic Carmel. Every candidate, on entering, must bring a dowry of two thousand rupees (about seven hundred dollars), and a number possess Master of Arts degrees from Madras University. This institute has been particularly blessed by a line of competent Mother Generals.

Such outstanding institutions attract the lion's share of our admiration; but the Church has given its attention to more than secondary schools, and in many sections, particularly along the

southwestern coast, the Catholic schools are becoming thoroughly Indian. There is a background which gives special importance to this. For the best part of the last century, the wealth and brains at the disposal of Indian educators went into training a "directing class" in India. Today there is a great surplus of high school, college, and university graduates who are unemployed. These boys disdain to do manual labor, they have not been trained to an appreciation for and love of Indian culture, and thus many have become "maladjusted malcontents," fit game for Communists and other trouble makers.

Everything stems back, we are told, to the celebrated Macaulay Minute of 1835. In that year Lord Macaulay wrote a long recommendation in favor of "English education." "A single shelf of a good European library," he said, "is worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia." The wisdom of the East, he noted scoffingly, was "medical doctrine which would disgrace an English farrier, astronomy which would move to laughter the girls at an English boarding school, history with kings thirty feet high, and geography made of seas of treacle and seas of butter." The extreme position of Macaulay has been greatly modified; nevertheless, education in India today has a strong European bias and relatively little of the rich Indian background.

Ramsay MacDonald, in his *Government of India*, comments on this. "The Macaulay Minute," he writes, "displayed no appreciation of the fact that the Indian mind was a product of history, and not a blank sheet of paper upon which anything could be written by any teacher. We have been seeking to transfer Western civilization into the Indian mind, gutted of its Indian traditions. And then we wonder at our failure."

The development of the native clergy and Sisterhoods, in particular, has brought greater emphasis on vernacular education and on a search into India's past for cultural foundations upon which to construct India's future—indeed, upon which to build India's Christian life. This life is not to be a non-Indian substance imported from abroad, but a life which is India's very own, crowned and sublimated by the heaven-born ideals of Jesus Christ.

VII

Faith and Good Works

FOR MORE than a hundred miles along the Malabar Coast, in southwestern India, extend the renowned Malabar Backwaters, the inland water courses which constitute the roadways of the region. When we left our house in Ernakulam, we merely took a step in the garden to a launch drawn up in the watery lane near by, and we were off. We found ourselves thinking of Venice, because everything was done by boat. The local gentry buy, sell, journey, go to their weddings and to their graves, via their little boats.

The afternoon became fresh and cool as we glided between the low green banks of the lagoons, in the twilight of the palm forests, with their underwood of dark and curious leaves. A feathery breeze stayed with us, and an enormous full moon shone through the palm branches as we reached our destination.

I was in the largest house of training for clergy in all India, the seminary at Alwaye, which eventually will accommodate four hundred students, and which even now has over three hundred. Yet it is only one of four regional seminaries in the neighborhood. We are in the most Catholic portion of the Indian peninsula, that area below the Goa-Madras line, from Goa to Cape Comorin on the west coast, and from Madras to the Cape on the east coast. Of India's four million Catholics, two and a half million are in this relatively small section of the country.

Our Catholic seminaries over the world are like the deep foundations of a New York skyscraper. They are out of sight and, for most of us, out of mind. Yet they represent a huge undertaking and are essential to the strength of the entire structure. The Holy See demands uncompromisingly that its clergy in every country of the world be highly educated and thoroughly formed. Ordination in India, China, and Africa, as with us, comes only on the completion of a minimum of eight years of preparation after high school; that is, of four years of college and four years of university.

I mingled with these "university men," the theologians of

Alwaye. "Has your family been long Catholic?" I asked one of the group who gathered to chat with me.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Most of us at Alwaye are Catholics who trace our Faith back to Saint Thomas the Apostle. Indeed," and he smiled, "it makes us impatient when anyone seems to assume that, because we are Indians, we are newcomers in the Church. Our Catholic ancestry goes back further than that of most of the Christians of Europe!"

What he said is certainly true, although the exact origin of the Malabar Christians is lost in a twilight of tradition. They themselves believe that their Church was founded by Saint Thomas the Apostle, and point to his tomb in their basilica in Mylapore, a suburb of Madras. Some historians feel that their apostle Thomas was not one of Christ's chosen twelve, but was a Syrian Christian who founded a trading colony on the Malabar Coast in the third century. There is, in any event, convincing evidence that Catholics were here in the sixth century, and the Anglo-Saxon chronicles state that Alfred the Great sent Sighelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in the year 883, "to Rome and to the church of the Apostle Thomas, in India," in fulfillment of a vow.

When the Mohammedan conquests barred Europe from the Orient, communications became rarer; and through the long Middle Ages, the Christians of Saint Thomas were almost forgotten, except for occasional communications with the Chaldean Patriarch in Mesopotamia. It is one of the dramatic incidents in Christian history that, when the Portuguese missionaries arrived in India, they immediately recognized the Malabar Christians as their fellow Catholics, and these in turn affirmed their ancient loyalty to Rome.

There was at this time an unfortunate misunderstanding. The Portuguese were in India, not only as missionaries but as conquerors. Such a thing as a non-Latin Christian appeared almost heretical to their unaccustomed eyes. So far from Rome were they, that the policy of the Holy See was misunderstood by the officials at Goa. They tried to Latinize the Malabars, who naturally stood by the rites that they had preserved without any Latin aid for so many hundred years. The Malabars went into schism, and in schism some of them still remain. But the bulk of the Malabar Christians

have returned to union with Rome, the most recent accessions occurring only several years ago.

Whatever the ancient origin of the Faith of the Saint Thomas Christians, they are true Indians of Dravidian stock. No one on the peninsula can consider them foreigners or intruders. Happily, many are as mission-minded as the best Catholics of Europe. While the students at Alwaye are destined to devote their priesthood to the care of the two and a half million faithful of this region, they maintain among themselves the Sacred Heart Conversion League, which gives itself actively to non-Christians. One seminarian remarked, "We are of Saint Thomas; it goes without saying that we are missionaries."

The professors at Alwaye speak highly of this active interest in the conversion of India. "Missioners from overseas will be needed in India for centuries to come," commented one, "but the number and quality of vocations here already give us about twenty-five extra priests a year not needed for parish work in southern India. They are forming a phalanx of Indian missionaries who will contribute much to the advance of the Faith everywhere in India."

The picture is promising. India counts fifteen hundred foreign priests and three thousand Indian priests. Of these Indian priests, twenty-five hundred are found below the Goa-Madras line. Of the score of archbishops and bishops in this area, a dozen are Indian. The Catholic life is rich and full under this Indian leadership. One sometimes encounters it unexpectedly, as I did in a railroad journey along the west coast.

"Good morning, Father," said a gentleman in the compartment with me. "I see you are looking at my newspaper. It is a Catholic paper printed in the Malayalam language, and you will be interested to know that it has been appearing since 1877. We Malabar people love to read, and further, we have a mania for writing and for getting what we write into print. I myself have sent articles to Malayalam newspapers and magazines. Thus we not only eat and drink our Christian religion here on the Malabar Coast; we read and write and talk it, too."

This was the morning on which I arrived at Saint Sebastian's Parish in Mangalore. Its plant is geared for the work of a great parish in New York or Chicago. The pastor has three curates,

a large church, Masses until noon every Sunday, a school with a thousand pupils, a convent of over twenty Indian Sisters, a dispensary, and a battery of wide-awake parish societies which keep things humming from year's end to year's end. Saint Sebastian's is the largest, but is only one of a half dozen parishes in the city of Mangalore.

"There are duplicates of these large parishes down the entire coast," said Monsignor Mascarenhas, Mangalore's Vicar General, "but for a true idea of things, you must see our countryside as well as our cities."

And so he arranged a journey that was a delightful as well as an informing experience. We visited a dozen country communities, villages of mud and palm, each dominated by the chapel, each with its quiet little life in full progress.

Some of the priests were out among their people, and we came upon them as they chatted with the farmers or passed pleasantries with the children. One was celebrating a marriage, and the village was in fete. One or two were away on sick calls, and one had gone to the city to bring to the Sisters a baby orphaned by the death of its parents. Some were constructing and were worried about funds, though all said the faithful were generous. Some bemoaned little troubles in their schools, which were not very different from school troubles all over the earth. But the schools were there, one attached to every parish. All the pastors were priestly, zealous, consumed with the world which made up the life of their people.

Near Kundapur we walked through the rice fields, crossed a small stream by means of a ferry carved from a tree trunk, and came to the palm-thatched home of a splendid old retired priest, Father Ignatius, at whose house, according to plan, we met the Bishop. With several other priests we sat down to dinner at Father Ignatius' table—I the only non-Indian—and it was a pleasure to watch and to listen to these men. Finally Father Ignatius rose and proposed a toast to "His Excellency, Victor Rosario Fernandes, our dear Bishop, ever our true friend, blood of our blood, the devoted servant of high and low." Bishop Fernandes replied, and I watched his solidly set face. His habit of blinking his eyes as he talks is an

odd little mannerism which is very attractive and strongly suggestive of earnestness.

I liked all of these priests and prelates of India, but confess that my heart was lost most completely to Bishop Kalacherry, down the coast from Mangalore, at Changanachery. Quiet but keen, charmingly unaffected, with a twinkle in his eye and wit in his tongue, he was particularly engaging. In his diocese were one hundred and forty parishes, each with a school, each self-supporting, each contributing five per cent of its income as *cathedraticum* for diocesan needs. With this His Excellency maintained seven diocesan high schools and conducted Saint Berchman's College. The diocesan community of Sisters has six hundred members, each of whom brought with her on entry a dowry of five hundred rupees.

"We expect you to take all of us away with you in your heart," this Bishop remarked smilingly, at leave-taking. "The little circumstance of two oceans between us should not keep men from each other."

What of converts in southern India? Among the Tamil people on the east coast, the late Father Gavan Duffy developed at Tindivanam one of the most excellent catechist-training schools of the whole mission world. Catechists are those lay teachers whose work is so essential to the making of new Christians. No such well-developed school yet exists on the west coast, but under Archbishop Benziger of Quilon and others, a strong convert movement has been developed. Of the forty thousand converts received yearly in India, some fifteen thousand are recorded in the south.

The dissidents among the Christians of Saint Thomas are called Jacobites. In 1930 two of their bishops, Mar Theophilus and Mar Ivanios, abjured their schism, and since then they have made great efforts to bring their fellow Jacobites with them into the Catholic Church. At a great open-air assembly at Rani during my days in Malabar, four Catholic bishops occupied the platform while Mar Ivanios, almost theatrical in his appeal, held an audience spell-bound for an hour and twenty minutes, pleading for their reunion with the Holy See. In this little-known section of the world, lost amid the palm trees, here was the figure of a thoroughly accomplished speaker, with the beautiful modulations of the finished orator, performing an achievement that, had it occurred in America,

would be hailed as notable for a generation. Thanks to the efforts of Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilus, thirty-five thousand dissident Jacobites have been received into the Church.

A good example of the charity which Indian Catholics will practice when moderate means are at their disposal, and when their numbers are sufficient to make their offerings count, is Father Muller's Homeopathic Poor Dispensary in Mangalore. This consists of a dispensary and small hospital, and a leper asylum in which, at the time, there were sixty-seven lepers.

Father Muller began his work with one box of medicine. On the afternoon I called, he pointed out to me a great stockroom in which stood one hundred and twelve large wooden cases of medical supplies. "These are our current needs," he explained. "They must constantly be replenished."

"How do you employ such tremendous quantities?" I asked.

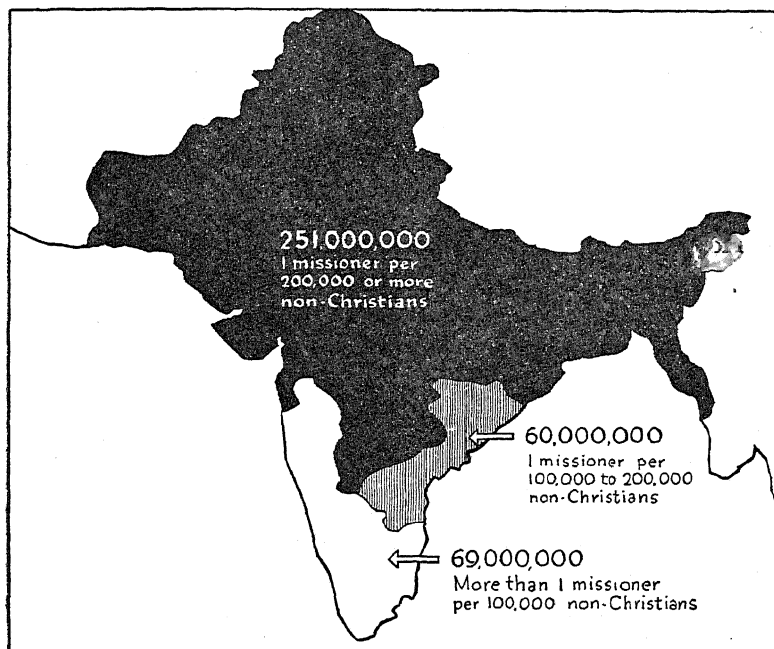
"We conduct a mail-order charity dispensary. We help the poor throughout the diocese, particularly through priests who have no dispensary. We have this squad of assistants"—he pointed them out as they worked—"who are continually engaged answering mail requests for medicine."

Excellent as are such establishments, they are but tiny craft on India's sea of woe. The measure of India's poverty and disease runs into astronomic figures. There have been three million deaths from cholera in a decade, with one hundred thousand deaths in a single week during an epidemic in the Punjab. There were seven million deaths in the influenza epidemic in 1918. India's death rate is almost twenty-six per thousand, while that of the United States is less than twelve. Infant mortality during the first twelve months of life is seventy-two per thousand in the United States, while in India it is one hundred and seventy-three.

Greater enemy than disease germs in India is the burden of life, made heavy by natural conditions and aggravated by poverty. India has the largest mass of people on earth living in the tropics; most of its inhabitants are found further south than New Orleans. Most of these people are wretchedly poor. The very lowest possible sum needed for the maintenance of an individual for a year is ninety rupees (about thirty dollars), and the average gross per capita income of each Indian is seventy-five rupees. Again, the calculated

minimum requirement of cereal to feed India's hosts is eighty-one million tons, and the actual annual supply at present is forty-nine million tons. Thus there is a forty per cent deficit in the food needed properly to fill India's mouths. Despite all that is being done, the situation gets worse, for the increase in income is not keeping pace

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY OCCUPATION OF INDIA



Despite India's twelve thousand priests, Brothers, and Sisters, two thirds of the country is among the poorly occupied mission areas of the globe.

with the increase in cost of living. India's desperate poor are getting poorer.

India's great cities, such as Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, are relatively few, but they hold a problem in suffering. In the cotton center of Ahmadabad, a city of three hundred thousand, a recent study of conditions revealed that two thirds of the houses are unfit for human habitation; one half of the families live, not in one-room

houses, but in one-room tenements. Small wonder that Ahmadabad has the highest mortality in India.

Industry in India, far from being a curse, can be a boon, but the herded masses cannot either justly or wisely be exploited. Indeed, often they are not: the Tata family, Parsees who operate great plants, are celebrated for their elaborate welfare work; and a few foreign companies are thoughtful. Too frequently, however, ruthless disregard for the human equation marks modern industry in India.

Missioners in India are teaching our peasant Christians to put iron in their backs, to chase out improvidence, and to invite in self-respect. But something more is needed. Many missioners have successfully introduced co-operatives. At Dhanjuli among the Santals, for instance, Father Rocca told me of his bank.

"It is a branch of a large central organization," he explained, "aimed to keep these poor creatures out of the hands of the usurers. For small loans, the usurers ask $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Our bank asks $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, of which 9 per cent remains for the members, while $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent covers the expenses."

The Holy Cross Fathers have a similar arrangement among the Garos. They also conduct a rice bank. For each bushel of seed rice loaned, the Christians must repay a bushel and a quarter, the pagans a bushel and a half. The loan sharks demand 100 per cent return. The Jesuits in Chota Nagpur have very successful loan societies for their people.

Scheming merchants have ruined some of the attempts at co-operatives. In one mission the farmers were paying enormous sums for supplies; a hoe, for instance, cost ten rupees. The Catholic co-operative secured a supply and offered hoes for six rupees; the wily merchants immediately offered hoes for four rupees. There was similar undercutting on a score of items, and the co-operative was driven out of existence. After that, it goes without saying, the merchants' prices returned to the old levels.

What comes out of the dregs of India may be contemplated in the long line of houses of mercy which our Sisters maintain everywhere in the country. Hospitals conducted by the Sisters number more than fifty, with over three thousand beds; and the dispensary cases each year go into millions.

Every asylum portrays life's tragedies from the cradle to the grave. One of the most notable of the institutions in India is the great house of refuge maintained by the Good Shepherd Sisters at Bangalore. Here eighty-five Sisters care for fifteen hundred inmates and conduct a school for five hundred children. The physically and mentally deformed, those with wasting diseases, the orphans and the old folks—all have their places.

"This waif was born this very morning," said the Sister as we entered the foundling ward. "Sweet little thing, isn't it? Quite blissfully ignorant that it faces its first sundown alone."

Each crib was veiled with netting which caged a tiny mite, smiling, wailing, crooning, tossing, or contentedly at home. Near by in a nursery were those of the next step up the ladder in years, all on their feet and ready with a greeting. At the sight of two strangers, the youngsters broke into a song. One clung to me in curious fashion, I thought, until I discovered that he was blind.

"What do you pray, Albert?" asked the Sister.

"Jesus, let Albert see," the child recited. "Saint Francis Xavier, pray for me."

There is much charity among non-Christians in India, but Catholic mission charity wins admiration everywhere. The Maharaja of Benares on several occasions saw the Sisters of the local mission journeying by bicycle to visit the poor in his neighborhood, and finally he asked to see them.

"I wish you to know," he explained, "how much I appreciate your devotion. We Hindus would not go down to these wretches; yet you young women come here across the ocean and expend all that you possess in years, in energy, in affection, ministering to them."

"But don't let us waste time patting ourselves on the back for what we do," said one of India's bishops. "There is such a huge amount that we are not doing! We must undergird the Christian way of life throughout the world by a thoroughly Christian sociology."

VIII

Catholic and Indian

WHAT does Gandhi think of Christianity in India? We have a statement prepared by him in 1931, which reveals that the Mahatma, like so many other non-Christians of fine sensibilities the world over, sees the beauty in Christ's teachings but refuses to concede the transcendent catholicity of these teachings. To Gandhi, Christianity is narrow, partisan, provincial; it is merely the religion of the Western world.

"You have yours; we have ours. Why not stay in your own proper corner?" Such is his sentiment. We have ourselves to blame for this view; too often have we been narrow and partisan and have distorted the true picture of Christianity. Gandhi's actual words are:

"If instead of confining themselves purely to humanitarian work such as education, medical services to the poor, and the like, Christian missionaries should use these activities of theirs for the purpose of proselytizing, I should certainly like them to withdraw. Every nation considers its own faiths to be as good as those of any other. Certainly the great faiths held by the people of India are adequate for her people. India stands in no need of conversion from one faith to another.

"I am not against conversion. But I am against the modern methods of it. Conversion nowadays has become a matter of business, like any other. . . . All faiths are equally dear to their respective votaries. What is wanted, therefore, is living friendly contact among the followers of the great religions of the world, and not a clash among them in the fruitless attempt on the part of each community to show the superiority of its faith over the rest. Through such friendly contact, it will be possible for us all to rid our respective faiths of shortcomings and excrescences."

The eminent Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, expressed a similar sentiment in a letter to an English Protestant missionary:

"Do not be always trying to preach your doctrine, but give your-

self in love. Your Western mind is too much obsessed with the idea of conquest and possession, your inveterate habit of proselytism is another form of it. . . . The object of a Christian should be to be like Christ—never to be like a coolie recruiter trying to bring coolies to his master's tea garden. Preaching your doctrine is far more dangerous than all luxuries of material living. It breeds an illusion in your mind that you are doing your duty—that you are wiser and better than your fellow beings. But the real preaching is in being perfect, which is through meekness and love and self-dedication."

A thoughtful Hindu of Madras, Mr. Okandaswami Chetty, in a public address, states in yet different words the feeling of the best among India's leaders regarding Christ's teachings. He dismisses the idea of becoming Christian, and adds:

"But Christ is not so easily disposed of. We cannot turn away from Him without feeling dissatisfied with ourselves. His uniqueness lies in the place He occupies in the history of mankind. In Jesus the heart of God is revealed. He reveals a righteous God who suffers on account of His righteousness. India is not backward in seeing the beauty of Christ's character and life and death. What she does not see is His place in the economy of the human race, as the revealer of God's heart toward all men. My own vision for my country is that she is coming into the commonwealth of free nations, with her treasures of moral wealth and spiritual wisdom, and that when she comes there she will see in Christ the face of God—the All Great and the All Loving, too—who has been giving her teachers like Buddha, Sankara, and Ramanuja for preparing the way of the Lord."

In short, Christ is superficially known in India, but the very circumstances of this knowledge of Him close the door to a proper consideration of Him as God, the Saviour of all men. In too many Indian minds, His is merely the religion of Western conquerors; bowing to Him is submitting in part to the conqueror's yoke. How far have we gone in making it clear that, while we ourselves as men are unquestionably of the West and loyal to our fatherlands of the West, the message of Christ belongs neither to the West nor to the East, but to all?

While in Bombay I called on that thoughtful old veteran, Father

Hull, whose writings have journeyed over the world. "Is Christianity sinking its roots into India?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied without hesitation, "and it will continue to do so. If India becomes independent, it will still continue to do so. The Church is doing no experimenting here. We do not merely *think* we are on the right track; we have a policy guided by fixed universal ideals. We shall in India be Catholic and Indian, quite as in France we are Catholic and French, as in America we are Catholic and American."

I asked the same question of Archbishop Benziger, at Trivandrum in India's deep south. "Yes," he replied, "Christianity has already sunk its roots into India. In Travancore State, for instance, it is clear that Catholics are thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly Indian. When independence comes in India, a possible violent wave of nationalism will dismay all but the thinking Catholics for a while, but then Peter's Bark will steady itself."

Possibly, some think, Christianity will make even better progress in an independent India, when there will be more urgent necessity to present Christ's message as something which belongs to India. Up to the present, in the building of the Church in India, circumstances have not always favored its thorough Indianization.

In the city of Bombay, for instance, we have the best-organized unit of Catholics in all India, a body of fifty thousand. One Sunday morning I drove quietly from church to church and slipped into the rear of each edifice as the Masses progressed. I found the churches in European style, all sermons in English, seldom a woman in sari, and less frequently a man in dhoti. This is not a criticism, since I know the circumstances which account for the absence among Bombay Catholics of certain of the accidents of Indian life. Nevertheless, the fact remains that such a body of Catholics is handicapped in its effort to remain in the main stream of Indian life and to wield influence for the Christianization of Indian life.

"We are militantly Catholic," young priests about Bombay and elsewhere say, "but we wish to be Indian."

"When Mother passes away," explained one young lady, the wife of a physician, "I shall put on the sari. In days gone by, Western

dress had its place, but it is not required today. We young people feel that we can do most for our Faith if we are truly Indian."

So far as the foreign missionary is concerned, he must practice more than ever the principles of complete adaptation to the culture of India. "My priests from abroad," explained one Bishop, "must be more than ever Indian. Not once in the one hundred and fifty years of mission work in my territory, has a trained apostle dedicated himself completely to his task after the manner of De Nobili. Of course, a man would have to be a saint and a hero to do so, but that is what is needed to win India."

The holy, self-immolating missionary continues to be the only true measure in building Christian life over the globe. In the jungles of South India is an isolated spot called Monar. The very roads are infested with wild elephants. Through the jungles to Monar, a generation ago, went a Father Alphonse, a splendid pioneer who lost himself for years among the people there, thousands of whom he brought to the Faith. Long after he died, even pagan Tamils continued to put candles on his tomb. He was the holy man: he had that quality that made men forget his land of birth, his mother tongue, and think of him only as a voice of God.

Humble or of high station, Indians have the discernment to perceive almost unconsciously this character of holiness. I went with Mar Ivanios to his home to visit his mother. The distinguished Bishop put his arms around the old lady and said:

"I owe my presence in the Catholic Church to my mother, though I entered it before her. When I was a boy my sister was sick, and my mother, who was worried about her, went to pray in a near-by church, which happened to be Catholic. After returning home, she mentioned her experience and said, 'We should belong to that Church, Son, because there are many holy people in it.'

"These words stayed with me through the years. To face the humiliation of acknowledging that our old religious position is wrong, to surmount the griefs of so many fond goodbys, only the holiness of the Church serves us—the holiness of its Founder, of its priests, of its people."

IX

Dawn Watch in the Himalayas

THE AIR was like a thin wine as we approached Tiger Hill, the famous belvedere of Darjeeling. Beyond a wide valley, the superb mass of the Himalayas barred the horizon. Above the home of the eagle, above the zone of trees, of rocks, of clouds, were only the great pinnacles of ice, and from the tip of each peak the wind tore a great white plume of snow.

It was clear that here, on the borders of Central Asia, we were in a region with a different spirit. Our backs were to India, and in front of us was country that breathed the power of high places, and the mystery of lands which have divulged few of their secrets.

"A stupendous sight, isn't it?" remarked my guide, an American Jesuit from Kurseong. "Not to make you melancholy, but to prompt you to think of men rather than mountains, let me note that the peaks before us rise in five different countries, four of which are closed to the Gospel. Darjeeling is still India, but to our left is Nepal. In front and to the right are Sikkim, Tibet, and Bhutan. They all belong to Central Asia, an area in which fifty million people live, not one of whom could call a Catholic priest and hope to be answered. The door is closed against us."

Good! An apt thought for a traveler such as myself. Now the majesty of snow, the jagged walls of granite, the chasms which form the valleys, take on meaning. They symbolize the barriers of Central Asia, the one last geographic division of the earth from which Christianity is wholly excluded.

The exclusion is not only of Christianity: it is of every Western individual, be he scientist, trader, tourist, or explorer, unless by enormous influence he can obtain the almost unobtainable permission of the British consuls in China, or the British authorities at Darjeeling. Even to the scientist, no permit to reside in Tibet is ever given; he must finish his mission and depart within a given season.

It is not the mere whim of the British that keeps Tibet a closed

land. It is part of their contract with the rulers of Tibet and of Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim as well. These four lands have agreed to maintain their independence of China, or of a Moslem penetration through Sinkiang. A British political officer is permitted to live at Lhasa, and he sees to it that no other diplomat arrives in the city of golden-roofed monasteries. In reward, the British arrange that no "white devils" intrude upon the roof of the world.

Curiously enough, Tibet was not always a forbidden country; but in recent years the closed zone has expanded rather than contracted, so that now the barrier which cuts all communications between northern and southern Asia extends from 78 degrees to 99 degrees of longitude, and from 27 degrees to 40 degrees of latitude.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, it was only the obstacles of nature that barred the road to Lhasa. Blessed Odoric of Pordenone passed through Tibet on his return from China, as early as the fourteenth century. Jesuits and Capuchins, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, explored the fastnesses of the plateau, and lived at Lhasa as guests of the Tibetan Government.

In 1846 two Vincentian Fathers, Huc and Gabet, closed the first series of Tibetan travelers. Their memoirs are the classic study on the geography and ethnology of the highlands. Since then all travelers have been obliged to turn back, at first by the Chinese Government of Tibet, and later by the Tibetan-British pact. Since the Chinese Revolution of 1911, the vague Chinese suzerainty has disappeared, and the Chinese permit foreigners to approach the northern borders of Tibet; but ordinarily they can go no further. Among the few who have penetrated this world is an extraordinary Frenchwoman, Madame Alexandra David-Neel, a student of Tibetan and adept at Yoga. Recently she crossed Tibet from north to south, disguised as a pilgrim, traveling on foot from Tchiamdo to Darjeeling.

For an idea of what Tibet is like, take a piece of Europe twice the size of France and place a Mont Blanc, with its two and a half miles of height, at each corner. Build a platform on these four props, and you will have the "lowlands" of Tibet, above which its peaks really rise. Put two more Mont Blancs on top of the platform for Mount Everest and Mount Kinchinjunga. But let us call Mount Everest by its Tibetan name of Chomo-lungma; that is more in

keeping with its majesty and a better match for the rolling thrill of Kinchinjunga. Chomo-lungma is twenty-nine thousand feet high—five and a half miles—the mightiest mountain in the world, and Kinchinjunga is nearly its equal. Add a forest of forty or so summits, each four miles high, and a host of other ranges. That is Tibet.

Here dwell two million people, all strong Buddhists of a special and very superstitious form called Lamaism. Beyond Tibet stretch a dozen or so other lands with larger populations, some fiercely Moslem, some fanatically Buddhist, to comprise the remainder of Central Asia. In the north, where Russia has gained sway, Moslemism and Buddhism and every other creed are being uprooted, and the doctrine that there is no God is being steadily insinuated.

From Tiger Hill to Lhasa, "the city of God," are some three hundred miles of mountains, snow, bleak salt-bogs, dust, and countless discomforts and dangers. These ragged lamas who pass us now, unseeing, every species of mountain folk hereabout—all can go there—but we are forbidden. Many of these people in Darjeeling have seen the Dalai Lama, "the lama as great as the ocean," and the Pantshen Lama, "the glorious teacher," who rule Tibet and its Buddhist faith. Many of these people have visited the enormous monasteries that harbor thousands of monks, for a fortress-monastery dominates every town, and the cenobitic ideal is in full honor.

Father Lincoln and I, in the noisy market place of Darjeeling, mingled with a crowd gathered respectfully about two Tibetan priests. These had between them a prayer wheel—a brass box the size of two soup tins welded together—inside of which thousands of prayers were written on tiny slips of paper. The wheel was attached to a handle a foot long. For an offering, one could buy a turn of the wheel: thus were wafted heavenward "canned" petitions. This was Buddhism of the market place, symbolic of the Buddhism of Tibet, where many of the lofty ideals of Gautama have been forgotten for the drivel of superstition.

In this same market place, a Pahari boy with his young bride was ahead of us. He had bought her a pup, which she fondled affectionately for a while. Then she drew out cigarettes, offered her husband one first, and supplied the lights for them both. She wore bright colors, and her earrings, anklets, and gleaming nose-

ring bespoke femininity. But her gait was lithe as a boy's, and her general assurance indicated that she was vigorous as the mountain air about us. She probably could ride a horse, climb a peak, do as good a day's work as any man; face cold, or privation, or danger. I could not but compare her with the soft Hindu women whom I had seen in Bengal. This Pahari girl was not of India; she was of the mountains, of the alluring land beyond us.

The attraction of forbidden places drew Father Lincoln and me, and we journeyed to Ghum, from which we approached and crossed the border into Nepal. It required no artifice or strategy to go a little way, since near Ghum there is an unguarded fringe, a valley some three miles wide, leading to the mountain pass where stand the Gurkha soldiers.

Nepal is about four times the size of Switzerland. Here also, by ancient treaty, Britain has respected the native desire to be left alone, and has co-operated in keeping Westerners out. Probably less than two hundred white men have entered the country in all history. In return, Nepal supplies Great Britain with her celebrated Gurkha troops.

We sensed no hostility. The great valley lay before us, with the wall of peaks beyond, and a soft yellow sun bathed all in breathtaking beauty. We stopped beside a lama tomb, a *latza*, over which Buddhist prayer banners fluttered in the breeze.

"Let's pass the time of day with this Nepalese family," suggested Father Lincoln, pointing to a hut near by.

"Shall we be welcome?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. It is quite in the atmosphere to be friendly here. You will see."

And he was right, for the squat little mother with her brood about her was all smiles as Father hailed her.

"You do me great honor!" she cried. "You must take tea." She drew the ready kettle from the fire and sweetened her concoction with butter—not as bad a combination as you might imagine, if the tea is strong and black.

"You are very kind to us," said Father.

"But why not?" she countered. "After all, are you not good? Are you not lamas?"

The relatively few passes through the mountains are bottlenecks

into Central Asia. While the traffic is actually not great, each such narrow highway seems to surge with life, and habitations are clustered in its neighborhood. A short journey beyond Darjeeling is Kalimpong, a gateway through Sikkim to the Jelap Pass into Tibet. Lines of men, women, ponies, shaggy yaks, these last particularly well adapted for the heights, come and go endlessly. From within, these caravans bring musk, skins, tea, salt, wools, ponies, cattle, sheep. From the outer world into Tibet they carry sugar, dried fruits, cotton goods, ivory, dyes, liquors.

And, in small but effective quantities, they likewise bear the Lord's message. At Kalimpong for a generation, until his recent death, there labored a tall, thin, red-bearded pioneer named Monsignor Douenel. About him was a corps of priests and lay assistants. Quietly, unhurryingly, in harmony with the rhythm of the region, Monsignor Douenel directed the contacts with the caravan people, in order that they might be bearers of good tidings.

This is the policy of the Holy See along this immense frontier. Missioners work and wait, not only in India, but on the border of China, in that vast and vague in-between country called the Tibetan marches, which has Tibet on one side and China on the other. A line of stations at Batang, Changan, Tanpa, Tatsienlu, and other centers keep their eyes turned toward Central Asia.

The missioners of these stations feel themselves attached neither to India nor to China. They possess a distinctive spirit born of the atmosphere in which they live. Seasoned by their special hardships, these men hold a peculiar enchantment for those of us who can only admire them at a distance. Dean of them all was Bishop Giraudeau, for fifty years a pioneer along the China border. Typical was Father Nussbaum of Tatsienlu, who for years combined boldness with a special gift for winning the love and confidence of the half-wild mountaineers. Death caught up with him at last, after a thousand dangers, in the form of an outlaw's bullet during a mountain foray. We suspect that, could he have chosen his end, he would have wished to die exactly in this manner, in the full flush of action.

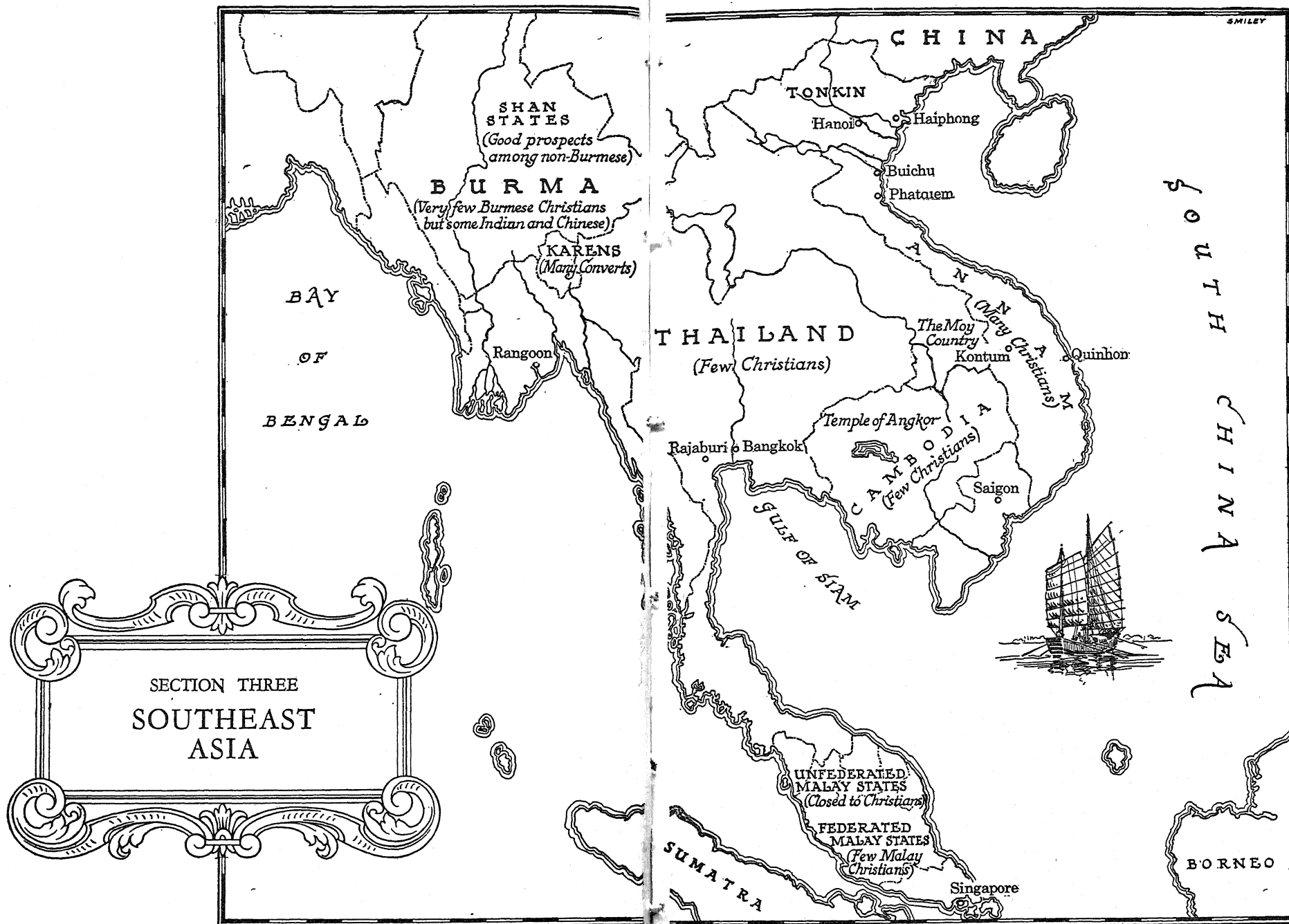
The late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, with mountain air in his blood, showed a strong partiality toward this approach to Tibet. It was his special initiative that led the Augustinian monks of the Grand Saint Bernard in Switzerland to make a foundation at the

Si-la Pass, in Yunnan Province, between Tibet and China. This is in a region where, within a hundred miles, flow the headwaters of four of the world's greatest rivers—the Yangtze, the Mekong, the Salween and the Brahmaputra—and travelers follow the routes along their valleys. Thus the age-old task of the monks of Saint Bernard serves a new objective. In their mountain hospice are their great and famous dogs, brought here from Switzerland, and the descendants of "Barry" will search for lost travelers in the Himalayan snows, now that the great tunnels have ended the day of snow-lost travelers in the Alps.

North of Tibet and south of Siberia, lie vast lands thinly inhabited by nomads. Once part of the great Chinese Empire, these are now vaguely independent, but oscillating toward the sphere of influence of Soviet Russia. Franciscan, Jesuit, Capuchin, Vincentian, and Paris missionaries have in past centuries entered Sinkiang, Turkestan, and Mongolia, sometimes en route to China, sometimes for periods of residence until they were deported. Over the land highway of the Gobi Desert, through Central Asia, Marco Polo traveled, and made Europe and the Church "Asia-conscious" with his tall tales of silk and gold. Many missionaries before and after him have trod this road.

Thus far, however, little success has come to Christian message bearers. Genghis Khan, the Mongol whose timeless figure has been the inspiration of every ruthless conqueror, passed this way; and at present the propagandists of Moscow are using the ancient caravan routes to carry their ideas. Pope Pius XI planned missionary advances into Sinkiang, which is Chinese Turkestan, and into Outer Mongolia; but the Soviet arrived there first. The last Divine Word missionaries in Sinkiang have been driven out or killed, while the first mission band to Urga was turned back before it could set foot in Outer Mongolia.

Today in Central Asia, as regards the Cross, only silence prevails. The rough, wandering tribes of the open wastes, and the people of the mountains, worshipers of the blue sky as were their ancestors a thousand years ago, dream ever of a new leader to sate their thirst for greatness and glory.



I

In-Between World

PERHAPS you have observed that the geography of Europe has something in common with the geography of Asia. Each continent has on its south three great peninsulas. The central of the three is Italy in Europe, and India in Asia. These are based on great mountain ranges, the Alps and the Himalayas; and each has a beautiful island as its pendant—in Italy's case Sicily, while below India it is Ceylon. The western peninsulas of the two continents are Spain and Arabia. The eastern peninsula, in the case of Europe, is the Balkans, with Greece at the tip; in the case of Asia, it is a great projection divided among several nations, comprising Burma, Thailand, French Indo-China, and the Malay States.

Again, to carry out the idea of a likeness between Europe and Asia, near the tip of each eastern peninsula is a great city, where important trade routes meet and pay their tribute, where nations and races meet and melt together. In Europe we have Constantinople, and in Asia we have Singapore.

The inhabitants of Singapore, at the tip of Asia's eastern peninsula, would doubtless be Malayan if this were a normal city, because the country behind Singapore is the home of the brown, or Malay race. But Singapore is really a species of no-man's-land, a piece of jungle swamp which has been cleared and made the hub of the Orient's trade and one of the world's market places.

The Malays work in the rubber plantations of the hinterland; they dwell uneasily in towns, and hence were few in pre-war Singapore. It was the Chinese, supple, alert, and industrious, who thronged the streets and lagged behind only the British in controlling the business. Many dark-skinned Tamils of southern India walk on their silent naked feet as brief sojourners, concerned in petty little trades. There are sleek and prosperous Bengalis, quiet and capable Japanese, and a sprinkling of Armenians, Jews, and citizens of almost every country of the West.

It is worthy of note that the Gospel has as yet penetrated among

only one people of the great peninsula of Southeast Asia, in which dwell fifty millions. Few white men in Singapore were particularly concerned about this, for white Singapore was little interested in anything but rubber, tin, and race horses. There was little to be learned about missions in Singapore. Well up the peninsula, however, is the famous "Seminary of the Martyrs," functioning since 1807, a foundation of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris. Over a hundred of its sons belong to the "white-robed army of martyrs." Most of the graduates work in China and Indo-China, rather than in Malaya.

One day I found myself in a flat-bottomed river boat, with its awning of palm fronds, while the mission boys poled us on the river near Rajaburi in the jungles of Thailand. With me was Father Marchese, a Salesian originally from the motherhouse at Turin, for the order of Don Bosco is charged with mission work in southern Thailand.

The breathless sun of midday had gone west, and the deadly white gleam of the heat, the frenzied song of the locusts, the mood of strain in man and beast as they bore their torture in Spartan-like silence, all had passed. Freshness and sweetness had crept forth, the mangroves and nipa palms stirred timidly, and men's countenances had taken on repose. We had had a brief swim in the Mekong, and then were hurrying to visit a few homes of Christians before dark.

"It is curious and perhaps unfortunate," said Father Marchese, "so far as concerns the Church in Thailand, that the pioneer Catholics throughout Thailand are almost all Chinese. Of the thirty-five thousand Catholics in the country, twenty-five thousand are Chinese, eight thousand are Annamese, and only some two thousand are Thailanders. A similar condition exists among the dominant peoples of all but one of the lands between India and China.

"We do not get very far with the Thai, for they are held to Buddhism by patriotic as well as religious ties. It is regarded as disloyal to the realm to accept another creed. Buddhism is the historic faith of their people, and their state religion. It is something of a tragedy, because Thailand has been associated so long with the Church's missions. When the first Paris missionaries, almost three centuries ago, came to the Far East, the only refuge from persecution they

could find was in Thailand, which they made their headquarters for work in all the surrounding countries."

"So much for Thailand," I said. "How about Burma, your neighbor to the West?"

"In Burma we are likewise making no great progress among the dominant Burmese," replied Father Marchese, who was a practical realist. "The British have grouped Burma politically with India, but its peoples and its religion are closer to Southeast Asia. We count not more than five thousand Burmese Catholics. Of the one hundred and fifty thousand in the Church there, the great majority are Karens and other aborigines.

"Some of these tribes have strange customs. Those at Kalew, for example, put brass bracelets on the necks of their girls, adding a bracelet a year, until the poor necks have been stretched to as much as a foot in length. A few years ago, a family of these deformed women were induced to go to America to appear in a traveling circus. The Burmese haughtily despise such barbarities as that; consequently, the more success we have in the mountains and among the Shan tribes of northern Burma, the greater the danger that the Burmese will add to their present resentment of us the argument that ours is the religion of savages."

"But is this true in Indo-China, where the Church has made such progress?"

"No, not there. The Annamese are the dominant people where they live, and they are the pride of Southeast Asia. Indo-China once consisted of five separate kingdoms, but the French rule united them. The people of Cambodia, who were the ancient Khmers, have not yet accepted the Faith in any number. Nor, for that matter, have the people of Laos. But the Annamese, along the China Sea, in the three eastern coast states called Cochin China, Annam, and Tonkin, have entered the Church in legions and have weathered bitter persecutions.

"Every square mile of the countries between India and China is assigned to missionaries, and everywhere we find sturdy Catholic families. They are for the most part Indian, Chinese and Annamese, who have immigrated throughout the region. One of my Salesian companions was sent scouting for souls in the Malay jungle. He discovered, hundreds of miles from a church, ten Chinese families

that had not seen a priest for eight years. They were Hakka Christians from a Maryknoll mission in South China. On their own initiative they had met faithfully for prayer each Sunday and had consecrated half a day each month to the Sacred Heart, occupying the hours with special devotions."

Our boat entered the maze of canals, off the river. Amid friendly cries, we drew up at some of the homes, which were poised on posts high above the water. When we mounted the ladder-like steps, we found trim little houses with floors of sawed boards, highly polished. Small sleeping rooms opened on one large living room, and invariably this room had a little shrine to the Good Shepherd or the Sacred Heart, with prints of Our Lady and saints on the walls. The statuette was apt to be a little plaster horror from the *Place St. Sulpice*; some of the prints were chromos from *La Bonne Presse* in faraway Paris. Yet they fulfilled their role as aids to devotion, and it was a happy experience to span Asia and under so many varied circumstances to discover these household shrines.

As I journeyed to Bangkok, I reviewed the situation in Southeast Asia as Father Marchese had described it.

Except in Annam, where ancestor worship prevails, Buddha holds the hearts of all the peoples, and it is to the credit of those millions that they are earnest and devoted in their allegiance.

Among the more important non-Christian religions of the world, Buddhism is regarded by many as possessing the largest deposit of moral beauty. Five hundred years before Christ, Buddha sat beneath his Bo Tree and sought principally to improve his individual sanctity, for his religion is based on the principle of self-redemption: each man is his own savior. Buddha had been a wealthy young man, had enjoyed such luxury as only India knows, and he felt ashamed that he had let himself grow to the age of twenty-nine without coming to realize the troubles of mankind.

After his period of retreat, he began preaching his way of salvation; thus his real name, Gautama Siddhartha, was put aside, and he became known as Buddha, "the Enlightened One." He taught the layman five simple commandments: not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to drink intoxicants, and not to lie. For the monks, who play an important role in the Buddhist search

for self-redemption, there are additional rules of austerity: no meat may be eaten, and no beverage drunk except tea; dancing and music are condemned; no bed may be used except a pallet of rice straw; no gold or silver may be possessed; chastity must be practiced. There is even periodic confession before the community, required of the monks who live in monasteries. Apart from these moral observances, Buddhism borrowed something from Hinduism. Buddha believed in no personal god or gods, but in the transmigration of the soul, and in Nirvana, or annihilation, as the ultimate goal.

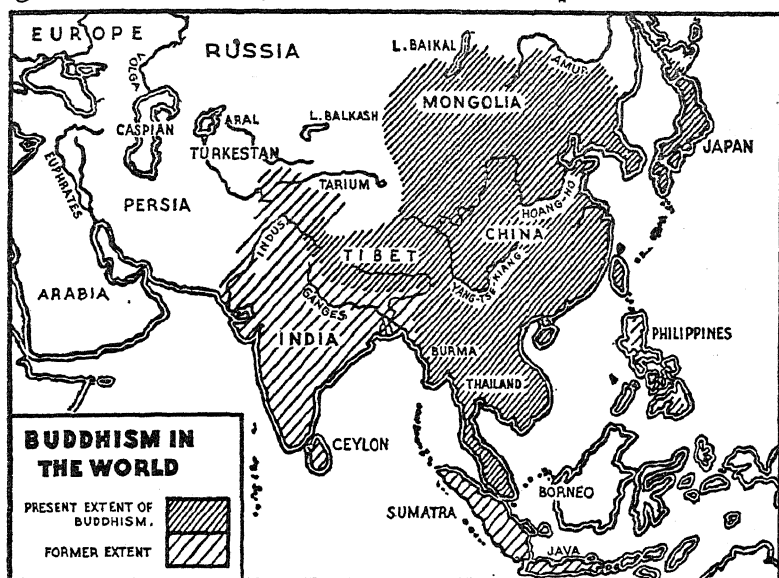
Gautama made no pretense of being a god. He was merely a teacher; hence it is not correct to speak of the "worship" of Buddha. To his informed followers, he is the perfect man, and his life is seen as the perfect life. Millions, however, who pray before his shrine and use his name in their prayers, have, in their zeal or ignorance, deified him.

In India, the homeland of Buddha, he has today practically no followers. More than any other land, Ceylon, off India's southern tip, remains faithful to him; here is his greatest single stronghold, with the Golden Temple of Kandy as his shrine. At Kandy is a second Bo Tree, believed to have been grown from Buddha's original which is still pointed out at Gaya, the shrine city a hundred miles or so from Benares. Japan is strong in Buddhism; there are millions of Buddhists in China; and, finally, the countries of Southeast Asia are great Buddhist lands.

In company with three missionaries of Rangoon, I visited the Shwe Dagon, the finest Buddhist temple in Burma and one of the largest in the world. We finished our *chota hazri*, which is the native name for breakfast, and, before the day's heat, we rode by gharry behind a pattering Burman pony to the foot of Pagoda Hill. Above us in a blaze of gold, its top as high as that of the Washington Monument, was the glittering temple, reached by long broad steps. Below the temple, the hill was encrusted with hundreds of small pagodas and shops, and the entire area was swarming with thousands of humans. Buddhist priests with their begging bowls were prominent in the crowd, and their yellow robes made a pattern of color like a dappled reflection of the great golden roof.

For my missionary companions, it was quite a matter of course

to conform to local custom by removing shoes and socks and walking barefoot through the grounds. In a moment I was as thoroughly adjusted as they to the experience of sauntering along with my shoes tucked under my arm. Everyone ignored us except a few beggars asking a coin. The temple is not a building, but rather a great mass of masonry without an interior; deep within are buried



BUDDHISTS IN THE WORLD NUMBER 150,000,000.

Curious fact: while Buddhism had its rise in India, today it has practically vanished from the Indian peninsula. It is particularly strong in Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, and Japan.

precious relics of Buddha. The worshipers pray in the open or in pavilions near by.

On the upper terrace we were lucky enough to see a middle-aged man, in turban and loincloth, completing one of those strange pilgrimages which are undertaken to shrines of different faiths in Asia. From his home, which happened to be in northern Burma, he had measured every foot of the way with his body. Now he was nearing the end. Prostrating himself on the pavement, he stretched out his bare arms as far as he could reach, straining every muscle from the ends of his toes to the tips of his fingers. Marking the limit of his reach, he rose and, from the new point, repeated the pros-

tration. Arrived before the Shwe Dagon, he remained prostrate some three or four minutes, his body trembling in the ecstasy of having realized his ambition.

In Thailand alone, which is a country not as large as Texas, there are sixteen thousand Buddhist temples. Bangkok, so beautiful with its banyans, its bamboos, its tamarind trees, is beautiful also for its gilded temple spires. Finest of them all is the Temple of the Emerald Idol. This is on the palace grounds, and the embellishment of it has been the pastime of Thailand's recent kings. I visited this temple one quiet sunny morning and was impressed not only by its beauty, but by its sparkling shipshape appearance, a conspicuous characteristic by contrast after months in India and Burma. The idol that gives the temple its name is not an emerald, but is an immense block of clear green quartz carved in the figure of a Buddha. The shrine is alive with gaiety and gorgeous colors, as shining and elegant as patent leather, a grandiloquent symbol of the mind of Thailand's sovereigns. It expresses for them at once their loyalty to ancient Buddhism, the wealth and power of their throne, and their pride at being one of the few Asiatic peoples who have escaped the tutelage of any Western power. For generations it suited the convenience of Britain and France to have a buffer state between Burma and Indo-China. The Thailanders have in themselves the maturity of a vigorously independent nation. It was not by chance that they officially changed their country's name from Siam to Muang-Thai, the Land of the Free.

With Angkor as our goal, a party of five of us set out in good spirits from Bangkok. We were a Corsican engineer, a member of the American Legation at Bangkok, a Bangkok newspaper editor, an aviation mechanic from Seattle, and myself. We crossed the border from Thailand into French Indo-China. As the day failed and night grew, we were hurrying along in a bus over the new French road, under a heavy rain. The road was not yet prepared for a bath; it drank the drops instead of letting them flow off its skin—in fact, it had no skin. Hence, at about ten in the evening, the wheels became so tangled in the mud that further progress was impossible and we were forced to stand still. We recalled a little village two miles back, and we struggled to it on foot through the sea of stickiness.

Next morning, to Rama, house boy in the travelers' bungalow, fell the task of getting us on, for the bus was *hors de combat*. We were willing to climb aboard anything going in the right direction. Two elephants walked through the bungalow yard. Yes, there were many of them about, carriers of teak, but none were going to Angkor. Finally, Rama, son of a Sino-Siamese father and a Sino-Cambodian mother (a sample of the combinations to be found in this part of the world), pushed me aboard the heavily laden truck of a Moslem from Singapore. On similar vehicles the entire party bucked through the jungle and reached Angkor.

What is Angkor? It is a monument to our ignorance of Asia.

In the nineteenth century, Cambodia came under the control of France as part of Indo-China, but her upper reaches were difficult to penetrate and remained one of the little-known portions of the globe. Missioners and rare travelers referred vaguely to ruins there. In 1860, when explorers brought to the world astonishing details of the magnificent capital of a lost empire buried for centuries by a tropic forest, the story sounded as fantastic as one of the more imaginative tales of Jules Verne. One of the explorers was a missioner, Père Sylvester.

The lost jungle cities of Cambodia hold an even greater mystery than the Mayan ruins of Yucatan and Guatemala. There was never a time when the Mayan ruins, unvisited though they were by the outer world, were unknown to the native and colonial population. But the memory of Angkor had disappeared from even the minds of the Cambodians!

Today, despite study, much remains a mystery concerning these edifices, which are surely among the most stupendous structures in the world. We know that the highly cultured people who built them were called the Khmers, and that they were the ancestors of the Cambodians. We cannot give the date of construction of any of the buildings within a hundred years, but apparently the Khmer kingdom was at its best in the eleventh century. There is not even a plausible theory to account for its depopulation, and for the abandonment of works that must have cost the labor and fortune of generations. There is no evidence of pillage, of fire, of earthquake. Perhaps a pestilence such as the Black Death occurred; perhaps there was an uprising of foreign slaves. But, whatever the cause,

sometime in the fourteenth century, the unbelievable beauty of Angkor's great temples was abandoned to the jungle.

The bold Khmer master builders knew the secret of astonishing as well as pleasing the eye. They evolved conceptions which even today cause all who gaze on them to gasp in delight. Two marvels stand out above all others: the Bayon, originally a Buddhist shrine but transformed into a Brahmanic temple of Siva; and Angkor Vat, believed to have been a Brahmanic temple of Vishnu.

The temple of Bayon originally had fifty towers and three quarters of a mile of carved galleries. In these are the figures of over eleven thousand men and animals. At every turn I found a face staring at me, the god of Bayon, carved dozens of times in huge dimensions, winning for the pinnacles of the temple the name of "towers of the four-faced god." I can still see the big flat nose, the eyes half closed, the inscrutable stare, the icy, cynical smile—a face of cruel but hypnotic beauty.

The temple called Angkor Vat is the greatest of the structures here. The moat about it is over three miles long. We crossed this by a roadway, and entered a portico which is a substantial edifice in itself. From there an avenue of sandstone, almost a third of a mile long, leads to the temple, a great, three-storied, rectangular pyramid from which five enormous towers mount skyward. High in the center of the temple, worship still goes on, but Vishnu has been replaced by Buddha. A small community of native monks was installed there as caretakers by the French, whose archeologists have cleared away the encroaching jungle and saved the masonry from the prying roots that would eventually have overthrown it. A kindly old monk was lighting candles and joss before his shrine as I approached, and with a twinkle in his eye he signaled to me in broken French to join him. Later from the portico far below, I saw his tiny lights flickering in the gathering gloom.

As the sun set, I sat for a while high on the temple terrace and watched the western sky over the forest. Angkor is humbling and illuminating. What value, after all, have our own material achievements, which at best are no finer than the creations of forgotten people that men stumble upon in the heart of the jungle?

II

Coconut Groves for Memories

COCONUT PALMS deployed themselves on every side like the plumed regiments of a great army. They dipped into every valley, mounted every hill, tumbled down to every water's edge. Light breezes moved their branches, swayed their tall trunks gracefully, the better to create the illusion that life is smiling and easy. It was nature's manner of providing contrast, for we were driving out from Rangoon to meet lepers.

"Burma and much of Southeast Asia," commented Père Lacroix, "is classic leper country. There are not great numbers when you consider the total population; but even so, civil authorities and the missionaries together can hospitalize only a small portion of them. Here in our Rangoon asylum, we have about four hundred."

A group of houses, lightly built but large for Burma, were disposed beneath more coconut trees. The clang of a gate bell announced us, and we were soon received by Sister Isabel.

"It is a great burden, Sister," I commented, "this care of lepers."

"If you wish to put it so," she replied. "But the burden doesn't lie where most people think. The experience of all of us here is that the 'it'—the impersonal company of the doomed—quickly disappears in thin air. Before the first week is over, you find that you are working for living, pulsing human beings, who have feelings, families, and a desire for friends. And we hustle from our minds the notion of any special burden."

"Some of the inmates, I can assure you," Sister Isabel continued, "do not fit the popular concepts of a leper. I'd like you to meet Joseph Ell, for instance. He has charge of the men's section, is the guiding spirit on what we may call the human side of life here, and will appeal to you immediately as an individual of consequence."

As she was speaking, an Indian gentleman was mounting the wooden steps outside, and now he entered.

"Joseph, we have visitors. Can you spare a few moments to show them about?"

The newcomer's face lighted with a volatile smile that was strongly accentuated by snapping black eyes and shining white teeth. Although rather fleshy, he was well proportioned in build. He was about fifty years old, but his hair was black and heavy. His features, which must have been quite distinguished when he was younger, were thickened.

"Aren't you quite entranced by Sister Isabel's little device of asking me if I can spare some of my time?" he remarked with a laugh, as we stepped outside. "I've had nothing to do here for over twenty-five years."

"Why, are you by chance—" I began, and immediately could have bitten my tongue for my stupidity.

"Oh, yes, I am a leper," answered Joseph easily. "My father was the dewan of an estate in southern India, and I attended Saint Aloysius College. I was graduated in my early twenties, and shortly afterwards discovered that I had the disease. Nothing could have put more meaning into life!"

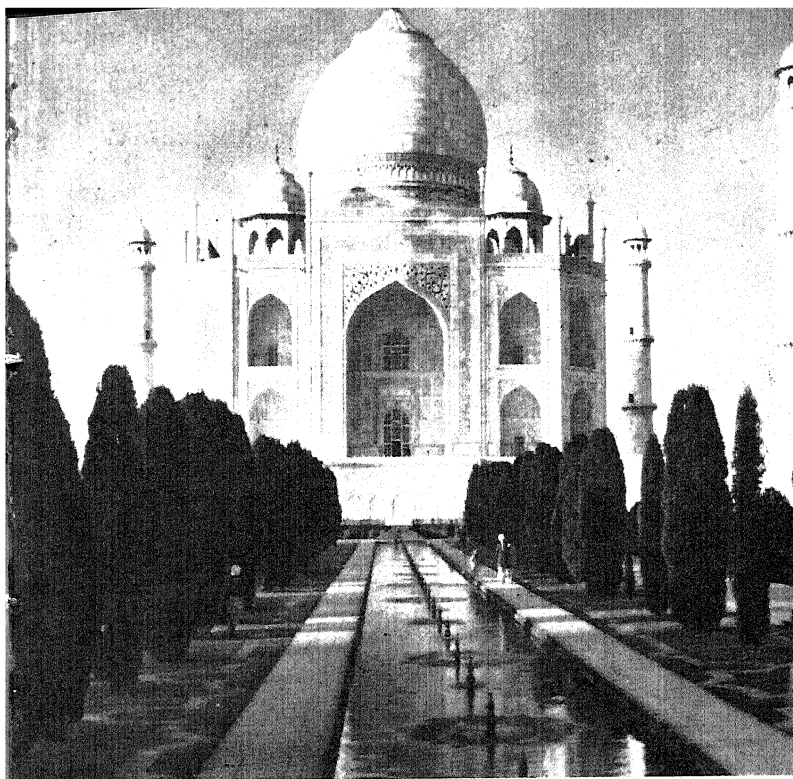
He suddenly stopped on the pathway and turned squarely toward me. His lips were still smiling, but his eyes were without laughter.

"I was a youngster bent only on spending my father's money. But when trouble came, my mother closed our home and came to Rangoon, as did my lovely sister, Lily. They have never let a week pass without driving out to visit me here—never! Mother lives for me, and bravely faces anyone who comes to know she has a son a leper. And Lily has never married."

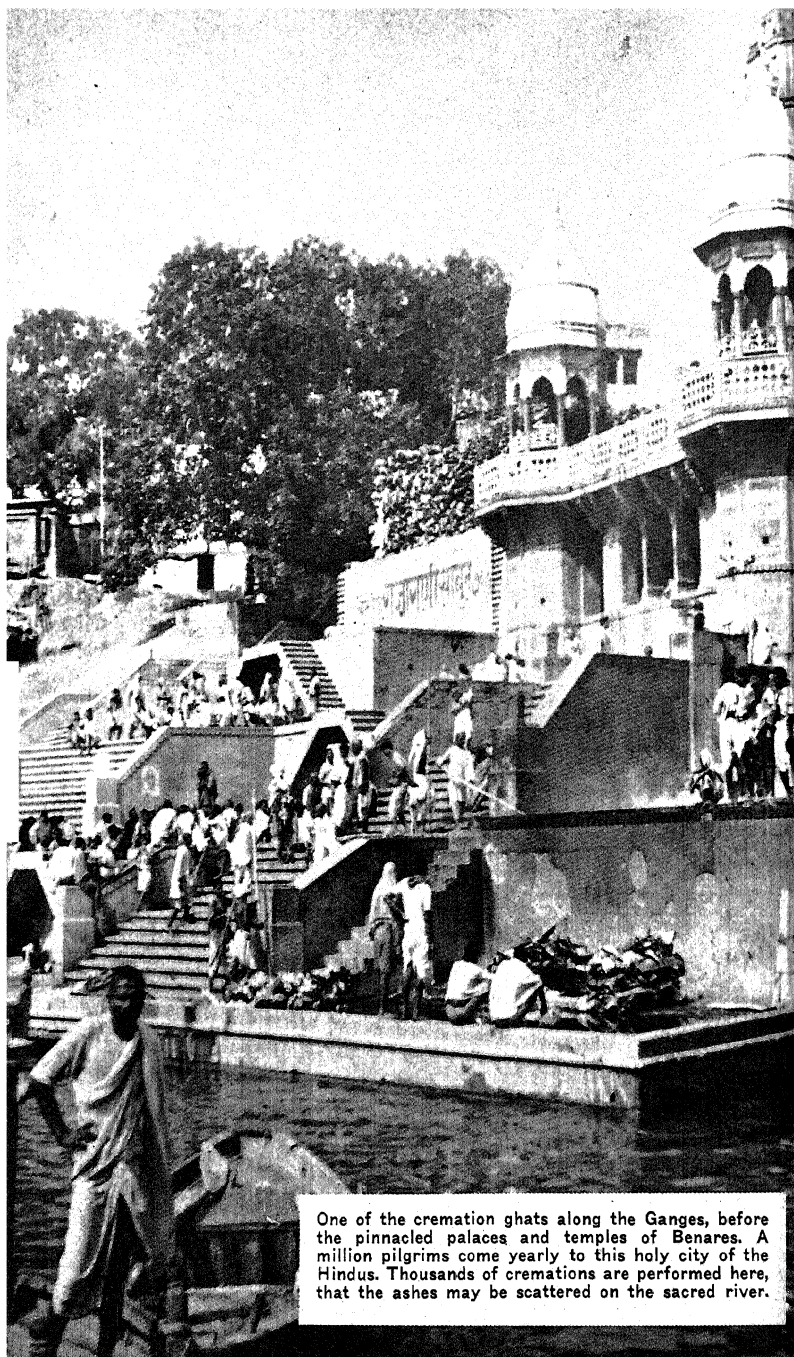
He started walking again, staring ahead of him for a moment. "But here, I am forgetting to show you our kingdom!" The smile returned and, as he led us about, he kept up a running patter.

"They have tried to make it pleasant for us here. Everyone has a good bed, good food, good treatment. My particular job is to keep everyone occupied. You will understand, I am sure, the need for an endless campaign against despair. I try to keep every patient busy at least a portion of the day, as long as he is able to carry on. We do our best for the grounds."

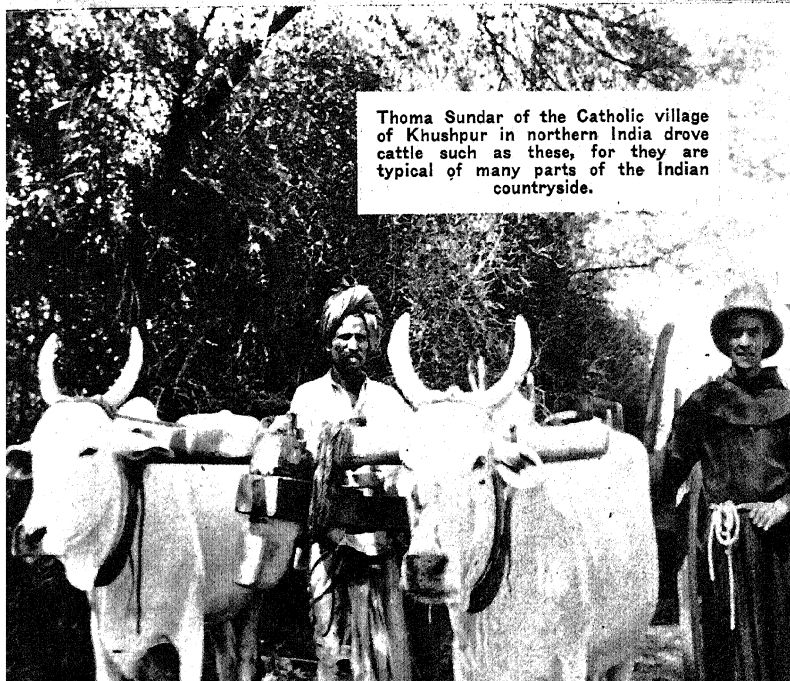
Yes, everything was trim and green, with splashes of color where bright tropical shrubs were in flower.



India's lovely Taj Mahal and distinguished visitors: the wife of the Indian leader, Jawaharlal Nehru (extreme right), escorting Madame Chiang Kai Shek (next to Mrs. Nehru).

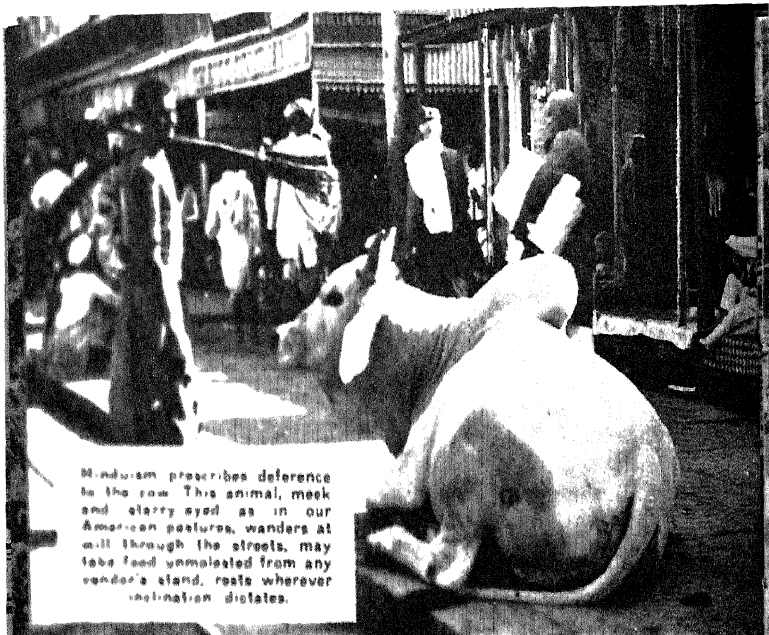


One of the cremation ghats along the Ganges, before the pinnacled palaces and temples of Benares. A million pilgrims come yearly to this holy city of the Hindus. Thousands of cremations are performed here, that the ashes may be scattered on the sacred river.

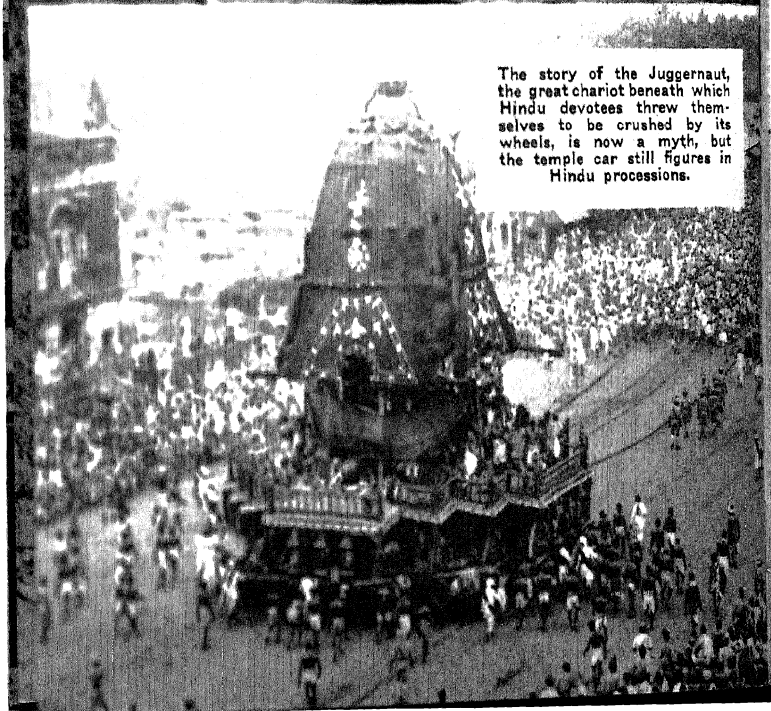


The elephant continues to epitomize the lure of the far lands of southern Asia and Africa. The species of the two continents differ markedly and are most easily distinguished by their ears. Indian elephants (shown here) have small ears, while their African brothers are of the large-eared variety. Only very recently have any African elephants been tamed, while those of India and Southeast Asia have long been domesticated and made the creatures of pageantry and commerce. An elephant is almost as costly a luxury as a yacht and usually can be possessed only by princes, or temples, or such great enterprises as the companies which exploit the teak-wood forests. Occasionally one of the great animals is borrowed to bedizen a Catholic festival.

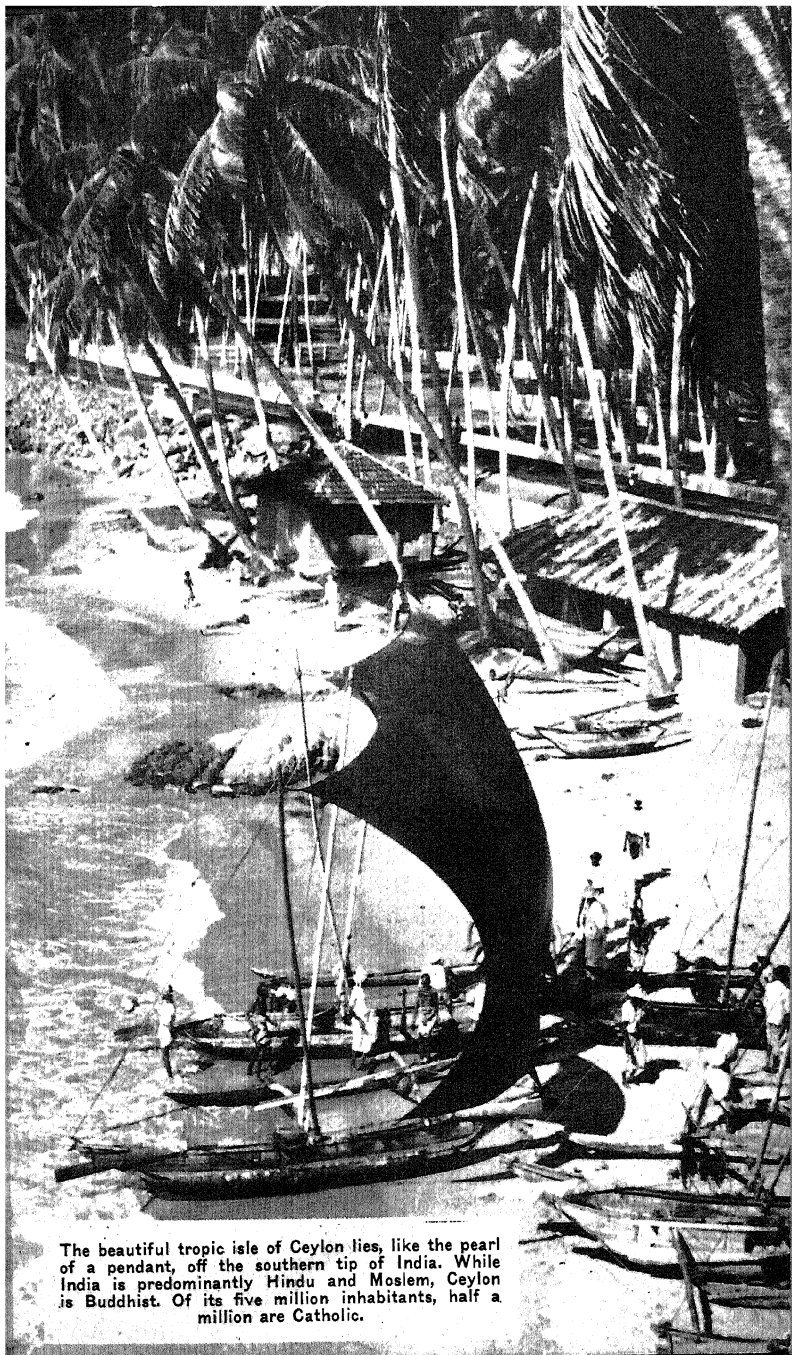




Hinduism prescribes deference to the cow. This animal, meek and clerry-eyed as in our American pastures, wanders at will through the streets, may take food unmolested from any vendor's stand, rests wherever inclination dictates.



The story of the Juggernaut, the great chariot beneath which Hindu devotees threw themselves to be crushed by its wheels, is now a myth, but the temple car still figures in Hindu processions.



The beautiful tropic isle of Ceylon lies, like the pearl of a pendant, off the southern tip of India. While India is predominantly Hindu and Moslem, Ceylon is Buddhist. Of its five million inhabitants, half a million are Catholic.

The discovery of the ruins of Angkor Vat, in Indo-China, occasioned a revival of the arts and culture of the ancient civilization of the Khmers. Here a group of dancers participate in a festival of extraordinary beauty staged in the ruins themselves.



"Theatricals are very popular. We always have a play in preparation. The last produced was a modified version of *The Merchant of Venice*, which was so successful that the men clamored for a second presentation."

"In what language?" I asked.

"Why, in Burmese."

"And who is the author?"

"Well, I have to double as author," admitted Joseph.

"Joseph is too modest," interjected Père Lacroix. "Several of his plays have been printed for use throughout Burma."

We had arrived at the dispensary, and Joseph showed us about with pride. "I am the doctor's assistant," he explained. "My biggest task is to persuade the men to be faithful to the treatments, which to most of them are meaningless and merely very unpleasant."

"You use chaulmoogra, Joseph?"

"Yes, very faithfully. Chaulmoogra oil has been known for centuries, but the great problem has been to discover a method for administering it. A dozen drops of the oil through the mouth will turn the stomach inside out—I know, because I have tried it. Intramuscular injections get the remedy into our systems, but the technique is very painful and, since the oil is heavy and is absorbed very slowly, it sometimes lames us for a few days. Only a man with real courage can keep coming back week after week for more punishment."

"Many don't persevere, then?"

"Right. Most of the men are from humble villages and from the slums of the cities, where they knew only the witch doctors. They dread the disease, but they never dream of being cured, and they ask why they should add to their discomfort. As a matter of fact, chaulmoogra often checks the disease and keeps it from advancing to the worst stages, but actual cures are very rare. The men like the salves that cool them, and the liquids that are pleasant to swallow. Hence relief is popular, but the attempts to cure are very much disliked."

The journey through the asylum, particularly to the bedside of those of Joseph's "buddies," as he called them, who were advanced cases, was a moving experience. Especially so was the opportunity

to see this remarkable man bring a glow to the faces of all whom we met.

"He is as useful as a priest here," remarked Père Lacroix after we had parted from Joseph Ell.

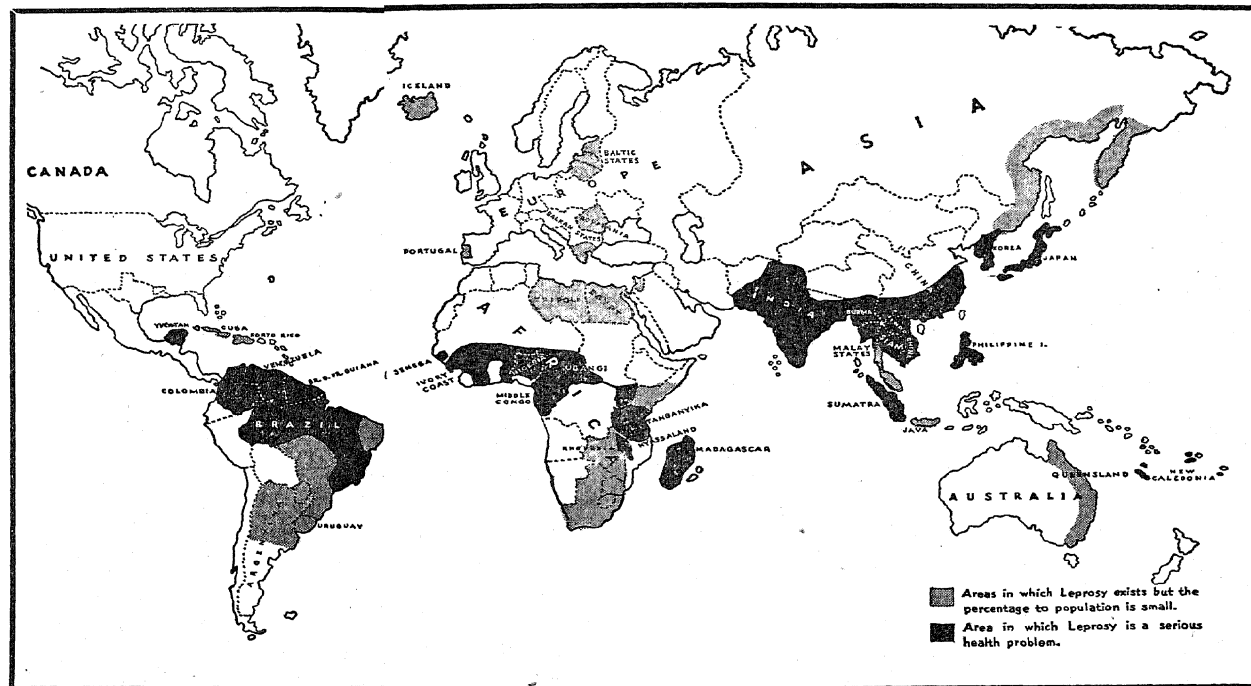
"Father," I asked, "have any of the priests contracted leprosy?"

"Yes," he replied, "and Sisters too. An Indian nun infected with the disease has just arrived, while a European Sister died recently after much very painful suffering. For years all of us were in admiration of Sister Catherine of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who was a patient here and gave her heart to the leper children. As the disease ate its way into her, she became blinded, then deaf and half

LEPROSY IN THE WORLD

Since there are some three million lepers in the world, one out of every seven hundred persons on the globe suffers from the disease. Prevalency follows definite geographic lines and most of the regions with numerous victims are in mission lands.

Distinction should be made between medical treatment of the disease and care of the afflicted. The Leonard Wood Memorial, with headquarters in New York, is regarded as the largest organization devoting its efforts to scientific study. The organization with members directly caring for the largest number of lepers is the Catholic Church. In the 108 asylums operated by the Church or entrusted to it throughout the mission world, are fifteen thousand inmates, while in some areas where lepers have their freedom many other victims are treated at home. American Franciscan Sisters attend the lepers of Molokai, and American missionaries of Maryknoll operate an asylum for 500 inmates in South China.



paralyzed, but she remained cheerful to her last breath. She was worshiped by the patients.

"A priest whom I knew some years ago suspected that he had leprosy. A doctor confirmed his suspicion but noted that the disease was at a very early and non-contagious stage. The priest boarded a vessel immediately and hurried back to his home village in France, in order to have, without explaining his condition, a last visit with his father and sister. Once there, he told us later, he regretted that he had gone: the season was early spring, and the green meadow, the fields freshly under the plow, the climate of hope, put him in an agony. 'But I am proud to say that I proved

a perfect actor,' he said to me when he got back here. 'No missionary ever left home with such carefree abandon.'"

Among the tens of thousands of the Church's missionaries, such cases as these are rare, but they represent one of the strange fates for which those who go to fields afar must be prepared.

The care of the leper has been for centuries the missionary's revolting and thankless task. This terrible disease, occurring sometimes as a skin affliction, sometimes as a neuritis, sometimes as a tubercular infection, has been endemic in tropic countries since before recorded history. It invaded Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire, and received new strength when returning Crusaders brought added cases. There were two hundred and fifty leper hospitals in England in the fourteenth century. The mediaeval laws against the leper were terrible. Complete isolation was society's only weapon, and, very slowly, over a period of a thousand years, it became effective. Europe practically rid itself of the curse; now the disease occurs only rarely and promises soon to disappear.

The fight against leprosy is no longer a hopeless battle. Its bacillus was isolated toward the end of the last century, and positive early identification of the disease can now be made. The drug, chaulmoogra, is curative in very early cases, but the agony of its administration, and the uncertainty of a cure, were such that the more ignorant class of natives feared hospitalization and were hidden by their families, or ran away into the jungles. This was the only treatment long available. In the last few years, however, a more soluble and more efficient extract of chaulmoogra has been developed, which has opened a new era in the treatment of the malady.

The estimated cases in the world today are between two and three million, the vast majority in southern Asia. South China is believed to have a million cases. There are two large Catholic asylums, the Paris Missions Asylum at Sheklung and the Maryknoll Asylum at Ngai Moon. In the Philippines, where fifteen thousand cases were known in 1900, the sufferers are much fewer today, as the result of the work of the great hospital at Culion. Cases are now discharged from Culion as cured at the rate of seven hundred a year. Most important of all, the use of soluble esters of chaulmoogra permits out-patient care of non-advanced cases, which are easily made non-infectious by the drug. This does

away with the horror of confinement, which prevented so many patients from declaring themselves.

The Catholic missionaries have ever been in the vanguard of work among the lepers. They maintain over a hundred leper asylums in Asia, Oceania, and Africa, and in them minister to the wants of some fifteen thousand patients. In addition, Catholic Sisters work in scores of leper hospitals and colonies maintained by various governments, such as the famous American colony at Molokai.

I saw Sister Isabel again for a moment as we were about to leave.

"For an inspiring lesson," I said to her, "my heartfelt thanks. Thanks particularly for the privilege of knowing Joseph Ell, who seems as buoyant as cork."

"True," she answered, "but don't forget that he knows the taste of bitterness. Recently we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary and Joseph outdid himself in providing a festive air for the occasion. But in the evening when all was over, old Sister Anne, of whom he is very fond, found him hidden in the chapel weeping quietly.

"It has been a very beautiful day, Joseph," she whispered to him.

"Yes, very beautiful," he said, and smiled at her. "But you can guess what memories for me are salted away in these twenty-five years."

III

Ian's People

THE BUS for the Moy country leaves Quinhon when the eastern sun touches the tree tops. Good roads, to the modern colonizer as to the Romans, are the first step in civic progress, and French Indo-China has a network of passable roads in every direction. I sat by the mail boy, who rides up front and who delivers his letters with the aid of the driver. As the car approaches the house of a farmer for whom the mail pouch contains a letter, the driver blows his horn furiously. The boy waves high the missive and sails it out to the breezes, to be captured by the would-be recipient, while the bus flies madly on.

A man went by on horseback. "Haven't you a letter for him?" cried the driver.

"Sure enough!" said the boy. The horn screeched, and out over the back of the car a white speck flew toward the rider.

A man with a cartload of stone refused to hurry in getting off the road. The bus driver, a vain, impudent young fellow, jumped out and gave the man a thrashing. A young Annamese woman in mauve got aboard, wishing the driver a bright good morning, and his good spirits came back to him. A girl with tearful face waved frantically from her garden gate, and the sharply applied brakes bounced us all forward. Presently the girl's big brother appeared, carrying a little brother who looked deathly sick and who had to be taken to a hospital some miles away. Thus the bus became an ambulance.

We halted near noon. Food vendors crowded about us like flies and I winked pleasantly at an attractive young one who put his head in at my window. He started to scold me in Annamese.

"What does he say?" I asked a Government clerk near me.

"He says, 'You smile at me, but you do not buy my bread!'"

We left the plains and the Annamese, and entered the uplands. Toward the end of the day, we were in the country of the aborigines. The generic term for these peoples in the northern moun-

tains of Indo-China is Moy, which simply means savages. Among the many divisions of the Moy is a tribe called the Bahnar, of Malayan blood mixed with Chinese. The Bahnar possess many attractive qualities, and some twenty-five thousand have been won to the Faith.

Work among the Moy in general, as among the crazy quilt of mountain tribes throughout all Southeast Asia, is quite distinct from that among the peoples of more settled culture. Their one desire is to be as free as the air and not to be bothered. They scowl at their French rulers, though these very shrewdly give them the minimum of disturbance. The Moy hate the Annamese, for whom the lands of the Moy hold a strong attraction and who are slowly dispossessing them.

"Our Bahnar let everything that costs an effort slip-by," explained Père Corompt the next day, as we walked through the fields and woods of this pioneer country; "everything, even civilization."

As we turned the hill, a singularly sweet melody drifted toward us, a faint music of gongs and tam-tams. "You're in luck," cried the genial French missionary. "You are going to see our savages at a funeral feast."

The village appeared, and immediately very little seemed sweet except the music. The huts stood deserted, and the populace was gathered in a clearing near by. The men wore loincloths, the women little more. Near a curious structure touched with rough carving, the musicians played; they were entertaining the dead.

The rest of the village entertained itself. Food was plenty though not appetizing, but more prominent than the food was the rice wine. It stood about in great clay jars, and each man and woman was kept supplied with long straws by the officials of the feast, and permitted to indulge freely. In their state of half-intoxication, the folk were blubbing and giddy. They pressed about us and noisily pleaded that we join them at the jars. When, ignoring their requests, we continued to walk through the village, one old fellow melodramatically pointed to our road home and dismissed us, to the raucous jeering of the others.

"Those are our pagan Bahnars," smiled Père Corompt, "and that exhibition is by a particularly shiftless group. It may seem unbelievable, but from this crude material here come many splendid

Catholic families. Only lately the first three Bahnar priests were ordained. The brother of one of this trio, who have passed from the forest to the altar, is chief of the next village."

The trees that banked the road soon gave way, and before us was another village, each of its houses on piles some five feet from the ground as a precaution against snakes and scorpions. Père Corompt directed our steps to one house, and we climbed the notched pole which acts as stairway, up to the *pra*, or little balcony, before the door.

The door opened; inside there was consternation. "The Father, the Father!" went up the cry. "Two Fathers! Two Fathers!"

The chief, a large-boned man, lithe in bearing but with a stoop, rose from the floor where he was squatting, and placed in the center of the room the only two stools in his household. He began gravely a rather long speech of welcome to us while his family knelt about us. Père Corompt replied, and the slightest semblance of a smile crept over the children's faces as the missionary relieved the tension of the family by some playful remarks to them.

Then the chief related the village's greatest news: "Joseph Mora has a new child, a son."

"Splendid!" commented the priest. "Let us go over, and I'll make arrangements for the baptism."

Actually, a priest among the Moy is a physician as well. Though the native midwives take care of childbirths, the missionary always examines a newly born child, especially to guard against infant blindness.

The chief led the way to Joseph's house, where a score and more of neighbors were gathered celebrating the event with rice wine. Unlike the hurly-burly in the pagan village, this party showed some moderation. But one fellow with saucer-like eyes rose uncertainly and attracted the missionary's attention by an attempted bow.

"Andrew," said the priest sternly, "you have had enough—don't drink any more." Obediently, Andrew threw the sucking straw from his hand.

"Andrew," explained Père Corompt as we left, "is the son of a pirate and a pillager. We have persuaded him to abandon the trade. Of Andrew's son we hope still better things.

"When a missionary is some ten years among his people," con-

tinued the priest, "he begins to sense the rhythm of life about him, and to catch the difference between pecking at particular faults and directing his savages for a climb up the stairs from utter savagery to some higher level. A rare few reach great heights quickly. Already we have had some individuals in our seminary, or in our convent for native nuns, who have shown distinct beauty of soul similar to that of the Indian maid in America, Katherine Tekakwitha. They are the exceptions, but they give us all courage; they prove that in every people the capacity exists to serve God in sanctity.

"The rank and file remain with their faults. Here among the Moy the faults are thievery, love of rice wine, and the habit of idleness. These people are just being helped out of a stone-age culture, and even primitive agriculture is new to them. We are teaching our people to plow and gather a harvest, but one must not look for results overnight, either in their fields or in their minds. The men sit about all day, or at most do some occasional fishing or hunting. The women pound a little grain in the morning and feed the pigs; then they too sit about through the day. This is the story among all these mountain tribes."

We had left the village bounds and were turning into the road, when directly in front of us appeared a boy with a delightful grin on his face. He wore only a loincloth, bound to a cincture. Tied neatly on his naked back were a packet of rice and a bamboo tube filled with green native tobacco, while in his cincture was his pipe. In his hand he carried a long-handled knife.

"Ian!" cried the missionary. The name is the local equivalent for John.

"Good morning, Father!" answered the boy easily, and a brief conversation took place. At the end the priest threw up his hands as if in despair, and Ian's face took on a new brightness.

"A truant," explained Père Corompt, turning to me. "He is the son of a good convert father, the grandson of a former slave merchant. He is a pupil at our catechist school in Kontum. A few days ago he and a companion ran away from school, and he is now returning. Dressed as he is, he can travel for days. He will get scolded, but if he does not do it too often, we must wink at his

weakness. All his fellow students are the same. For these people, school is a torment in a class with jail."

That evening in the gathering shadows, we entered Kontum, an attractive little outpost town of about two thousand natives, in which there were less than ten French officials. We reached the mission chapel for benediction. As I knelt in the back, I saw in the dim reaches of the edifice one hundred and twenty boys of the catechist school, each shrouded in a blue blanket, out of which emerged only the tousled head. Ian was probably there, I thought, his liberty gone for another interlude.

A choir of childish voices sang quite sweetly "*Tu es Petrus*," and the student body joined loudly in the Hymn to the Pope, rendered with exactness, though the voice tone was crude. Services over, the boys tracked out, a little scuffle in their step, a swing in their gait that spoke of their childhood in the jungle. Their cheekbones were high, their faces expressionless.

Next day I peered at them in their classrooms. They had about them the look of little caged animals. Ian saw me, and when his face lit with his great smile, I felt as if I had known him for years. His priest teacher called on him to recite, and apparently he acquitted himself well. For decades now, carefully trained catechists have been graduated from this school, and a judicious use of these lay teachers is the secret of the Church's penetration among the Moy.

At noon I watched the boys eat, in jungle style, without knives or forks. Here and there one of them had at his place a morsel that looked like meat, a portion of which went into his bowl from time to time to help flavor his rice.

"What is that?" I asked.

"They are allowed to go hunting every Tuesday," explained Père Corompt, "and they keep what they catch. Sometimes it is game such as you and I would eat; but often it is a rat, a snake, a lizard. They aren't very careful about cooking these tidbits, either. Very choice among the Bahnars is the undigested food found in the stomachs of animals they bring down. But as long as they seem decently nourished, I'm not going to bother about their diet. They still have enough animal instinct to know what's poison for them, and what isn't."

A new departure in the Bahnar country was a girls' school, opened two weeks before I arrived. "How are your youngsters taking to it, Mother?" we asked of the superior of the Sisters.

She smiled, a little dubiously, I thought. "Most of the girls are being very brave. But already four children have left their blankets and sleeping mats at the convent door, and have fled back to the forest."

At the Missioners' Cemetery we said a prayer among the lonely graves, in the silence of these distant hills. Twenty-four mission priests have fallen in the Moy country, some early in life, some after long battles against man and beast, disease, and the wild land itself. As I stood above these ordered mounds, I asked myself if any self-exile could be more complete, for these men are exiles even in their death.

I thought of these men, most of them Frenchmen born in the villages of Calvados, of Sarthe, of Ille-et-Vilaine, little hamlets with lilac trees along the gray walls of the village cemetery. I pictured one of these men as a brother of mine, and, upon the announcement of his death, I fancied a neighbor questioning me.

"Where did your brother die?"

"He died a missionary among the Bahnars."

"And where are the Bahnars?"

"They are a tribe in the Moy country."

"And where is the Moy country?"

"It is in the hinterland of Annam."

"And where is Annam?"

"It is in Indo-China."

"M'm—near China, isn't it? Are you bringing back his remains to the family graveyard?"

The answer to that, I think would be: "Why trouble? Let us wait for Gabriel's trumpet."

IV

The Tree Watered with Blood

ANNAM is the land along the eastern coast of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and it bathes its breast in the China Sea. It is the missionary's pride. Out of eighteen million inhabitants, the respectable number of Catholics is one million five hundred thousand. The Church in Annam is the fruit of French missionary genius, watered by the blood of missionaries and native martyrs.

Most important of all today, the Church has become Indo-Chinese. Of 1,600 priests in Indo-China, 1,223 are native; of 503 lay Brothers, 468 are native; of 4,453 Sisters, 4,167 are native. The seminaries and novitiates are numerous and are full to overflowing. There is a single order of native nuns, the Lovers of the Cross, founded in Indo-China, that numbers 2,237 professed. A society of Annamese Dominicans has 853 Sisters. Six houses, predominantly native, follow the full contemplative life of Carmel.

Of course, the Church has benefited enormously in Indo-China by the law and order, the public health, and fine communications, provided under the French protectorate. But the position of the French state in Indo-China is the result of missionary effort, rather than vice versa. If Japan were to replace France permanently as the suzerain of Indo-China, the strong native Church would not necessarily be seriously affected.

In a little house under the trees by a canal in lovely Hue, Father Brun and I called on a man who had no eyes. Long ago—in 1875—he sailed from France with youth, sight, strength; and since then he has never stepped outside his adopted Indo-China. When French ministers or foreign royalties passed through Hue, they always found time to sit for half an hour in the little house by the canal and talk with this ancient exile. For he was a tie with all the strange events, civil and religious, which have come to pass in Indo-China during the last three-score years.

"Keep your patience," came back cheerfully as we knocked at his door, "and I'll let you into my prison."

The latch was lifted. Before us stood age, it is true, but a little body still quick in movement, fitted with a strong voice which spoke for a lively mind. The eyes were missing—there were but two vacant sockets. Some years before, cataracts had formed, and the surgeon was forced to remove first one eye, and then the other.

Thus we found His Excellency, Bishop Eugene Allys, the retired Vicar Apostolic of Hue.

"I am not dead yet," he remarked, "though my light has gone out. I dictate letters to my Annamese secretary; he reads to me; I chat with visitors; I pray."

"Do you think often of the days gone by?" I asked temptingly.

"Oh, I live them over and over again," said the prelate.

The question was the touchstone to a treasury of memories. My companion and I were as children at their grandfather's knee. Surely, no story of knights or ogres was ever more bewitching than the tale told by this veteran, one of the most fascinating figures of the mission world.

"You see," he began, "there were some missionary successes here as far back as the seventeenth century, and the founding of my beloved Foreign Missions Society of Paris, in 1658, was inspired by the work of Father Alexandre de Rhodes in Tonkin. But every twenty years or so, the Annamese emperors would order a persecution in one region or another, and from time to time the missionaries would have to retire to Siam, and much of our work would be undone.

"This went on until near the end of the eighteenth century. Then the Vicar Apostolic for Cochin China, Monsignor Pigneau de Behaine, gave refuge to a prince of the Nguyen family. All of this prince's relatives had been massacred by the Emperor's orders, in one of their feudal wars. The Bishop had thought that, if he assisted Nguyen Anh to regain his throne in southern Annam, he would win tolerance for the Faith in his dominions. So in 1787 the Bishop arranged an alliance with his own King, Louis XVI of France, and Nguyen Anh regained his throne with the aid of French arms. Later on he became Emperor himself, under the name of Gia-long.

"And so the Church had peace during Gia-long's lifetime. But at his death, in 1821, a son named Minh-Mang came to the throne.

He detested his father's French helpers and began frightful persecutions that, off and on, lasted for fifty years. In the persecution of 1833 alone, four vicars apostolic, two pro-vicars, seven mission priests, a score of native priests, and many hundreds of the faithful, were executed with Oriental tortures.

"He imprisoned Père Gagelin for years; then beheaded him. Two years later Père Marchand was brought from the south in a cage, like a monkey. After he had been subjected to many tortures, the brutish monarch forced him to appear before the great gate of the palace here in Hue, salute His Majesty, who glared at him from his post in the towers above, and then he led to the hills to undergo the horrible death of the hundred cuts.

"And so on, with many others. The Christian mandarins who protested were also killed. Four hundred chapels and churches were burned. This persecution went on for decades, and our wonderful Annamese Catholics died by thousands, especially when they refused to help build new pagan temples ordered by Minh-Mang. When I reached Annam, during the reign of his successor Tu-duc, we missionaries had no resort against the Government but our secret hide-outs.

"When Tu-duc died, in 1883, France sent her troops, not to protect the missions, but to settle the disputed succession. The regent swallowed his pride, bowed before superior force, and by his suavity ingratiated himself with the French commander here at Hue. At the same time he and the mandarins imputed this coming of the French to the Catholic Annamese, and wreaked a terrible vengeance on them, not in the capital where they could be observed, but by secret orders sent to the mandarins in the provinces. The slaughter was horrible, for over forty thousand were put to the sword, many with tortures that I dare not speak about. But, most agonizing of all for us missionaries, we could not tell the French general what was going on. He received only the regent, and even our Bishop could not get to him. On hearing of the massacres, he inquired of the regent.

"‘Yes,’ replied this beastly fellow offhand, ‘there have been some quarrels between Catholics and others in the south, but now all is peace.’

"Peace, surely, because almost all the Christians were dead! For-

tunately, the general finally discovered the true situation, realized he had been tricked, and exiled the regent to Tahiti, in the South Seas. A column of French troops was sent north immediately to prevent further slaughter among Catholics there, and I accompanied it. What sights! We arrived just too late, for the villages were smoldering ruins.

"I shall never forget the morning after our first encampment. As I walked through the neighboring rice fields, something moved. It was an old woman, blood covered, her body terribly slashed with sword cuts. I leaned over her and spoke to her.

"'No! No!' she gasped, 'I will never give up my Faith! I will never give up my Faith!' The poor thing took me for an Annamese soldier. I cry every time I think of that marvelous act of constancy."

True enough, tears streamed through the ducts from behind the eyeless lids, and the old prelate wiped them away with the backs of his wrinkled hands.

"In the years that followed, we saw villainous days for other reasons but, thank God, we were able to push steadily ahead. Indo-China, you know, today has almost a million and a half Catholics. And how I love them all! I am an old man, but if God were to give me youth again, I would ask only the privilege of another lifetime with my good people of Annam."

Indo-China, as Bishop Allys said, was the Church's dark and bloody ground during the nineteenth century. Not every old veteran is as colorful as Bishop Allys, but constantly one encounters priests and lay folk who themselves experienced the persecution, or who are from homes that endured it. It gives a visitor to Indo-China the sense of arriving on the very aftermath of the carnage.

In the dim light of the evening, Bishop Dumortier of Saigon crawled on his hands and knees to the great reliquary under the main altar in his seminary, a reliquary filled with the bones of martyrs. He lifted the embroidered veil. "Many of these," he whispered, "were close relatives of students of mine in this seminary."

At table in the cathedral rectory at Quinhon, sat Père Cay, a venerable old Annamese priest. "Père Cay," remarked one of the missionaries with a laugh, "was a dead man over fifty years ago; yet he is still living, at eighty-five."

The Frenchman gently bent the old priest's head to show me

the deep mark of an ugly saber wound in the side of his neck. "In his haste," the speaker observed, "the swordsman who struck Père did a poor job. He left him for dead amid hundreds of his townsmen, all of whom were slain."

Riding north from Quinhon, we passed under the somber walls of the citadel in which Bishop Cuenot had been confined, and where he died of the prison hardships on the very day that the king signed the warrant for his execution. Another day we drove into the waste lands of the Muang country near Keso, still a habitat of tigers, to the secret places where priests were hidden when the soldiers came, and where Bishop Retort died from the sufferings of exposure.

Every little village has its thrilling tale. "Here at Lanmot," explained an Annamese priest, "Bishop Jeantet one day fled over a back road to the mountains, but the soldiers were dangerously near; he might be overtaken. One of the young priests hung an episcopal crucifix on his own breast and, posing as a bishop, sauntered casually down the main street and allowed himself to be captured, instead. When the ruse was discovered, the Bishop was already in the hills."

Best known of Indo-China's martyrs is Blessed Theophane Venard. For him every Maryknoller has a special love; his life inspired the missionary vocation of Bishop Walsh, cofounder of Maryknoll. The college of the Maryknoll Fathers in Scranton is called The Venard. At Hanoi a beautiful Church of the Martyrs has been erected on the spot where he was beheaded, in 1860, meeting his death with mystic joy. Near by is the hoary prison gate through which he was led.

Today the Church in Indo-China is extraordinary for the richness of its spiritual life. Certainly much of this depth of soul has come from the calm and humble certitude of the martyrs. In some sections of the country, the majority of the population is within the fold. Such sections are Buichu and Phatdiem. From the summit of the Phatdiem Cathedral (which is now ruled by an Annamese Bishop) may be seen over the plain the towers of thirty-three churches, which serve one hundred thousand faithful.

And what a cathedral! It is the work of a remarkable Annamese priest, Père Six, a man whom Marshal Lyautey once called "one

of those modest heroes who were born for a great theater and who, at its default, make great their little one."

Père Six fired his people to raise here a great structure worthy of the prodigies of the Middle Ages. The design is thoroughly Annamese, based on the royal palaces of Hue. For three years at Hue, piles were driven into the marshy land; then stone was dragged from the mountains one hundred and fifty miles away; and with primitive implements, huge blocks weighing tons were raised to their place. Artisans worked for years, carving the marble and rich wood. The labor was for the most part voluntary. For years the women stopped outside after daily Mass and gave two or three hours to polishing stone or dressing wood; certain details were worked on by families at home; men made offerings of so many trips to the stone quarries. And everything took its start from the stirring leadership of a true priest of the people.

The wealth of spiritual life about the great church continues unabated. I joined the corps of priests there one ordinary weekday morning and saw the edifice crowded for three successive Masses. At each Mass two priests distributed Holy Communion to thousands of parishioners.

In this Asiatic Arcady the picture of the faith of the unspoiled country folk is beautiful to see. Besides the gathered multitudes of the dim morning, there is a stream of church visitors through the day: mothers making the Way of the Cross with their little ones, children from the playground who dash in to spend a moment with the Blessed Sacrament, gaunt farmers who come from their land for a brief visit. Out among the rice fields, it is common to come upon young women going to or returning from work who are reciting the beads. All is woven unaffectedly into their day.

"My father," explained an Annamese gentleman, now a teacher in Hanoi, "worked with Père Six to build our great Phatdiem church. In those days we had little rice at home, and Father was often deathly tired, for he gave to the church all that he could spare in rice as well as in the strength of his arm. When my mother would remonstrate with him, he would say: 'But we are Christians. Did not our family shed blood for the Faith? Even the pagans have fine pagodas; our house of God must be the finest of them all.'"

SECTION
FOUR

CHINA



I

The River

FAREWELL, sweet seclusion! For centuries a Chinese gentleman's home was his castle, into which only that tiny fragment of the world penetrated that he saw fit to welcome. But now the world has taken to wings. It flies above his privacy and stares upon the tiles of his roofs and the worn stones of his courtyards.

Our plane moved up the valley of that lordly stream which to hundreds of millions of Chinese is known merely as "the River," and to those abroad as the Yangtze Kiang. We had left Hankow, which is six hundred miles inland but can be reached by ocean freighters that steam to her wharves directly from San Francisco. Our pilot spied the airfield at Ichang, curled down to his landing, and bade us take a few moments' airing.

I turned questioningly to General Wang, who shrugged his shoulders uncertainly, but then rose and stepped out on the quay. Almost as if he had been but momentarily interrupted, he continued the conversation in which we were engaged before the last take-off.

"They tell me," he said with a little gleam in his eye, "that I am a fanatical Buddhist. I think that is an exaggeration, but certainly it is true that I am deeply interested in my faith. Some years ago, with some of my friends, I was instrumental in bringing one of the reincarnated lamas—whom you falsely call 'living Buddhas'—from Tibet to Chungking. Under his direction we erected a large new pagoda. You will be sure to see it. A feature of it is a great lotus-leaf design embracing more than a thousand cup-like stands, on each of which is a statue of a saint, one of our bodhisattvas. It gave great impetus to Buddhist devotion in Chungking.

"Buddhism, you should know, is the only religion in China which has any degree of organization, though of course it does not compare with the disciplined allure of your Catholic Church. Our Buddhist religious life works by fits and starts. We have a period

of vigor when there is some local leadership, but then it dies down, and the tiles fall off our temple roofs."

He chuckled easily and glanced at the American gunboat "Guam" of the Yangtze patrol, drawn up at the near-by Standard Oil dock. (This was before the Japanese took possession of the Yangtze.) It seemed to give him an idea.

"Indeed, until very recently, we Chinese have been little concerned about organization of any sort, political or social or economic, in the sense in which you Westerners are. I spent my student years in Shanghai, and I have come to appreciate China's weak points. Over there is an American gunboat which is thousands of miles from home, looking after what you call American interests. The masses in China remain completely cold to such an idea. For most of us, the great object of our lives is not the fatherland, the province, or even the village. It is the family.

"And, paradoxically, it is possible that in this weakness lies China's strength. China is like a body made up of innumerable watertight compartments: no matter how many are punctured, limitless others are intact to keep the ship afloat. In fact, in China the family has a religious meaning. It is our form of immortality, and this explains the sacred ritual which surrounds our regard for our ancestors. When I die, I shall not die, for I shall live on in the great stream of my family.

"Until now, we have had few patriots in China, but many workers for the family. However, China is not badly disunited. The quarrels among the provinces and the jealousies of the war lords do not represent great differences among the people. A republican government for the glory of our nation is little understood and until lately had no great appeal. Rather, we hope for a strong man to appear who can give the people peace from civil war or from enemy invasion, so that we may live securely with our sons. Let us hope that Chiang Kai Shek is the man."

Our pilot sauntered back toward the plane, and we returned to our seats. Ichang faded behind us, and soon the riding became rough, for we approached the mountains of western China. These tower up mightily like our Rockies and, until man learned to fly, they cut off the rich province of Szechwan completely from the Yangtze basin. The only means of entry was by battling the

Yangtze Gorges. A Franciscan Missionary of Mary in Hankow spoke to me of the dread days before steamboats, when the river could be mounted only by the help of armies of coolie boat-trackers who, by an agony of hauling, drew the vessels through the rapids. For the journey which took me seven hours, she had spent forty days, shortly after the turn of the century.

The wind currents rising from the gorges gave our plane some violent twists. Once we were pitched from our seats as a gust slapped the ship's tail and for a moment plummeted us toward the river. The country became interesting and extremely picturesque. My fellow passenger, the general, stared out on one side and I on the other, and he indicated a few of the landmarks as we passed above them.

The highest portions of the mountains wore a bleak aspect, but the lower regions were bright and colorful. There were beautiful valleys off to left and right, with streams that cascaded among cavernous rocks and frequent waterfalls. Their mists curled up and shaped themselves like dragons. Villages seemed few and towns fewer, but it appeared that every square yard of tillable ground had been terraced and made into rice paddies. It was spring, and the paddies reflected innumerable tints of green, from emerald to pale lime, according to the growth of the rice and the condition of the soil. Women and children among the workers showed interest as we passed, the youngsters darting excitedly to their elders and pointing upward. Most of the men, however, worked on stolidly, calf-deep in water. Men with wings were already a commonplace even in this heart of China.

The Yangtze was ever in sight, sometimes a gleaming gray like aluminum, sometimes, when in shadow, a somber lead color. For the Yangtze, whose waters are clear for the greater part of its course, is the "Blue River" of China, and the muddy Hoang-Ho in North China is the "Yellow River." The stream appeared to grow narrow, and we gazed at stupendous cliffs which seemed almost to lean out over the water. The general wrote out a slip: "Tsintan Gorge" it read.

A little further, and there appeared another narrow defile, its crags vaulted like a cathedral buttress, with beautiful formations

on their summits which suggested castles in rock. Again the general gave me a note: "Wushan Gorge" it read.

We soared over Kueifu Village, a quaint checkerboard from the air; and then over the most difficult stretch for those who are traveling on the water, the thirty-five miles from Kungling-tan to Nanto. Pilots here guide their boats by what they call water reading. The rise and fall of the river, from upriver rains, is so marked that there are pilots for low-water periods and others for high-water ones. The utmost skill is required in either case; but despite all care, vessels are frequently lost. After we had passed what in English is called the Wind Box Gorge, General Wang wrote: "Last month Steamer I Ling struck reef here and sank—35 lives lost."

Along the entire course of the Yangtze, every great eminence is crowned with a finger-like pagoda or a monastery. Here in the mountains we saw some particularly beautiful ones. Wang indicated the Yunyang Monastery, a handsome group of buildings with the up-pitched roofs so typical of Chinese architecture, the whole set amid green Alpine meadows on a sharply graded mountain side.

In midafternoon Chungking came into view. We arrived over the city at a height of four thousand feet and descended brusquely by a sharp spiral. Following the meanders of the river, we were thirteen hundred miles from Shanghai, though by direct air route that metropolis on the coast lay less than a thousand miles away.

The Sino-Japanese War has, since my visit, driven Chiang Kai Shek and his Government to choose Chungking as China's capital. There in comparative security, except from the air, the Chinese general has welded the resistance of the Chinese nation against the Japanese invaders. The approach of Chungking for a time shifted to the south, across the eastern ramparts of the Himalayas, by way of the Burma Road and India. Surely this is the hard way into Szechwan. While my journey in the chance company of General Wang might be compared to a flight from Chicago to Denver, the trek over the Burma Road would equal an overland struggle from a point on the Pacific coast of Mexico up to Denver, through the Rocky Mountains.

Chungking has been a field of the apostolate for generations,

presided over by the Paris missionaries. As we sat comfortably in Bishop Jantzen's living room that evening, my arrival by air brought ruminations in the missionary circle. Père Lacroix, a bearded veteran of forty years' service, glanced at me with envy in his eye.

"Breakfast in Hankow, supper in Chungking," he repeated several times. "A new day—a new day, surely!" Then he continued:

"The missionaries who pushed through to Szechwan in the nineteenth century usually picked their way on foot from Canton, and took months to get here. Perhaps it was making a virtue of necessity, but they built up the tradition that to wish to revisit Europe was a weakness, and all the real old-timers entered completely into the life here. They ceased all correspondence with the Occident, and ended their days with none but their flocks and their missionary companions to mourn their passing. Your arrival by air makes me think that today we are only around the corner from home. We can renew our youth like the eagle. Undoubtedly the missions will profit greatly by the new fire that the missionary will bring back after each stay in his homeland."

"That remains to be seen," I told him. "My hat is off to our confreres of yesterday, who never went home."

The young priest of today finds himself deeply moved in the presence of the elderly gentlemen in the far lands who represent the missionary school of yesterday. It was a stern school. The classic missionary formed himself to stand completely alone. He was courageous, devoted, sacrificing, but above all he was constant. When, as he sailed from home, the last shore line faded from view, he blessed himself and whispered with fortitude, "Farewell—forever!"

II

China from Chungking

CHINA viewed from Chungking presents a picture quite different from the one presented by India viewed from Cape Comorin. In India it is the differences in the panorama which are accentuated, while in China it is the likenesses. China, unlike India, is not a mosaic of peoples, but a single people, with the differences between south, center, and north only secondary.

China's southern border along the Indo-Chinese confines is farther south than Cuba, while her Mongolian plains are as far north as Hudson Bay. The land area is forty per cent greater than that of the United States. Next to Russia, China is the largest country in the world. Its population far outstrips that of Russia or of any other land on the globe—indeed, of any continent on the globe, except its own continent of Asia.

China's four hundred and fifty millions are very unevenly distributed. The casual traveler through great portions of the interior is impressed, not by the density of the population, but by its seeming sparseness. This is because relatively little of the land can be used for agriculture. In South China intensive farming is limited almost wholly to the alluvial deposits along the rivers and to the delta about Canton. In Central China the valley immediately about the Yangtze and the Yangtze Delta are the most thickly settled areas. North China has level uplands comparable to the great plains of the United States, but even there large portions of Shantung and Shansi Provinces are mountainous. Northwestern China suffers from poor rainfall and must resort to dry farming, as the United States does between central Nebraska and the Rockies.

The lower Yangtze is the most densely populated region of all China. An area of fifty thousand square miles—the size of Illinois, which has eight million inhabitants—counts forty million people. Shantung Province, which would make another Illinois, counts thirty million people. These closely packed farm regions, rather

than the relatively few large cities, constitute China's most striking population phenomenon.

In its dominant rural life, lies China's closest resemblance to India. More than three hundred of its four hundred and fifty millions live in villages of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Eighty to ninety per cent of China's population is rural. It possesses more than sixty million farmer families who work a crop land of two hundred and twenty million acres, thus giving China an average of half an acre per capita, or three and a half acres per farm family. In South China, where two or three crops a year may be harvested, there is often an average of not more than two acres a family.

In Kwangtung, the South China province in which many of the Maryknoll missionaries work, there are 193 towns and cities with a population of over 5,000; 1,822 large villages; 29,200 small villages; and 1,586 market places. Thus China, even as India, is an enormous world of villages. Ordinarily there is one central trading village, about which are clustered some forty or fifty farming villages. In South China these villages are united by paths, and goods are carried by pole. In Central China narrow paths are negotiated by wheelbarrows and pack animals, which carry produce. In North China there are cart roads, with carts drawn by oxen, horse, mule, or donkey. From north to south, every river and creek is a road, and there are many canals.

Sun Yat Sen dreamed of one hundred thousand miles of railroad for China, but to date less than ten thousand miles have been constructed. China's modern-communications fever has turned to motor roads, and with these progress has been made. It is remarkable what relatively small areas missionaries have been able to cover in China until recently. In India and even Africa, a circuit of some hundreds of miles by car is taken for granted, but not in China.

We have all learned to respect the Chinese farmer. His tools are simple, but beware of scoffing at them, for they are well adapted to the highly intensive culture in which he must engage. Over half of the farmers own the land they cultivate, though in the south the percentage of rented land is high. This is because the Chinese who go abroad are from the south, and a favorite investment of

those returning home is to buy many little rice fields and collect the rents.

Is the Chinese farmer really poor? Yes, poor but not miserable. The explanation lies in the country's shortage of land. Various investigations indicate that the farm family's annual income is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty Mexican dollars a year, with the Mexican dollar in normal times worth half the American dollar. This is too desperately near the border line of the existence minimum, to be comfortable. It keeps country life very simple and allows no cushion for disasters.

The principal source of disaster is the flood. The flood must be taken for granted in China; the curse can be removed only by a strong central government interested in the entire country. The problem is far greater than that of our American dust bowls, but generically the same. It means clothing China in her nudity. To the traveler riding South China's rivers aboard a chugging "Blue Bottle," journeying on the Yangtze, crossing North China's tremendous plains, this giant country is always the unalluring baldheaded man. Except where Buddhist monasteries have kept their parks and forests, almost every tree has long ago been cut for lumber or firewood. It will require millions of trees, and armies of police to protect these trees, before the rich verdure will return to China's hills and mountains. Then the silting of the rivers will stop, the dikes need mount higher no longer, and the yearly flight of millions before the chaotic waters will cease. A generation of peace and discipline must pass before this can come about.

China could be a far greater industrial nation than Japan. Japan possesses but a fifteenth of the coal per capita that lies in China's bosom, and but three fourths of the iron; while China has a goodly supply of many other important metals. Happily—and the word is used advisedly—governmental insecurity has prevented the rapid mushroom industrialization of the country. The sudden appearance of factories and the introduction of factory life would but add cruel new burdens to the struggle for existence. Before the present war interfered, there were approximately a million factory hands in the country's plants, most of which were financed by foreign capital. The forward march of industry, the revolutionary transfer of great numbers of people from farming to industry, promises to be slow.

The average Chinese is intelligent and not literate. Hence, once the significance of literacy is brought home to him, the urge for it becomes overwhelming. China has forty million children of school age, and two hundred million illiterates between sixteen and sixty. The provision of full-fledged schools within even a generation is too huge a task to be practicable; hence the favor shown the Mass Education Movement. This is a project to teach the rank and file from one thousand to thirteen hundred characters, and to provide simply written periodicals and literature for those thus equipped. This movement was launched in the 1920's by a former Y.M.C.A. worker, Doctor Y. C. J. Yen, and has been taken up by many others. It is calculated to have been helpful to five million Chinese. China's Ambassador to the United States, Doctor Hu Shih, was strongly instrumental in developing *Pei Hwa*, the new style of writing in which the modern literature appears.

While Catholic missionaries have not neglected education, Protestant missionaries have been much more prominently in the vanguard in awaking educational interest in China. During the first two decades of this century, Protestants were practically China's educational leaders. In the 1920's, the Government forces took over this lead. Some non-Christian Chinese were determined not only that China's education should be Chinese, but that it should be non-Christian; this accounts for the severe regulations of the late 1920's and early 1930's. The recent war years have brought a mitigation in this policy, though many of the laws remain on the books. China had no Macaulay Minute to set its educational traditions as did India, but many feel that the small minority which, during the past half century, has been given a modern education has been foreignized too greatly. It was perhaps natural, even inevitable, to fall into this error, and it involves not only Protestants but Catholics, and even the Chinese themselves.

Probably not more than two per cent of the Chinese people, or less than ten million, can avail themselves at present of scientific medical care. Mission doctors, Protestant and Catholic, led the way in the introduction of modern medicine into China. Protestant missions have spent \$15,000,000 in erecting a chain of 235 hospitals with 16,343 beds. In the peak year, 1926, over 300 Protestant mission doctors were in China. Catholic hospitals total 107 with

8,234 beds, while doctors in attendance total 100. While these Catholic figures are substantial, the physical equipment of the Catholic institutions does not compare with that of the Protestants. All of the country's modern doctors, foreign and Chinese, total between four and five thousand, or one doctor per 100,000 as against one doctor per 800 in the United States.

China is not weighed down with the physical ills of India, but disease is one of its problems. Infant mortality is estimated at 200 deaths per 1,000 births, as against 87 per 1,000 in the United States. The estimated tuberculosis death rate is 400 as against 89 in the United States; the cholera, typhoid, and dysentery death rate is 400, as against 37 in the United States. To fight this situation, the more ignorant resort to superstitious charms, while even the educated can usually find only native practitioners. The Chinese Doctors and Druggists Federated Association reports 1,200,000 old-style doctors and 7,000,000 druggists, and the Chinese people spend an estimated \$400,000,000 national currency yearly on medicine.

Thus quantitatively much goes into fighting sickness in China, but the day of the scientific approach is still far distant. While in the United States there are over sixty-five thousand sanitarium beds for tuberculosis, all China has but a few hundred for the millions who suffer from this, its principal disease. There are two or three excellent modern Government hospitals, but the remainder are mediocre. Chinese authorities wish to take the ascendancy from the foreigner, but, while they have succeeded in education, they are not yet in the saddle as regards medicine. The outstanding medical institution in China is foreign, the Peking Union Medical College. This enormous undertaking employs fourteen hundred and fifty persons, and represents an investment of tens of millions. Although of Protestant origin, its staff is now for the most part without missionary motive and exclusively interested in the advancement of medicine. While war hampers its development, it bravely holds the lead in the journey over China's vast sea of medical research.

The pursuit of the arts and culture in India has experienced sharp rises and falls, but Chinese arts have remained on a level plateau of elegance and perfection. They have witnessed a logical development, from the Han bronzes through the Ming porcelains. They have reflected the measure and equanimity of China's philoso-

phers, particularly of Confucius. The teachings of the ancient sage consecrated the genius of the Chinese race; his imprint on his nation is unique in the world.

Buddhism, while now thoroughly at home in China, is still remembered as foreign and has even suffered persecution on that score. Together with Taoism, it supplies the warm glow for the hearts of the masses. Modernism and communism have sent a wave of harshness through China, and the religious spirit has cooled. While, however, that spirit has suffered diminution, it is not dead; thousands of temples have been confiscated and turned into libraries, but prayer still goes on. During peace times, over a million pilgrims a year visit the temples of Hangchow alone. This city, China's great Buddhist center, has monasteries with great parks of two hundred and more acres, with seven or eight buildings and over two hundred monks. The rich among the pious still seek them out and make offerings of from five hundred to a thousand dollars for the ornate ceremony of Swee Loh, by which the dead are honored in an intricate function which lasts seven days.

Hangchow, one hundred and twenty miles below Shanghai, has a thousand Buddhist and Taoist temples. Its beautiful West Lake is surrounded by a semicircle of hills, one group of which is particularly impressive, as it forms an acropolis on which stand two score of sacred edifices, the heart of the pilgrim life. Both in Hangchow and in the average city or village of the country, religion is for many still full of meaning. The piety of General Wang, my companion to Chungking, is not an extraordinary exception.

One afternoon while in Amoy, I visited not a hoary old temple of another day, but a modern construction in which the colors in the tasteful tradition appeared in fresh new paint. The monastery, evidently well planned, stood in a pleasant grove of deep green, and hundreds of worshipers approached for a meeting at which a monk of intelligent mien, robed in a neatly pressed habit, was the speaker of the occasion. In the temple itself, other monks, likewise neatly clad, came and went in preparation for a function. Here was twentieth-century Buddhism in China, not a strong movement, but of sufficient vigor to give the lie to those who would declare that all religious thought and ideals are in decay. China throbs with change—political, commercial, social and educational—

and all this must inevitably affect the deeper sentiments of religion. Many Chinese, after superficial thought, have abandoned all religion. Others want the ancient forms, but with new garnishings. Still others want the ancient forms wholly unspoiled by anything new. Many others are in a quandary of doubt, are vaguely searching.

Into this picture of present-day China, enters Christianity.

III

Journey in Szechwan

WE HALTED by a little lake that drowsed in the country sun. Its waters were crystal clear. Tiny fish darted in and out among forests of feathery plants which grew on the bottom. A kingfisher, its plumage like a blue flame, swooped, struck the surface staccato, rose again with a shining victim in its beak. This was Szechwan, in peace.

We had finished with the first of the long chain of rides which composed the journey from Chungking, metropolis on the Yangtze, to Chengtu, the capital of Szechwan Province, a journey which required the better part of three days. Here, at a road end in open countryside, the bus discharged its cargo, and we took to chairs, the light bamboo type without top. Sturdy, thinly clad porters carried us with practiced ease. Through the late afternoon, and until the evening closed about us, we passed through an exquisite pastoral scene. The simple farmers' houses were well built of clay, and well kept with whitewash and neat roofs of thatch. They reflected the practicality of people who, while not fastidiously tidy, were inclined to keep their property in order. No land was wasted; the fields were completely built into rice paddies. An air filled with the run of little streams voiced sweetness and freshness in the afternoon sun.

Szechwan has been described as the Texas of China. It counts some sixty million inhabitants. Its thrifty people, thanks to the almost unbroken circle of mountains about them, have been relatively free from depredations and have enjoyed a stable existence through generations and even centuries. The civil wars of the last two decades brought their crop of woes; and since my visit, Chungking and other cities have been bombed by the Japanese. But moving through the country in this quiet season, we learned of only such troubles as folk complain of in the tea houses. The life of the fields, particularly now in the spring, seethed with vigor from dawn to dark. Rice is a demanding crop: the seed must be sown,

and every sprout reset by hand; the water must be kept high enough in the paddies, but not too high. Farm life, merchant life in the villages, family life, school life, religious life, and all the other phases which life assumes, moved in the unbroken tenor of a millennial tradition.

We stopped at the edge of a village to let the carriers take tea. Over the road, carpenters were erecting a rather elaborate arch. We had passed under several like it.

"What is this, Père Richard?" I asked of the missioner who journeyed with me.

"It is a *pai-fang*, or widow's arch," he answered readily. "We have them throughout Szechwan."

"And who is the merry widow?" I inquired.

He laughed. "Not so merry. This is a memorial arch. And perhaps it is no widow at all, since often these arches are erected to men as well as women, persons who in one way or another have won the esteem of a village. Let me inquire."

He turned to the owner of the tea shop; then rehearsed to me the facts.

"The arch is indeed in memory of a widow, Mrs. Lo. Her husband was owner of several Yangtze freight barges, and with his profits he bought rice fields hereabouts. After his death Mrs. Lo used the returns from her extra rice for many years to send this village's model student to the University of Chengtu. Thus you see she was a truly virtuous woman who promoted learning."

"Is this exceptional?" I asked.

"Well, for an individual to be in a position to do this is exceptional. It is not exceptional if we consider all the assistance which the Chinese give each other within the limits of their own family, and which doesn't reach the public eye. Those in the family who are successful aid their less-fortunate relatives, unless they have quarreled with them or are convinced that they are undeserving. Since Chinese families are large, there are relatively few who feel prompted to do anything outside the family circle.

"A little beyond the family circle, most communities have mutual benevolence societies, similar to those we find in the West but more important here, since commercial insurance companies are new in China. The Yangtze boat people, for instance, have prosperous

societies which provide quite well for the widows and children of men who are lost. Other group projects are popular in China. In Shanghai, for example, the Catholic Chinese of Saint Francis Xavier Parish maintain a fire barn and a volunteer fire company to answer alarms. This is a favorite Chinese form of benevolence."

When night came, my forward bearer produced a lantern, and I carried it extended over the side of the chair as we moved along the darkened pathways. It formed an ever-moving island of light about fifteen feet around us. Above the hills to the northeast, appeared lightning flashes and ominous growls of thunder. A few drops of rain came and I expected a soaking, as a storm seemed inevitable. It moved off quickly, however, to our right, and the stars came out. At about half past eight, we entered a town of some size, with the physiognomy of Chinese towns everywhere—the same narrow streets with open-fronted shops, the same eating places where many folk clicked their chopsticks and audibly sucked in their tea, while they stared unrestrainedly and passed remarks as we jogged by.

When we reached the heart of the town, our carriers suddenly stopped. "This is where we are staying tonight," called Père Richard.

And now Chiang began his work. Chiang was Père Richard's house boy. From the rear he appeared with baggage, and entered what looked to me like a butcher shop, since it had a display of meat across its front, at the mercy of the dust and flies. Behind there were tables that suggested a restaurant. We passed through the restaurant, and through a door into a hallway with many doors. At its end was a square of stone flagging. At this spot our coolies quickly appeared and bathed themselves, splashing water from black wooden vats stationed in the corners of the square. To us as first-class guests, ample buckets of hot water were brought in our rooms.

My room had walls of woven bamboo stuccoed with a thin coat of plaster. They did not extend to the ceiling. The floor was damp beaten clay, and Chiang took care of the mosquitoes by stretching by the bed a snake-like smudge five feet long, which he lit immediately and which, while it made the air heavy, discouraged all flying creatures. By morning four feet of the five had burnt them-

selves away. The bed was ample in area but, like all Chinese beds, was merely a platform of planking with a straw mat over it. Chiang enveloped this entire piece of furniture with a yellow oiled cloth, which hung to within five or six inches of the floor and which supplemented the smudge and served as a barrier against vermin.

I ate a bowl of chicken and rice and immediately returned to my room. I used a bedspread for cover and rolled up a puff for a pillow, but that proved hot, so I substituted my brief case covered with a towel. Three of our coolies had the room next to mine. They were fatigued by their hard day's work and were already snoring. Even this did not keep me from falling quickly to sleep, but toward eleven I awoke for a treat of the noises of a Chinese hotel. My room was behind the concierge's desk and, though business seemed over, he chatted with his cronies until half past one. The house was a babel of voices, an army of shouting fellows, some jovial, others quarrelsome. The very cacophony assumed a measure and cadence, and lo! I was lulled again to sleep.

All was quiet in the morning. I indulged in two hard-boiled eggs, a safe diet in uncertain corners of the world. I then picked a corner of the eating room to watch proceedings. The house boys had a certain sense of cleanliness, I decided: they swabbed about the floor quite diligently, though their effectiveness left something to be desired. A youngster sprinkled water in front of the establishment, and had a fine atomizer technique, using his mouth for a spray. Another youngster mopped the tables.

"How did you make out?" asked Père Richard.

"It couldn't have been better," I replied.

"Good for you!" he said with approval. "I know you didn't make out well, but I always feel a little ashamed when people traveling in Szechwan make a fuss over the inconveniences. Chinese standards of country travel, even for their citizens of large means, are probably at Europe's level of the Middle Ages. Think of the inns in your *Tales from Chaucer*! We make ourselves ridiculous when we cry for service which even the best folk here make no pretense of wanting for themselves."

The series of bus rides began again. The vehicles were small, the passengers many, and the drivers seemed madly mischievous

and madly careless of their rolling stock, for they hit every bump with an unerring eye, and positively flew over the new and not very smooth roads. We came to a wide tranquil river and crossed by sampan. Then followed a further short flight through well-planted country, where everyone was dressed in a dark blue gown. Eventually a large city lay in our path, Linkiang.

"We must really drop in at Père René's," said Père Richard.

Père René's compound was a simple one, and his house an austere, three-roomed structure, its only luxury a wall lined with paper-covered books which he had painstakingly accumulated in the course of years, from France and Shanghai. These paper-bound books follow the Frenchman all over the world: I have seen the same familiar titles—the little volumes by Bordeaux, Bazin, Maurois, Peguy—from Sendai to Wagadugu. No European is so inseparable as the Frenchman from the culture of his race. Father René was small-built, sharp-featured and unsmiling, but evidently glad to see us.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Linkiang has always been a one-man station. I have six hundred Christians here, and a dozen out-stations which I visit regularly. You must see my chapel and my school, and then I'll take you to your bus."

We knelt in his simple chapel and visited the classrooms of his school, which he showed us with no attempt at display. Only once did his face light. "This September," he remarked as we left the Chinese teachers who had accompanied us to the door, "I am sending to the novitiate the first vocation to the Sisterhood from Linkiang."

We entered the heart of the city, moved through long lines of shops, and visited the permanent market or fair where on flimsy pitches and tiny stands was an endless display of small goods. Most of the heavy wares were Chinese, but even here in inland Szechwan were Japanese cloths and novelties. Sellers were many, but buyers or prospective buyers were legion. In a couple of booths were musicians and singers performing before crowds, but the largest audience was gathered about a professional story teller. He is what the "movie" is to America, the great entertainer for the

masses. He orates, he gesticulates, he acts, and the crowd follows him with rapt sympathy and, at the comic moments, breaks into howls of laughter.

As we skirted the edge of this crowd, a youngster threw an

CATHOLIC MISSIONERS OF THE WORLD BY NATIONALITY (1934)¹

	<i>Priests</i>	<i>Srs.</i>	<i>Bros.</i>		<i>Priests</i>	<i>Srs.</i>	<i>Bros.</i>
France.....	3,373	4,370	1,052	Thailand	52	105	31
Indo-China.....	1,214	4,807	349	Bulgaria.....	58	80	13
China.....	1,579	3,298	375	Portugal.....	8	105	38
Germany.....	954	3,357	825	Denmark.....	21	121	2
Italy.....	1,251	2,260	502	Hungary.....	16	72	36
India:				South Africa.....	12	95	12
Indians.....	907	2,579	278	Australia... . .	13	96	7
Anglo-Indians..	43	316	54	Czechoslovakia...	17	45	45
Holland.....	941	1,638	632	Ethiopia.. . . .	15	82	1
Belgium.....	1,106	1,392	361	Turkey...	7	88	3
Ireland.....	314	1,406	238	Luxembourg	33	30	25
Spain.....	860	452	314	Scotland.....	10	71	2
Yugoslavia.....	489	1,027	94	Curacao	3	76	1
Africa.....	86	931	210	East Indies.... .	4	48	11
England.....	241	700	101	Egypt...	4	41	9
Canada.....	285	588	148	Norway.	6	42	1
United States ² ...	373	389	104	Chile	4	33	1
Ceylon.....	131	620	76	Ecuador.....	4	15	14
Japan.....	72	377	141	Jamaica...	1	30	
Switzerland.....	159	272	106	Iraq...	3	22	4
Austria.....	109	277	61	Mexico.....	8	20	1
Colombia.....	46	359	41	Sweden.....	4	21	4
Poland.....	65	269	76	Philippines.....		26	1
Oceania.....	6	362	42	Peru.	1	18	5
Syria.....	33	290	44	Armenia.....	2	21	
Reunion.....	9	271	19	Malacca.....	4	14	2
Korea.....	64	199	8	Rumania.....	2	15	2
Mauritius.....	12	243	4	Argentina.	2	8	1
Greece.	59	151	29	Roseau.....		11	
Madagascar.....	6	139	68	Brazil.....	3	6	1
Albania.....	124	73	13	Miscellaneous ³ ...	26	29	5
Burma.....	59	132	8	Nationality not			
Palestine.....	42	132	15	specified.....	502	2,902	400
Malta.....	26	116	20				
				Total.....	15,883	38,180	7,056

¹Date of the latest world census of Catholic missions. ²Statistics published by the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in 1942 list American foreign missionaries as 1,489 priests and Brothers, and 1,250 Sisters.

³The following countries each contributed less than ten missionaries: Venezuela, New Zealand, Lithuania, Honduras, Russia, Finland, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Uruguay, Iceland, Haiti, Costa Rica, Panama, French Guiana, Bolivia, Guatemala, and Estonia.

empty cigarette box and hit Père Richard on the back of the neck, then plunged among the closely packed people and safely lost himself. Père Richard shrugged. I thought of the bad boy on the

street corner at home when the Syrian rug man or the Chinese laundryman passes.

There were secondhand bookstalls, about which men browsed timelessly, quite like the book boxes along the Seine in Paris. "Every once in a while here," explained Père René, "I run across some Catholic book from Europe, which by strange chance has drifted up the Yangtze. I discovered not long ago a bedraggled volume entitled *Pius XI, Apostle of Peace*."

A temple near by had been closed to worship, and its halls had been made into a library. Latterly many Government-owned temples have thus been transferred from worship to secular uses. To step in from the noisy street and find silent readers at tables here, their heads burrowed in their books, is an experience to be remembered. The light slanted down from windows high in the wall. A young woman sat at a desk in charge; there was a rack with newspapers and magazines, and there was a small card index.

A feature of such excursions as this journey in Szechwan is the uncertainty of the next move. After leaving Père René, we arrived in a town at about three in the afternoon, only to find that we were at the end of one bus run and could go no further until around five.

"No harm," remarked Père Richard. "There is a quite celebrated Chinese theater here; we'll take a peep at it to pass the time."

We mingled with the crowd in the great quadrangle of what was once the central temple of the city. At the far end, built high above the onlookers, was the stage. The first act had begun, and evidently the libretto called for music, since frequently there was a deafening explosion of gongs and drums. As in the Occident until the seventeenth century, all actors were male, and young men took the female roles. The dialogue of the actors was relatively brief and interspersed with singing, and when "women" were talking, the actors pitched their voices in a nerve-racking falsetto. I was struck immediately by the gestures, which possessed real beauty, while almost every grouped pose of the actors seemed to form a perfect tableau.

"We speak of Chinese plays," said Père Richard, "but perhaps we should talk of operas. These Chinese productions have a plot, but in great part they are musical, and are largely poetry rendered

with song and emotion. Most of us would not go to a modern play, even the very best, more than once or twice; but in China, quite as in the West, we go to great operas fifty times and still are enthusiastic over them. Chinese operas have gone down into the hearts of the people deeper than any other literary art; they are the mental food of both rich and poor. Most Chinese people know portions of the Chinese operas better than we know our great French or German or Italian works."

With this warning from Père Richard that I was witnessing nothing paltry, indeed, nothing less than a presentation of one of China's classics, I could not help but think of the Elizabethan theater, great in its simplicity. Here the wings of the stage were exposed. Grouped unceremoniously on the left wing were the six musicians, with a desk behind them, at which sat a man who apparently was the stage manager. The actors applied themselves to their parts most absorbedly when their turns came; but once finished, they sauntered over to the orchestra, smoked cigarettes, and made side remarks that drew smirking smiles from the musicians. In the other wing were the stage hands, ragged beggars, who drifted on and off the stage with the meager array of items which served for props. They always arrived in time with what was needed, it seemed, though the manager in the opposite wing gave us a marionette show of his own in his facial expressions of fury and disgust at their maladroitness.

That night we again sought out a Chinese hotel, and by the end of the third day we drew near to Chengtu. The Chengtu plain, an area of twenty-five hundred square miles, is the richest in China and one of the richest plots of earth in the world. Remarkable fact—its fertility is due to an artificial irrigation system, erected by Li Ping and his son twenty-one centuries ago. Today four million people live in this plain, and the city of Chengtu counts four hundred thousand inhabitants.

"The Chengtu plain," commented Père Richard, "is a great oval platter which annually serves up three main crops or five vegetable crops. It began doing this before Christ, and can continue doing so for millenniums to come."

For the Chinese are among the world's best farmers. They knew all about the rotation of crops before the West ever heard of it;

they put back into the soil every available fertilizer—ash, humus, crop wastage, animal matter, even human excrement. There is no part of China where the soil is “exhausted” as has been the case in many regions of the United States, although the Chinese have farmed the same soils for two thousand years, and we at most for three hundred.

The city of Chengtu is one of the great centers of West China. It is forty days by foot from Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, the snow-covered mountains of the Tibetan marches being visible from its walls. From Chengtu depart the tea caravans that take the prized leaf to the dwellers on the cold highlands. Marco Polo passed through here, as did also the celebrated Abbé Huc. It is not an industrial city but principally a residential one, and the trading center of its great agricultural region. An important center of learning, it bears a close resemblance to Peking.

At the bridge over the river we left our bus, for it could not negotiate the narrow streets. We took to rickshas, of which Chengtu has ten thousand. A file sped along in each direction, each puller shouting wildly to pedestrians. My man struck an unwary sleepyhead in the back, and whacked smartly the wheel of a careless puller who had no passenger.

The main thoroughfare was crowded, and in the evening darkness the effect was picturesque. Most of the shops bore an air of distinction, with little about them that was ugly; the merchandise was arranged with taste and with attractive color effects. Before many shops hung advertising lanterns, the black characters silhouetted against a dull, glowing red. Besides the cries of the ricksha men, there were the clack-clacks of every type borne by the hawkers, there were the babel of the populace and the hum of the shoppers. Here in inner China, little affected by contact with the outer world, was Chinese life at its full tide.

IV

Repose in Szechwan

MY RICKSHA puller halted and clapped his hands. Behind the great gate someone moved, and a heavy bolt was thrown back. Slowly, at first almost noiselessly, the tall, wall-like doors swung in, and through the darkness we could faintly discern the old keeper preparing the way for our entrance.

Before us appeared a cobbled court scarcely twenty feet in depth. The keeper passed through a small side door, another heavy bolt was rolled back, and again a pair of enormous, wall-like doors majestically swung in. This time a larger court appeared, but hardly twice the depth of the first. Several unpretentious entrances led from it to left and right. Evidently we were still in the outer regions, where merchants came to visit the servants' quarters on one side or to leave supplies for the kitchens on the other.

For a third time a bolt was sprung, and a third great gate rolled back. This new court was better lighted, and its lamps were ornamented. The buildings on either side seemed higher, while the doors and door frames were ornamented with discreet wood-carvings. Slowly the old keeper trudged the length of this court, and for a fourth and final time a gate swung back, this time to admit us into a spacious area above which was a high-beamed roof resting on great wooden pillars of red vermilion, tall like tree trunks.

Thus, between the world and the inner sanctum that is his true home, the Chinese gentleman interposes three or four compounds to discharge the business of the household without disturbing the master.

A servant appeared, and through a lighted side door came an elderly bearded gentleman bearing a lamp. He wore a cassock that, against the light, looked like the skirted robe of a Chinese scholar. But no, he called out in French.

"*Soyez les bienvenus!*" It was Bishop Rouchouse, the Vicar Apostolic of Chengtu.

The first act after a journey such as ours was a visit to the chapel, which stood at the end of this long approach and occupied, in this old Chinese home, the hall, once reserved for the cult of the family ancestors. A moment later we were passing through a brightly lighted reception room to a dining hall, for every traveler is presumed to be hungry. The carpets, of a neutral beige color, consumed all sound, and in the peace of these precincts, cut so completely from the world outside, we entered this last room. A lamp shaded with thin, red silk was suspended over a highly polished table of black Chinese wood; the ceiling was lost in measureless shadows.

As I uttered a gasp of pleasure at the stunning effect, Père Richard laughed. "Your Excellency, you have done it again!" he said, turning to the prelate, who was observing my impressions with satisfaction.

"Father, Bishop Rouchouse is an artist and a student of missionary psychology. Most of his men live in humble quarters, like Père René's at Linkiang, and life is indeed a struggle. Our Bishop has conceived the idea that at one place in the mission there should be a corner of repose to which it would be a pleasure to come. There are no European luxuries, but there are good taste, seclusion, space, and rest."

The Bishop's excellent idea was realized in this central house, built into a Chinese home of the best class. The Bishop's moment of triumph comes when a missionary traveler arrives toward evening and is entranced by his creation, as I was that night.

Bishop Rouchouse was tall, well-built, graceful of bearing, measured in his little movements and in the flow of his speech. His eyes, however, were his most marked feature. One perceived in them his quiet humor, his kindliness, and his dedication to reflection which made him unemotional but at the same time strong and enduring in his conviction. All this impressed me especially the next day, as we sat in the garden of the central house.

"Here in Szechwan we have no special opportunities for conversion," the Bishop remarked. "I emphasize the word *special*. Every priest can make converts, and everywhere in the province we are making them; but for a hundred years life has been too nearly normal here.

"Our conversions do not represent a trend in the main stream of Chinese life. In a few cases we win individual men more strongly religious than the general run, who have come upon the Gospel and have embraced it. In other cases we win individuals or families who discover the beauties of Christianity through some experience such as illness or great suffering, or through intimate contact with particularly fine Christians or with the missionaries themselves. This is how most of the converts come today.

"As I look back over mission history, it seems to me that there are two circumstances under which the Church has made great conversions, not of individuals but of peoples. In one case a great apostle like Saint Patrick, or Saint Augustine, or Saint Boniface, or Saint Francis Xavier, is raised up—one who can create a movement that affects millions within a few years. In the other case, a rare set of circumstances occurs that creates a 'climate' for conversions; and this is what we witness in parts of Africa today. It is even possible that the success of the great apostles such as Saint Patrick was dependent on some national circumstances of their day, which we have now forgotten.

"Here in China now, we have neither extraordinary saints nor an extraordinary 'climate.' The Church has to trust to ordinary tools, as it is doing here in Szechwan. The pioneers came generations ago and sowed the seed painfully. We have had modest harvests, but nothing glittering or breath-taking. Nevertheless, we go forward steadily. It is almost a matter of mathematics. Given sufficient peace to pursue his work unmolested, any missionary in almost any district of China, with a modest sustenance to carry on a few simple charities or schools, can garner a goodly number of converts yearly.

"Thus we build the Church, adding some one hundred thousand to its roster yearly. But we cannot speak of this as bringing the four hundred millions of China to Christ. Some forty non-Christians are born in China for every non-Christian that we baptize; the natural increase of the non-Christians by birth is greater than the Church's increase by conversion. Either God must perform the miracle of sending a saint who will capture the hosts as yet untouched, or the Church must perform the miracle of

finding thousands of missionaries who will humbly turn the treadmills and bring China into the Church by the little way."

Père Richard was waiting to bring me out into Chengtu, but he must have found me inattentive, for Bishop Rouchouse's words had struck me deeply. It occurred to me that in only two ways can the world be converted. One way is by providing more missionaries. The priests, Brothers, Sisters at the task are pitifully inadequate. And the second way is by more "man-of-Godness," by more sanctity in the missionaries we have.

The recollection came to me of an old priest at home who would talk most earnestly and lengthily to any youngster who showed an interest in a vocation as a matter of greatest import. "I approach every young man," he used to say, "with the thought that he may be a future Francis Xavier."

Père Richard, and on some occasions Bishop Rouchouse himself, took me during the next few days to see the Church's well-developed works of charity and education in Chengtu. They were a type of those in every large center of China, parts of the vast "treadmill," to use Bishop Rouchouse's expression.

First of all there are the schools. Each mission has its grade schools, and there is generally a boys' high school and an academy for the girls. Those who are to pursue higher studies may attend the Government University at Chengtu, which is quite celebrated. Père Mondell, one of the Chengtu priests, teaches thirty-four hours a week at the University, and thus has the opportunity to make contact with the Catholic students.

In Chengtu there is also one of the Protestant universities of China, a large and beautiful group of a score of buildings on a tract of one hundred and fifty acres. The structures are of simple Western architecture with touches of Chinese style. The tree-marked lanes have all the repose of a school in America.

Bishop Rouchouse is proud of his institutes of charity. There is a two-hundred-bed hospital which is bright and modern. There is the House of Our Lady of Martyrs, in which twenty-seven Franciscan Missionaries of Mary conduct an enormous orphanage with six hundred and twenty-five youngsters. Then there is the House of Saint Helen, which is a great asylum for the helpless indigent of every sort. Particularly impressive was the hospital

for the aged, with one hundred and forty beds and two hundred and eighty inmates—two to a bed—which isn't as surprising in China as it would be for us here. This House is the Bishop's best love.

Besides conducting schools and works of mercy, every mission territory must prepare its native-born personnel. At Chengtu is the regional seminary for all Szechwan, while the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary conduct the house of training for the Chinese Sisters. Every candidate must receive a good schooling, and hence for many there are prepostulate years devoted to education.

The Chengtu mission is one of the oldest in China, the first missionaries, the Jesuit Fathers Buglio and De Magalenas having arrived as long ago as 1640. A special effort was made to open these missions in the far interior of China, hoping to establish lines of communication by land, to India via Lhasa in the south, and to Europe via Chinese Turkestan. The hope was never realized; until the modern day of the airplanes, China has been reached only through the ports on her eastern seaboard.

Late one afternoon Bishop Rouchouse took me to the north gate of Chengtu and pointed out the spot where one of his predecessors, Bishop Dufresse, was martyred on September 14, 1815. The Bishop was arrested twice on his way to Szechwan in 1776, and in 1785 was again taken into custody, this time to be sent for trial in Peking. A persecution was ordered in 1814, and during the following year, after forty years of apostolate, he was beheaded. He was beatified in 1900.

Père Richard was not to return eastward with me; hence I was alone with Chiang as I left Chengtu before daybreak, my face again toward Chungking. But I quickly acquired a traveling companion.

Toward noon of the first day, we made one of our innumerable bus changes and as I moved down the aisle to a seat, a youngster some twenty years of age asked me a question in what rang like an important tone of voice. I paid no attention to him, for no reason other than that I had no idea what he said. When I took my place, I observed that in the front of the bus a conference had been called; the youngster and half a dozen others of student age, both boys and girls, were putting their heads together

for an animated parley. It ended when the same youngster stood up from the group, came back to me, and in a rather loud and peremptory voice again put a question to me.

"I'm sorry," I said in English, with full assurance that no one in the bus would even know in what language I spoke, "but I haven't the remotest idea what you are saying."

At that the man across the aisle turned and smiled broadly. "I beg your pardon," he said to me in good English; "perhaps I can be of help. The young man wishes to know what nationality you are."

"Tell him I am American."

The youngster, evidently satisfied, returned to his companions. The gentleman dropped back in his chair and laughed. "Stupid children, aren't they? Are you stationed in Szechwan?"

I explained that I was a visitor and introduced myself. He was a Mr. Lin, a professor at Chengtu University, who had studied in America.

"What difference does it make," I asked, "what my nationality is?"

"If you were from some country hostile to China," replied Mr. Lin, "these young people would have refused to let the driver start the bus until you got out. This is all the rage at present, as an idea for demonstrating patriotism."

"We have many patriots, most of whom are earnestly loyal to Chiang Kai Shek, but the patriotic principles are woefully distorted by the time they reach some of these youngsters. Their best service to their country would be to get along with their studies. But it is the last thing that appeals to them. Every Chinese student seems to have a period of political fever as part of his growing pains. Fortunately, it is usually of short duration. This was true in my own case. Most of us learn quickly to laugh at our own agitation, and to season our modernity with a little wisdom from the past."

"After my return from America, I lived in Shanghai and became a Communist. We students were attracted to communism because the leaders were a very vigorous group with many intellectuals among them. They advocated hard living, lively thinking, love of the poor."

"In time I became disgusted with the revolting cruelty of the communistic fighters. I decided that those fellows were taking themselves so seriously that they had lost their sense of proportion. But I still believe that communism has one beautiful ideal: to help the downtrodden."

Where had I heard that sentiment before? I recalled the authentic story of a Protestant missionary who had sat in the rose-bedecked garden of Mao Tse Tung, that bloodthirsty Attila among the communistic leaders, and who was asked sharply by Mao, "Why are you here in China?"

The Protestant quoted to him the King James Bible: "To preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind."

Mao, seemingly taken by the words, replied, "It is not unlike our own aim."

I recalled as well the observation of Bishop Tacconi of Kaifeng:

"Communism in China and in the rest of the world is like Moslemism in the seventh century. Moslemism possessed a beautiful central idea, that of One God, which fed the hearts of its early desert followers. Communism likewise possesses a beautiful central idea, eminently Christian; that is, the equality of all men. Among Christians it long ago became evident that for the complete application of this ideal men must be saints, and hence the practice grew up of leaving Christian equality to the monks in the monasteries. We must needs bring it back today into our daily life.

"Communism will not succeed in China—or elsewhere, for that matter—because too many think of little except the personal advantage to be gained from the equality of all men; that is, the leveling down of higher men. Yet the poor and the suffering were for a time seduced by this alluring dream."

As we reached Chungking, Mr. Lin approached me with the student interrogator by his side, all smiles. Although the smile was a little steely, I believe the student wanted to apologize, after a fashion, for his discourtesy.

"This young gentleman wishes me to congratulate you because you come from such a wonderful country," Mr. Lin said.

V

Confucius Tomorrow

BISHOP JANTZEN of Chungking was ageless and positionless in his view of people: a young man of twenty-five was quite as companionable for him as a veteran of seventy, and a chair coolie as much his meat for a half-hour's chat as the district mandarin.

Father Fontaine was wholly different. To him, age was an all-important commodity; he was never at ease until he had asked how old you were. And position was something to figure out with a foot rule. It was as if all men were on one of those long, dizzy flights of stairs that lead from the Yangtze up to the streets of Chungking; Father Fontaine had to count the steps, either up or down, between where he stood and where the other person stood. Not that he was envious or ambitious; he was a beautifully simple and humble priest. It was merely his ingenuous notion of the measure of men. His mind was very young.

All this came out in the hours of conversation which the three of us had together. It was already late in the night when we touched on the classic topic among missionaries, the character of the Chinese. As I might have suspected, for he had been in China only a year, Father Fontaine had very definite opinions on the subject, and they were incorrect, as the Bishop proceeded to point out.

"The Chinese," said Father Fontaine, "are, as Saint Paul says of all pagans, *sine affectione*. They have no affection in them; they are as cold as stone."

"Why do you say that?" asked the Bishop.

"Because it is as I find them," said the young priest. "I shall give you an example. Yesterday morning, Old Man Li from Kwanchow came into the mission yard and said to me, 'We were skinning hogs and my son Simon fell into the scalding vat and was scalded from head to foot—ha! ha! ha!' Imagine that! Imagine that—a father telling of a dreadful accident which befell his son, and laughing!"

"My dear man," exclaimed the Bishop, "the trouble lies not with

Old Man Li but with yourself. You are not yet aware that it was a matter of courtesy, almost of personal honor, for this Chinese man, conveying a piece of unpleasant news which preyed on him sorely, to cover his sorrow by an outward air of casualness. Old Man Li's heart was breaking but, despite the fact that he is a simple farmer, he knows the manners of these parts, and he was following them."

Father Fontaine was slow to be convinced. "Then it is the manners that are unfeeling. To my mind, that was an atrocious display of callousness."

"My son, Chinese manners are a thousand years older than Western manners and every bit as refined. The Chinese have affections just as have we, but their expression of them is different. They confuse and confound the foreigner, but only until he learns to interpret the symbols. This is the task which lies before you during the years ahead."

"Father Fontaine," said the Bishop next day as he led me through the city streets, "may be termed a perfectionist, as many good men are who come to China. At the present moment he is disappointed not to find in the Chinese all those expressions of character which his demanding nature expects to discover. Soon he will be better acquainted with the Chinese, and—which is very important—better acquainted with human life in general. Then he will reach two mutually reconcilable conclusions: first, that the Chinese are much finer than he now suspects; second, that his perfectionist view of men in general is unreal and must be modified. Raising the first level and lowering the second, he will be a happier man. Come back in twenty years, and you will find him singing at his work!"

We had reached the suburbs and began slowly winding among the hills.

"I am going to call on Anthony Chen to thank him for a favor he has done for me," explained the Bishop. "You will enjoy meeting him. He is a man of means who is at once thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly Chinese, with all the wealth of Chinese culture woven into his texture. Very few of our three million Catholics are people of wealth, and even fewer belong to families of culture. We have won most of our followers among the simpler people. Indeed, some are among the miserably poor.

"Anthony Chen is the present head of the Chen family. You will see he is a splendid old gentleman. He is not a vigorous public leader, but rather a retiring type, given to the arts and literature. In these fields he refuses to take himself too seriously, but he has a good grasp of them; he passes as a well-educated man."

As we turned a bend, I was caught by a cluster of gnarled trees perched at a rakish angle on the crest of a hill a quarter of a mile distant, framing the many-gabled tile roof of the Chen home, which appeared below them. For the Chinese home of this class is not a home as we know it, but rather an apartment house for the entire clan. Brothers and sons marry and bring their brides to apartments assigned to them under the patriarchal roof. A Chinese family home may shelter a hundred people, including the servants, and may occupy quite a plot of ground.

We descended a steep path to a creek on which two Chen grandchildren rowed a boat. They called brightly to the Bishop as we crossed the quaint bridge, hunched like the back of a camel. Then we wound slowly in an ascent to the house, meeting at each turn with a new vista—now a wild patch, now a copse, with deep shadow, now fruit trees and flowering bushes. Off to the left were piggery and poultry yard; on a terrace to the right was a pool in which fish darted. Another turn gave us a glimpse of a vegetable garden sunning itself on the gentle slope of the hill, separated by a hedge of plum from a flower garden which lay more directly along our way. As the Chinese love it, the garden path made mad contortions. Bamboos and hedges were so arranged that at each new turn we feasted on a new surprise.

Finally, we passed through an earthen wall and found ourselves in an exquisite courtyard, disposed about a stone wellhead, and bright with flowering plants which were arranged with such care that they gave the effect of careless abandon. An uncovered veranda stretched on three sides of the one-story structure, and upon this opened the rooms of Chen and his immediate family. Other unseen families lived in the courtyards beyond.

Chen was gracious as he welcomed us into his parlor. The day was warm, and after our long walk there was satisfaction in the fluffy, snow-white, steaming-hot towel which the servant presented to each of us and into which we pressed our faces. What a clever

idea this would be for a Long Island hostess! The hot tea was likewise soothing and refreshing. The Chinese maintain the superiority of heat over cold to adjust properly the overheated body.

"My home?" said Chen. "Yes, it has real meaning for me and for all of us. I have always believed that a home holds our affection according to the time and thought we spend on it and in it. I get pleasure from a hundred little things. Three days ago my daughter Laura and I took a walk and came upon a tree of apple blossoms with a peculiar tint of delicate green blended in the white. We picked an armful for that vase there, and each day we look at them together and say: 'How are our apple blossoms today? They remain still fresh.' It is enjoyable, I can assure you."

Conversation turned to small things. Finally I asked, "Mr. Chen, can you envisage a day in the future when the scholarly circles of China will accept Christianity?"

"Unfortunately, so far as I can see, there is little promise of an immediate movement in this direction. For a generation we have been absorbed in political struggles, and the most vigorous thought of the country has been colored by these struggles. The most dynamic idea during this generation has been communism, interpreted in a hundred different ways. Communism's high-water mark was in the late twenties. Since then there have been various movements, not toward Christianity, but toward China's traditional paganism. It is a pity that there has been no more than a very tiny intellectual movement toward Christianity."

"Then how," I asked, "is the Church to advance in China?"

"I feel those missionaries are right who believe the surest way is through the little people. Our early Jesuits centuries ago, for one breathless moment, seemed to have within their grasp the possibility of converting China through the powerful and scholarly and influential. Now we are moving up quietly from the bottom, as the Church did through the catacombs in ancient Rome.

"But, Father, as a Chinese Catholic sitting here in Chungking, I ask myself why there is no strong world movement of Catholic thought. Communism was practically born in the revolution of 1917, and it has swept through the world in twenty years, while Christianity seems seldom to win a new victory and finds it so difficult even to get a hearing. Why do we not hear more of

Catholic leaders in Europe and America who, even when their ideas do not prevail, are publicly respected for their power of mind and heart?"

Why, indeed? Perhaps some Catholic of the Western world could answer Anthony Chen.

"As to the term scholar," said Chen a little later, "you must not use the word in reference to me. I am entitled to be called only a *chujen*, to whom in the West you would give a degree of Master of Arts. A Chinese scholar is one who, after thorough preparation, devotes his life to painstaking and disciplined research. Such scholars are as rare in China as in the West, but in China as in the West our standards of true scholarship are extremely high.

"A great number of young men in days gone by, when there were the official Government examinations, and later through the colleges, secured the title *hsiuts'ai*, which is similar to the B. A., or *chujen*, which resembles the M. A. Many others never secure a real degree but, nevertheless, become students, or *chuseng*. The holders of these minor degrees become schoolmasters, or perhaps Government employees. In every town and village, there are a few retiring and contented literati who love their books without making a career of them. I like to count myself among these."

"What branches of learning have interested you, Mr. Chen?"

"As a young man I applied myself to the Confucian classics and some of their commentaries, to history, and to our Chinese literature. My father took great pains that I should give care to my calligraphy, which, as you know, in China is an art approaching painting. In fact, my son John, who writes Chinese very beautifully, does also some very attractive painting. Our Szechwan mountains are renowned as the inspiration of painters.

"In 1917, Doctor Hu Shih and Ch'en Tuhsiu led the literary revolution which brought about the acceptance of the transcribed spoken language as a literary language in China. Until then, only very popular books, which students would be ashamed to acknowledge possessing, appeared in such language. Now much of our modern works and our current periodicals appear in this vernacular, and we believe it has great power of expression. I am interested in several efforts to publish Catholic literature in this language.

"My real pleasure, however, comes from poetry and fine writing. I enjoy particularly what is well said. We Chinese are lovers of words. For twenty-five hundred years, our classic writings have spoken of benevolence and righteousness; but I have a theory that it is our poetry and sense of humor which make us particularly apt subjects for the reception of Christianity. It is these which make men appreciate beauty and humanity. If relatively few educated Chinese have as yet accepted Christianity, let us remember that relatively few have been properly reached. Few as yet have had the vision of Our Lord crowning China's civilization by replacing the wise but inadequate religious tenets of Confucius."

"Wise but inadequate religious tenets"—I thought of this phrase two months later, when I rolled in a ricksha over the sunny plains of Shantung from Yenchowfu to Chufou, the birthplace of Confucius.

It is a remarkable spot, both in its history and in its present condition. There lived K'ung Fu-tze, whose name the early Jesuits Latinized to Confucius. He possessed a noble, commanding personality, gathered the religious teachings of his age—a form of nature worship closely approaching pantheism—together with high principles of learning and manners, and advocated them for the people. We find his grave at Chufou, a grass-covered mound of soil some ten feet high, set amid lordly cypresses and cedars in a city of the dead still belonging to the K'ung family. No dynasty of kings or princes is so ancient or so authentic as the K'ung family, the descendants of the Chinese sage. In the family graveyard today, there are two or three burials a week, for by natural increase in twenty-five hundred years, the family counts some one hundred thousand members throughout China.

Probably it is because of the fundamental good sense and good taste of the Chinese that this shrine of Confucius, nothing but grass and trees, is so uplifting and simple, and that Confucius is remembered in an atmosphere marred by nothing that is garish or grating. How wonderful it would be, I found myself thinking, if the motley structures about the Hill of Calvary in Jerusalem could be cleared away, and, the spot having been made clean and fresh, a grove of giant cedars could be planted about a tasteful basilica commemorating Calvary's Sacrifice.

Stalwart Shantung peasants labored in the gleaming fields about Chufou, the morning that I went to the shrine with Father Dranzman of the Divine Word missionaries. We came first to the great lines of stupas of honor, invoking reverence for and adherence to Confucius. Then we came upon a kiosk in memory of his teachings, though he never actually taught at this spot. In the main temple, built along severely simple lines, is his ancestral tablet, "the Throne of the Spirit of the Wisest One." Only the family offers sacrifice; there are no attending monks.

In a little building to the left, facing the temple, is a statue to the father of Confucius; and behind it is a commemoration of his mother, who is not named but is referred to as "the Wife of the One in Front."

Near the temple is what is said to be the home of Confucius, and next to that is a house in which the chief living descendant has his residence. This family of blue bloods is the seventy-seventh generation since its illustrious predecessor. Father Dranzman is acquainted with the family and took me to meet the head of the house, a young man in his teens. Unfortunately, he was absent, but the attendants were kindly and hospitable. As we left we saw a servant, without pretense at ceremony, carrying the noonday meal on great bamboo trays to relatives in one of the hidden courts.

At a short distance is the Temple of Literature. This possesses no connection with the birthplace, but was erected to honor the strong points in Confucius' teaching. In it Father Dranzman indicated to me the principal inscription: "Among all nations there was never the like."

The golden thread of unity binding the remote religious past with the present is very impressive in China. In Peking some weeks after my stop in Chufou, the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Costantini, invited me to accompany him one afternoon on a walk to the Altar of the Temple of Heaven. There, in accordance with the worship of Confucius' day, for centuries the Emperor of China went at the beginning of each new year and, as the first among his people, gave honor to God. Archbishop Costantini related that once he had stood here with Archbishop de Guebriant, the Superior General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, one of modern China's great mission figures.

"Your Excellency," Archbishop de Guebriant had said, "there is something sublime in the reflection that at this spot a representative of hundreds of millions of our brother men has, through long centuries, made obeisance to the Divine Majesty after the manner passed down to him as best and worthy. Let us say an *Our Father* together."

"We recited it in a low voice," concluded Archbishop Costantini, "and a hush fell upon us which neither of us felt inclined to break for many minutes."

VI

Father Ricci's Way

WE WALKED through Peking to the bulking cordon of masonry which surrounds the metropolis, the city wall. Here and there the bastions are crumbling, for it has not been cared for since the Revolution of 1911. In its day it was a masterpiece of military defense. We mounted it and proceeded along the parapet, thirty feet wide, until we came to a special gate, where we were admitted to an area that was alive with the perfect, impersonal beauty of a collection of astronomical instruments in soft-toned ancient bronze.

"Near here the Emperor Wang-li established an observatory for Father Ricci," explained my companion. "The Jesuits, three and a half centuries ago, began their work in China by great intellectual achievements. Father Ricci held courses in geography and mathematics, but what impressed the Chinese scholars most was the 'new' astronomy. We shouldn't be surprised that it was new to the Chinese, because Galileo, who established that the earth revolves around the sun, was a contemporary of Father Ricci and died thirty years after him. Father Ricci could solve many problems that the Chinese astronomers could not. It is a curious fact that the first persecution of the Catholics in China was inspired by a disgruntled mathematician named Yang, who attacked the Jesuits' 'revolutionary learning and false astronomy.' Four of the Jesuit astronomers were actually sentenced to be strangled, but the sentence was never carried out."

Father Verbiest, one of Ricci's successors, made in 1674 the instruments that we see today. There are also several of the one hundred and thirty-two bronze cannon that he cast for the imperial army, and the gun carriage that he invented. Just to prove his versatility, he also made for the Emperor a table of all the lunar and solar eclipses for the next two thousand years.

It was the Emperor Wang-li, the last of the Ming Dynasty, who gave the Fathers the first piece of ground owned by the

Church in China. That is at Chala, near Peking. There I visited the tombs of Father Ricci, Father Schall, who was made a Mandarin of the First Class, Father Verbiest, and others of this band who made use of telescopes and astrolabes to open the door for the Church in China.

At present not five per cent of the missionaries in China live under conditions that would permit them to engage in pursuits of learning similar to those of the early Jesuits. Yet some work along this line continues. The University of Aurora, at Shanghai, the Catholic University of Peking, and the *Hautes Études* of Tientsin are our principal educational institutes for men, connected with which there is a certain amount of research work. There are the Heude Museum, of Shanghai, the Licent Museum, of Tientsin, and the observatories of Zikawei and Zose. The Jesuit Sinologists at Zikawei have a rich library and a publishing house; while the Franciscans, Vincentians, Divine Word Fathers, and Paris missionaries likewise have large presses. Many missionaries throughout China, in the course of their life work in the apostolate, carry on studies of a scientific nature, and before they end their days they put their findings in book form. At Peking, for instance, I met Father Mostaert, a Belgian who has passed his mission life in the Kansu borderlands and is an authority on the Mongols. He was publishing a book of historic and ethnographic studies of this little-known race.

The morning I rolled up to the main entrance of Peking's Catholic University, called by the Chinese *Fu Jen*, I rubbed my eyes and said to myself: "Surely the wrong place! This is the creation of some ancient emperor." But no, it was not ancient. The rich green tiling of the roofs was not yet weather-beaten, and the stone still bore the flower of the carver's tools.

In the corridors within, humming currents of Chinese students eddied endlessly. An occasional professor passed, sometimes Western, sometimes Chinese. *Fu Jen* was built on the great estate of an ancient family, and I found an old acquaintance walking in a garden on the beautifully landscaped grounds.

"Astounded, you say?" he remarked. "Everyone is."

Fu Jen is a miracle. A few years ago Mr. Ying Lien Chih, a Chinese scholar, presented a memorial to the Holy See, outlining

the project on paper. He had then been a convert thirty years, and was the owner of a Peking newspaper. The energy of Doctor Barry O'Toole and Abbot Aurelius of the American Benedictines did the rest. They secured a Manchu prince's palace at a bargain. The architect was Dom Gresnigt, a Dutch Benedictine brought to China by Archbishop Costantini. He has made a blend of Western practicality and the traditional Chinese architectural idiom.

The Divine Word Society has now assumed charge of the university. This is an international congregation, with members drawn from numerous countries; but a special responsibility is assigned by the Holy See to their American province, with promise of American help through the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The miracle lies in the fact that, while a university ordinarily requires millions of dollars and the scouring of half a world for a learned faculty, *Fu Jen* goes steadily forward with no endowment, and with a really brilliant staff of professors, both Chinese and Western.

Fu Jen is the home of the distinguished school of Chinese religious painting, under the direction of the master, Luke Chen. The paintings of this school have attracted a great deal of attention in the Western world. Both art critics and the public have been charmed by these versions of the scenes of the Old and the New Testaments, in which the characters have Chinese features, are dressed in Oriental style, and move against the Chinese landscape.

Why should it astonish us that the Chinese Catholic artists have created the Bible images in their own likeness? The Chinese answers by asking: Why should the manger in a Chinese Nativity scene look like the manger in a painting from Siena? Neither one nor the other, in all probability, looks like a Palestinian manger of the time of Christ, and art is not archeology; its virtue is the emotion that it carries. The artists of the West, when they formed their images of the Holy Family that are today so familiar to us, made them look like Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Lombards, Castilians. The Chinese have a similar privilege. It is rare that an artist, as did Eric Gill in his sculptured plaque of the Good Shepherd, pictures Christ as a Jew.

But more important in the *Fu Jen* school than the detail of

racial resemblances, is the fact that the Catholic artists carry on with real distinction the great traditions of Chinese painting, and put those traditions at the service of the Church.

In spite of its peculiarities and differences, Chinese painting takes a place among the great arts of the world. It is perhaps the most individual of all arts, in the sense that it is completely an expression of the artist's personality, a distillation of his very nerves. Chinese painting has the quality of handwriting; it is a nervous reaction. The Chinese pigments cannot be erased, or corrected, or changed. The brush strokes, on silk or on soft papers, must endure exactly as they flow from the artist's hand. The composition must exist entire in his mind before he wets his brush, and the transfer to paper is a sensitive and unique psychological process.

One evening I watched the late great Catholic artist, Chang—the master of Luke Chen, rather than a member of the *Fu Jen* school himself—while he painted a scroll in his favorite theme: the tiger that symbolized to him China. The soft rice paper was open before him. His grave face was bowed over the large flat table. He fingered his brushes for several minutes, so as to get the exact feel of the camel's hair, the correct consistency for the mixture of ground soot and water that served him for ink. Then, with lightning strokes, he transferred his thought to paper: the tiger stalking through a bamboo wood of magic and of mystery. There were perfection of balance and design, and the impact of sincere emotion, in this painting that was executed, from start to finish, in less than ten minutes. There are really only black and white in this scroll, and yet you feel the presence of color. You can half close your eyes and see the tiger stalking through the bamboos. You sense the firmness and courage of his heart.

The greatness of Chinese painting lies in these lightning brush strokes that for centuries have confided to the world the "Celestial" artists' observations and memories. Western painting, especially the work of the impressionists, has been deeply influenced by it. Of course there are canons of art, for Chinese genius is never undisciplined. But even these canons are portrayals of the Chinese personality. Chinese reticence is revealed in the respect for white space; the part that the artist has not touched is quite

as important as the part that he has painted. Instead of the human figure, which everywhere dominates Occidental art, the hero of Chinese painting is the tree. For the tree, no matter how asymmetric, is always balanced, and the poise of a tree is a reproach to the ego of man. The Chinese consider the landscape the most perfect form of painting, and that is why so many masterpieces of Chinese art are painted on long horizontal scrolls. You unroll the scroll before you, a little at a time, and you read the beauties of each passage, as if you were a traveler passing through some lovely scene.

All of these familiar conventions are observed by the *Fu Jen* artists, and they are the only conventions that are immediately understood by the mass of the Chinese, no matter how exotic they may seem to Western eyes. The scrolls of *Fu Jen* are becoming familiar throughout China and, curiously enough, are being purchased by many of the best art museums in Europe and America.

Jesuit missions grew up with Shanghai. For Shanghai is no ancient city. It has grown like Topsy, around the foreign trading concessions granted just a century ago. One of the Society's great projects in the city, even a generation ago, was Aurora University. The most distinctive development at Aurora is the medical faculty, which has sent two hundred Catholic doctors trained in Catholic ethics out into practice, not only in Shanghai but throughout China.

First place in research work among Catholic missionaries belongs to the Jesuits. I wandered through their precious old library at Zikawei. In it, besides a hundred thousand volumes in Western languages, there are almost one hundred and fifty thousand volumes in Chinese, featured by such collections as the annals of the civil divisions of China during the Ming Dynasty. Almost every year some scholar presents a new collection of works to this library. Of course in high honor, there are beautifully printed ancient copies of Father Schall and Father Longobardi's hundred treatises on various branches of science, all of them published in Chinese before 1670. And, naturally, there are precious ancient copies of Father Ricci's Chinese book, *The True Doctrine of God*, which Chinese catalogists include among the classics of their tongue.

In Shanghai Father Savio conducted me through the large

scientific museum named after Father Heude, and at Tientsin I saw the valuable collection in the Licent Museum. Both of these museums are notable, not merely because tens of thousands of specimens have been carefully classified and mounted, but because their directors have gone into all China for the items they sought. Particularly precious in Tientsin are the prehistoric fossils from Kansu, brought on the backs of eighty camels. One night I went to the Tientsin railroad station to bid a farewell to Father Teilhard de Charden, who was launching a new study expedition into Shansi. He is one of this distinguished company of Jesuit field men who are tirelessly active in investigations.

The Zikawei Observatory of the Shanghai Jesuits calls itself the largest private meteorological organization in the world. It was founded in 1873. In times of peace it is connected with a network of stations from Siberia to Manila and from Indo-China to Guam.

"Our meteorological section," explained one of the priests during my visit there, "receives some three hundred telegraphed reports a day for the preparation of the daily weather chart. In the last fifty years, ships in the East have been warned of over a thousand typhoons through Zikawei. We have published books, maps, and monographs such as *The Tracks of 620 Typhoons*. These and our twenty thousand weather charts are fundamental works on the climate of the Far East.

"Our time department fixes the hour to one hundredth of a second. Our radio-meteorological department is one of only four or five of its kind in the world, for this science is still in its infancy. The seismological work is also important, and at the moment we are all interested in Father Lejay's work on the longitudes."

Father Lejay is a large-bodied, solid-looking, capable man, still young. His work grows more and more important, as aerial navigation must cut down its margin of errors. He is the son of a French admiral and, as is the practice among the Jesuits, has been carefully prepared for his task by long years of specialization.

"We have had part in a very interesting piece of work here," he explained. "In 1926 the International Astronomical Union chose Zikawei, Algiers, and San Diego as the three fundamental bases of longitude on the globe. By observing the passage of nearly two thousand stars, and by over one hundred and fifty series of time

signals, the greatest accuracy ever realized has been attained. We feel that we have arrived within a few meters of true longitude."

The actual astral observatory of Zikawei stands on the summit of a hill shrouded in a cloak of elms, some miles outside Shanghai at a spot known as Zose. There a charming old gray-bearded priest, Father de la Villemarque, lives alone as if in a beleaguered castle.

"Don't apologize for coming," he said to me. "It is a delight to have a visitor to break the silence.

"Zikawei, you know, belongs to the domain of the Church. It is not a commercial or Government enterprise. It is a project to gain prestige for the Church, and in this way it participates in the Church's role to spread truth.

"I'm really not content with spreading it," he continued. "The sweetest privilege of life is to create something new, whether in the order of the spiritual or the intellectual or the physical. We here at Zikawei set some discovery in the realm of truth as our goal. It might be any one of a number of things; but each of us wants to achieve, before we die, one thing which has never been done before, that each of us may add one piece of new knowledge to the store of the world. Père Froc specializes in typhoons, Père Lejay is a great physicist, I am interested in celestial mathematics. I hope to gather, before God calls me, some tiny nugget of new knowledge."

With that pride and tenderness which the huntsman displays toward his gun, Father de la Villemarque showed me his telescope, its lunette, its manner of functioning.

"Of course," he continued, with a preoccupied air which suggested that, though he had stopped speaking on the subject of a moment ago, it had not left his mind, "of course, some of us follow Father Ricci's way and preach with instruments, but we all envy Saint Francis Xavier. He could walk in the dust of the highway and reach directly into men's hearts."

VII

The Royal Road

TEN BROKEN shafts of milk-white marble stand on a tiny plot in a crowded section of Tientsin to commemorate the ten Sisters of Charity who were victims of the massacre of 1870. Those were the first Sisters to establish themselves in China. They opened an orphanage and especially assumed the care of abandoned baby girls. They met death when wild stories described those strange creatures from abroad as buying Chinese infants in order to kill them and make medicine from their eyes.

In the walls of the golden-hued chapel of Chala, outside Peking, is an extensive ossuary containing the bones of some thousands of Christians put to death in the Taiping Rebellion, in 1860, and in the Boxer Rebellion, in 1900. With these Chinese were a number of their own priests, and missionaries from abroad.

Amid the trees and shrubs of the Catholic cemetery of Ichang, a thousand miles up the Yangtze, lie the remains of fourteen foreign missionaries. The number of these who met death in an untimely manner is exceptionally large, but the record is revealing. Of the fourteen, eight met violent death at the hands of outlaws. Two of the remaining six were drowned in the course of mission journeys. One met his end through typhus, only a month after he arrived in the mission. Two died normal deaths, but had been confessors during the Boxer Rebellion, one having escaped only through the ruse of leaving town in a coffin. Finally, there was one of the fourteen whose tombstone states that he served his long career without untoward incident and died tranquilly in his bed.

One morning in Peking, I mentioned to a mission superior this high incidence of death by violence in China.

"True," he replied, "there have been many such deaths, but let's not take time talking about them—the Catholic world is already too strongly convinced that the missionary career in China is a perilous one. The striking fact to my mind is that the average missionary in

China practically never thinks of death, but is very much consumed with the thought of life. Priests, Brothers, Sisters, we are all builders. We don't want to be slapped on the back as heroes; we just want to see the Church in China go forward."

When the Russian-led Chinese Communists advanced on Hankow, in the late twenties, both the French and Italian consuls did their utmost to persuade Bishop Massi of Hankow to withdraw his personnel.

"My dear man," Bishop Massi said finally to the Italian consul, "if your wife and children were here and faced danger, would you be feelingless enough to go off and leave them behind?"

"Of course not! But where are your wife and children?" asked the consul.

"The Church is my wife, and the faithful are my children. Neither I nor any of my missionaries has any intention of leaving."

Bishop Massi also assured us that the revelation of discipline on the part of the Catholic missionaries during the Communist occupancy of Hankow did not pass unnoticed, either by the Chinese or by the Russians. Shortly after the Communists arrived, Gallen, one of the Russian leaders, demanded quarters in the International Hospital conducted by the Sisters and told the superior that he expected her to assign a nun to take care of his rooms.

"Not one, but two," replied the superior immediately.

Gallen at first was cold and unfriendly, but gradually he displayed respect and even cordiality. One day a report reached Bishop Massi of an address Gallen gave to his Communist subordinates, in which he said, "If each of you could show one half the ordered discipline of the Catholic Sisters in the hospital where I live, our victory in China would be assured."

Bishop Massi, strong and vigorous man among men, made his impress on those gentlemen. Eugene Chen, one of the radical leaders at that time, was an apostate Catholic from Trinidad, who had retained a certain respect for the Church and forbade the destruction of Church property. On the feast of Saint Eugene, Bishop Massi sent a note to Chen, reminding him that this was his name day and wishing him well. Chen sent him gracious thanks in reply.

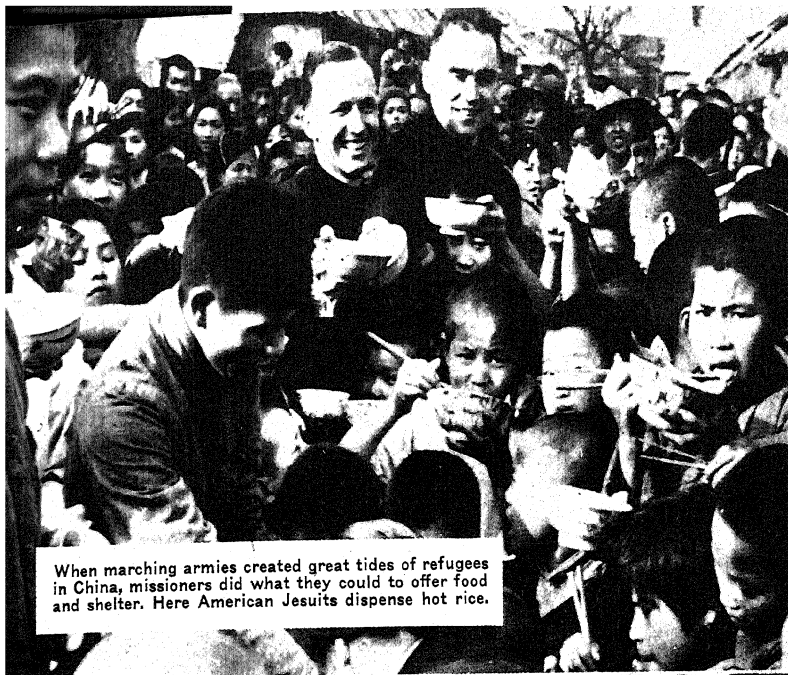
Many missionaries did not have as good luck as Bishop Massi



During each of China's war years, Catholic missionaries have administered more than ten million treatments to the sick and the wounded. Here a Sister in Shanghai vaccinates against smallpox.



South China counts a million lepers. There are two Catholic asylums, that of Sheklung, operated by the Bishop of Canton, and that of Ngai Moon, operated by the Maryknoll Fathers. This latter is directed by Father Joseph Sweeney, shown at the extreme left.



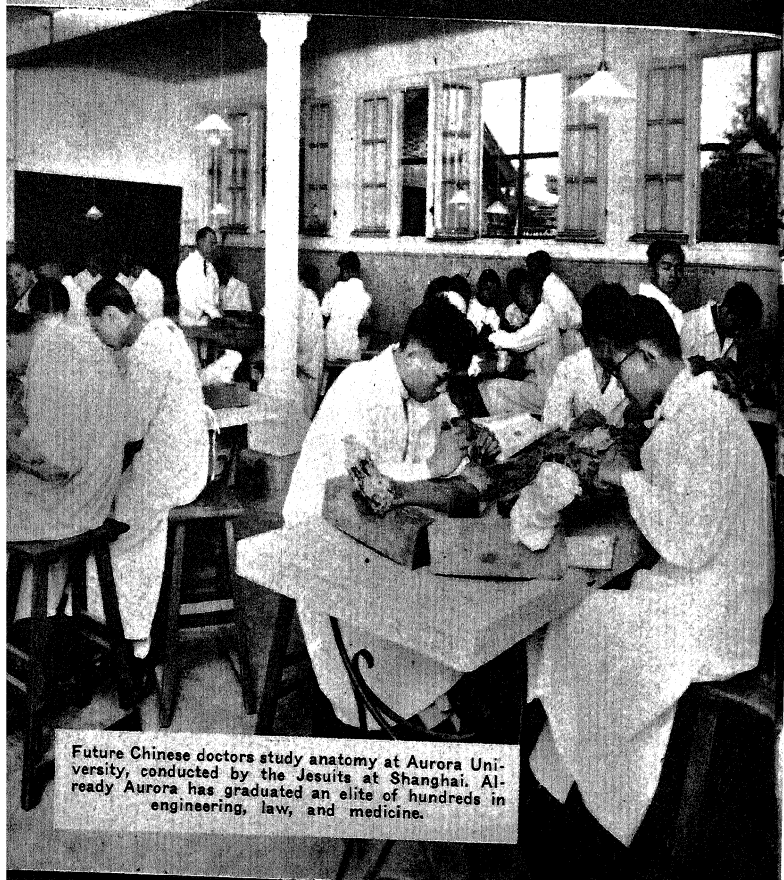
When marching armies created great tides of refugees in China, missionaries did what they could to offer food and shelter. Here American Jesuits dispense hot rice.



Catholic and Protestant mission staffs of the city of Kaifeng organized to treat the train loads of Chinese wounded. Here is the section of the improvised hospital of the Benedictine Sisters of St. Joseph, Minn.



Relief of suffering is a duty of impelling urgency amid China's woes, but the Church does not forget its task of building Christian ideals into the China of tomorrow. Thousands of village schools and many higher schools put the warmth of Christian love into hearts which one day will leaven China's millions.

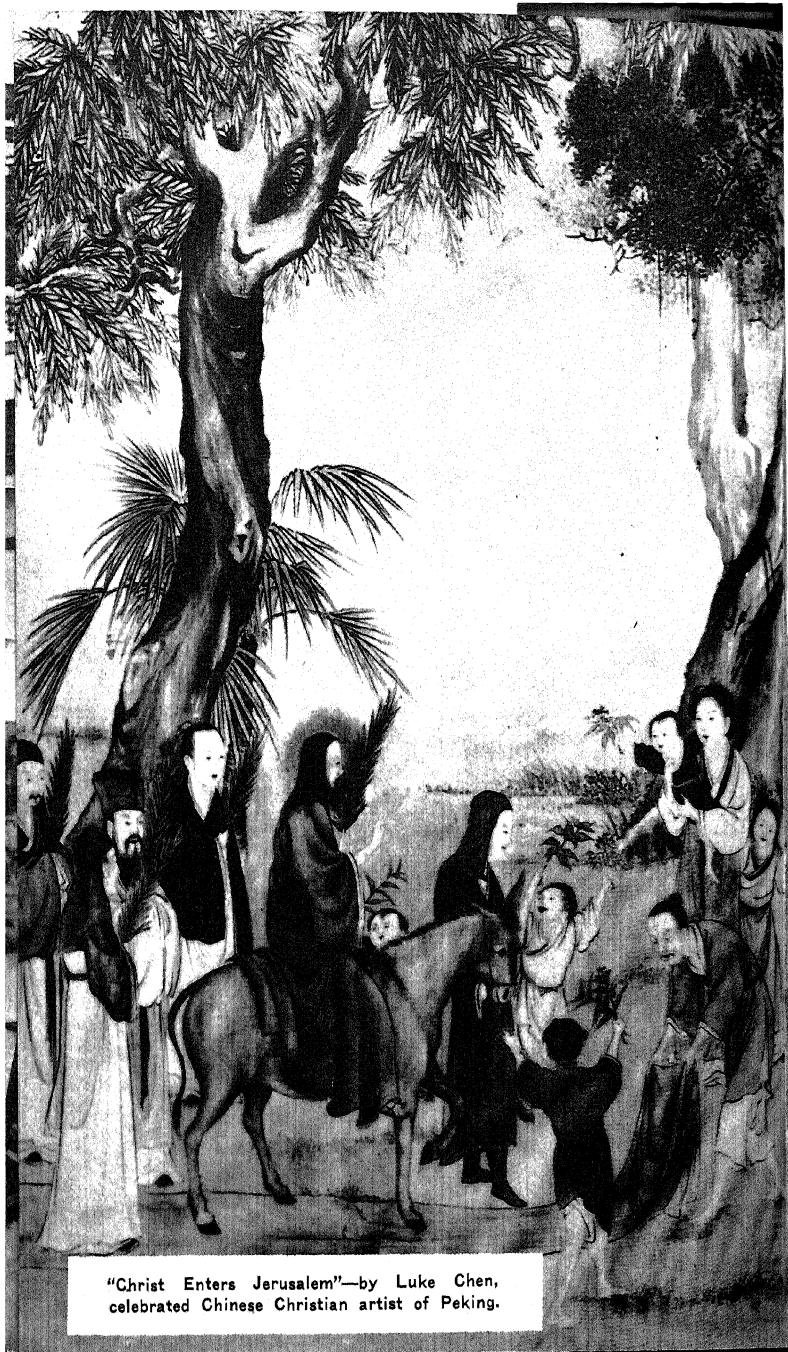




Bishop Buddenbrock and companions stop for lunch at a mountain hostel in far Kansu Province. The Church's nine thousand missionaries in China cover in normal times every corner of the vast country.



Archbishop Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate to China, asks often the privilege of administering the sacraments in mission chapels.



"Christ Enters Jerusalem"—by Luke Chen, celebrated Chinese Christian artist of Peking.

with the Communists, who were the plague of China from 1920 until the Japanese danger put a truce to the worst of China's civil wars. Eighty-one missionaries have been killed by Communists, brigands, bandit war lords or other hostile forces, during the thirty years of the Chinese Republic. These dead are not martyrs in the strictest sense of the word, for there was seldom a question of their saving their lives by the renunciation of their Faith. But, of course,

MISSIONERS CAPTURED AND SLAIN IN CHINA 1912-1941

YEAR	CAPTURED	SLAIN	YEAR	CAPTURED	SLAIN	NATIONALITY	NUMBER
1912	1	1	1927	31	6	Miscellaneous*	27
1913	1	1	1928	38	1	American	27
1914	4	2	1929	41	11	Australian	1
1915	0	0	1930	77	7	Austrian	2
1916	2	0	1931	37	6	Belgian	31
1917	1	0	1932	14	1	Canadian	4
1918	2	1	1933	4	3	Chinese	132
1919	1	0	1934	5	2	Dutch	9
1920	3	1	1935	5	2	English	2
1921	9	1	1936	3	0	French	49
1922	10	1	1937	5	10	German	47
1923	11	2	1938	3	5	Irish	7
1924	11	1	1939	11	8	Italian	61
1925	10	0	1940	0	2	Korean	1
1926	16	4	1941	1	2	Portuguese	1
						Slav	2
						Spanish	23
						Swiss	9
Total, 1912 to 1941				357	81	Total	438

Of the above missionaries captured and slain, 10 were bishops, 314 priests, 32 seminarians, 15 Brothers, and 67 Sisters.

* Record not available.

they were martyrs in the broader sense of men who did not flee to safety in troubled times, and who remained at their posts of duty even when they knew that tomorrow or the next day death might overtake them. In this same period, from 1912 to 1942, no less than three hundred and fifty missionaries were led off into captivity. Some of them were held for ransom; others eventually were released after enduring dreadful hardships and even tortures; a few were rescued when the authorities, or a rival bandit group, gained the upper hand over the captors.

This epoch of the Communist wars is the third period of Chinese missionary trials. The preceding period, which we may roughly date from the Opium War of 1842 to the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911, contributed the greatest number of names to the martyrology. In the Boxer and Taiping rebellions, several thousand native Chinese Catholics likewise gave their lives as witnesses to the Faith. The toll of missionaries in this second period was one hundred and eleven; this included six bishops, seventy-eight priests, eight Brothers, and nineteen Sisters.

THE THIRTY-THREE BEATIFIED MARTYRS OF CHINA

- 1—Bl. Francis Fernandez de Capillas, Spanish Dominican priest, first martyr of China, decapitated in Fukien, Jan. 15, 1648. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Jan. 15.
- 2—Bl. Peter Sanz, Spanish Dominican bishop, decapitated in Fukien, May 26, 1747. Beatified May 14, 1893. Feast May 27.
- 3—Bl. Francis Serrano, Spanish Dominican priest, bishop-elect, smothered to death in Fukien, Oct. 28, 1748. Beatified May 14, 1893. Feast May 27.
- 4—Bl. Joachim Royo, Spanish Dominican priest, smothered to death in Fukien, Oct. 28, 1748. Beatified May 14, 1893. Feast May 27.
- 5—Bl. John Alcober, Spanish Dominican priest, strangled in Fukien, Oct. 28, 1748. Beatified May 14, 1893. Feast May 27.
- 6—Bl. Francis Diaz, Spanish Dominican priest, strangled in Fukien, Oct. 28, 1748. Beatified May 14, 1893. Feast May 27.
- 7—Bl. Peter U, Chinese catechist, strangled in Kweichow, Nov. 7, 1814. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 8—Bl. Joseph Tchang Ta-Pong, Chinese catechist, strangled in Kweichow, March 12, 1815. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 9—Bl. Gabriel T. Dufresse, bishop, member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, decapitated in Szechwan, Sept. 14, 1815. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 10—Bl. Augustine Tchao Soung, Chinese priest, died in prison in Szechwan, 1815. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 11—Bl. John Lantrua da Triora, Italian Franciscan priest, strangled in Hunan, Feb. 7, 1816. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Feb. 13.
- 12—Bl. Joseph Yuen Tsai-Te, Chinese priest, strangled in Szechwan, June 24, 1817. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 13—Bl. Paul Licou Han-Tso, Chinese priest, strangled in Szechwan, Feb. 13, 1818. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 14—Bl. Francis Regis Clet, French Lazarist priest, strangled in Hupeh, Feb. 18, 1820. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Feb. 17.
- 15—Bl. Thaddeus Licou, Chinese priest, strangled in Szechwan, Nov. 30, 1823. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 16—Bl. Peter Licou Ouen-Yuen, Chinese catechist, beheaded in Kweichow, May 17, 1834. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.

The missionary period before 1842 brought death to forty-seven missionaries. Of these, four were bishops, forty priests, and three lay Brothers; there were not yet any Sisters in China.

When we add together the many thousand native martyrs of Tonkin, of Cochin China, of Annam, of Korea, of Japan, and of China, the total during the three missionary centuries is probably as great as the total of martyrdoms during the persecutions of the Roman Empire. The yellow race has entered into the Catholic Church by the royal road of suffering.

- 17—Bl. Joachim Ho Kai-Tche, Chinese Christian, strangled in Kweichow, July 9, 1839. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 18—Bl. John Gabriel Perboyre, French Lazarist priest, strangled in Hupeh, Sept. 11, 1840. Beatified Nov. 10, 1889. Feast Nov. 7.
- 19—Bl. Lawrence Pe-Man, Chinese Christian, beheaded in Kwangsi, Feb. 25, 1856. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 20—Bl. August Chapdelaine, priest of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, beheaded in Kwangsi, Feb. 27, 1856. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 21—Bl. Agnes Twao Koue, Chinese widow, died in prison in Kweichow, March 1, 1856. Beatified May 27, 1900. Feast Nov. 24.
- 22—Bl. Jerome Lou Tin-Mey, Chinese catechist, beheaded in Kweichow, Jan. 28, 1858. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 23—Bl. Lawrence Ouang-Ping, Chinese catechist, beheaded in Kweichow, Jan. 28, 1858. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 24—Bl. Agatha Lin Tchao, virgin, Chinese teacher, beheaded in Kweichow, Jan. 28, 1858. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 25—Bl. Joseph Tchang Yo-Yang, Chinese seminarian, beheaded in Kweichow, July 29, 1861. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 26—Bl. Paul Tchen Tchang-Ping, Chinese seminarian, beheaded in Kweichow, July 29, 1861. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 27—Bl. John Baptist Lo, Chinese Christian, beheaded in Kweichow, July 29, 1861. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 28—Bl. Martha Ouang, Chinese widow, beheaded in Kweichow, July 29, 1861. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 29—Bl. John Peter Neel, priest of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, beheaded for the Faith in Kweichow, Feb. 18, 1862. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 30—Bl. Martin Ou Sue-Chang, Chinese catechist, beheaded in Kweichow, Feb. 18, 1862. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 31—Bl. John Tchang, Chinese Christian, beheaded in Kweichow, Feb. 18, 1862. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 32—Bl. John Tchen, Chinese Christian, beheaded in Kweichow, Feb. 18, 1862. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.
- 33—Bl. Lucia Y, Chinese virgin, beheaded in Kweichow, Feb. 18, 1862. Beatified May 2, 1909. Feast Feb. 18.

Charity of God

ONCE UPON a time there was a Chinese king who had three beautiful daughters, the youngest of whom was Miao Shan. The king did not rule wisely or well, and his people suffered from his misgovernment, though this made no impression on His Majesty.

He determined upon the marriage of each of his princesses to a man of his choice. This was not an unusual way, in the Orient, of cementing political alliances. The two older daughters fell in with the plan, but not Miao Shan. She refused, informing her father that she had taken a vow to dedicate her life to the service of humanity.

The king was enraged at his daughter's rebellion. She was condemned to go to a Buddhist nunnery, to a life of hardship and penury. This conformed perfectly to her fondest desires. She spent her days in labor among the people and her nights in the study of the Buddhist sutras, seeking enlightenment and the salvation of her soul. In her monastery, high amid the grandeur of the Incense Mountain, men forgot she was a princess, remembered only that she was a servant of all in sorrow.

The king fell ill. The ordinary doctors could not help him. The exorcists could not help him. The court sent for a great specialist, though whether in medicine or in witchcraft is not clear.

"Only a hand and an eye cut from a living human being will cure Your Majesty," declared the specialist solemnly.

Court circulars asking for an eye and a hand caused general consternation, but brought no result. Finally, a court messenger climbed Incense Mountain and, calling upon this holy woman who knew no limits to her charity, told her of the king's need. Immediately she gouged out an eye and cut off a hand, and gave them to the messenger.

The king, strangely enough, was cured. Moved at last to feel gratitude for this extraordinary offering, he made a pilgrimage to the mountain top. He was astounded to discover his own daugh-

ter, to whom by a miracle the eye and hand had been returned. She refused his plea to come home, but exacted from him a pledge to devote himself henceforth to justice for his people.

Miao Shan, on the Incense Mountain, grew in holiness and spent herself in goodness toward all who appealed to her. Little wonder that when she died she was accepted by both heaven and earth as the Goddess of Mercy, the great Kuan Yin.

And Kuan Yin is today the most beloved of all the deities to whom the Chinese show devotion. Even the Confucianists, who do not have gods and goddesses, honor Kuan Yin, or Kwannon, as their symbol of mercy, and poor is the Chinese home that does not have a little print or statuette of Kuan Yin.

Tens of thousands of these porcelain statuettes, usually in the ware known as *blanc de chine*, have been sold in the export trade, and you can buy them in the Chinatowns of New York, San Francisco, or Washington. Men have often been struck by their similarity in posture to the mediaeval statues of the Blessed Virgin. The left hip is thrown out, the weight of the body rests on the right heel, and the body describes a slight arc, with the torso leaning backward. It would be nice to discover a relation between the Chinese princess and the daughter of David, but actually the Kuan Yins and the Blessed Virgins sculptured in this manner owe their similarity to the fact that, both in China and in Byzantium, the earliest and best models were carved in ivory. To accommodate the human body to the curve of the elephant's tusk, it was necessary to bend the body in this way. The tradition was formed, and the same pose was followed later on, although stone and porcelain did not require the arc.

It was Mr. Hsi who narrated Kuan Yin's story to me. We were sitting on the steamer deck in the beautiful evening, the calm sea before us coated with the gleam of newly polished silver.

"Of course," and this kindly gentleman smiled, "our ardor for her is frowned upon by many of the Buddhist authorities, who do not concede her an orthodox place in the hierarchy of heaven. Yet every village and hamlet throughout China has its Kuan Yin shrine. We do not reason concerning her; we love her. The new wife prays to her for offspring, the husband turns to her when woe descends upon his family, the coolie appeals to her when life

becomes unbearable: the hopes and sorrows of China are laid at her feet. Perhaps it can be said that the intellect of China is dedicated to Confucius, but the heart of China pours itself out in affection for Kuan Yin."

Next morning at Ningpo I said goodby to Mr. Hsi, who was making a pilgrimage to the great shrine of Kuan Yin on Poo Too Island. I went to the house of Bishop Defebvre, a strong and generous man, sensible like most of the men of northern France.

The Bishop took me out into the city while the day was still very young. A barber plied his trade at the mission gate. Wayside shop men crowded everywhere. We pushed with difficulty through the stream of humanity. There was a harshness in the sunlight which was already strong, a colorlessness in the city's close-set buildings, a hardness in the air. But in the people, these endless throngs, there was no suspicion of dismay.

We were in Ningpo's great fish shops. Ningpo is among the leading market cities for China's huge business in fish. There were tons and tons of the harvest of the sea, some of it curious creatures that I had never seen before. Octopuses, crabs, mollusks of every kind are eaten in China; and, of course, one of the great dishes is the fin of the shark, which after many hours of cooking is really surprisingly good. The poor people eat the less dainty portions of the shark and the great sea eels; nothing that an animal would eat is disdained by the vast horde of China's poor. There were the ice houses along the opposite river bank; about us were the tremendous whirl of buyers, sellers, workers, the noises of barter, the cacophony of bargaining and competition, the struggling load carriers.

In these last, what hypnotic fascination! They shoulder us, warning us with their inarticulate cries, snorting desperately, gasping as if in anguish, but never with the whine that seeks pity or calls for quarter. Their hot, heavy breath is on us; the reeking scent of their sweat-soaked garments rivals the odors of the market; the perspiration, in beads and trickles on their veiny foreheads and features, glistens within arm's length of us—and, like Veronica by the path to Calvary, we should like to press a towel on the labored faces.

Bishop Defebvre placidly worked his way through the coolies. He

was less disturbed than I, a newcomer, by their sweat and the size of their burdens. "They are tough," he said, "they are made like rattan. They seldom give in. But they know what pain is."

"Do they pray to Kuan Yin?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, she draws them like a loadstone. Brave though they are in their poverty and suffering, they feel the need for kindness. Some of them know our Catholic works—our asylums, hospitals, clinics, orphanages—and most of them have heard about them. They don't understand our motives yet; some of them even believe that it is because we too are worshipers of Kuan Yin. But our mercy itself—that is a language that they understand."

Thus in the fish shops of Ningpo, with Mr. Hsi's story of Kuan Yin as a prelude, it was quite easy to understand the Church's dedication, in China, to Christian charity. All of us, if we are good Christians, practice charity for itself, and it has its own reward. But, besides, it is a language. The thousands of priests, Brothers and, particularly, Sisters who, from the Mongol steppes to the borders of Indo-China, from the seacoast to the borders of Central Asia, give themselves selflessly to the needy and the suffering, are preaching a sermon. As Bishop Defebvre explained, among the multitudes of China it is the only sermon which many can understand.

"Chiefly among the Gentiles," wrote Pope Benedict XV, "led by feeling more than reason, is preaching by deeds more efficient than by words."

Are there scheming Chinese who take advantage of mission charity to help along their family fortunes? Knowing individuals are wont to talk about "rice Christians." Bishop Walsh, formerly of Kongmoon, now Superior General of Maryknoll, has an answer.

"Peter's net takes in all sorts of fishes," says Bishop Walsh. "There are those who come for rice and nothing more; secondly, those who come to eat and remain to pray; lastly, those who come for no material reason whatever. The majority of mission converts come from the second category. The operation involved is precisely that performed so often by Christ Himself, in the lifetime He spent in doing all things well. If, on the other hand, there are some who fail to make the transition from the charity

of God to the God of charity, is it a matter for surprise? When Christ healed ten lepers, He had occasion shortly after to inquire, 'Where are the nine?'

Sometimes the Catholic-charity project in China is modern and ambitious, such as Saint Mary's Hospital in Shanghai. There are five hundred beds, divided among four classes of patients. In the first category are private rooms for wealthy Chinese and for foreigners; secondly, there are rooms with two or three beds; thirdly, there are paying wards; fourthly, there are the charity wards, for a bed in which, when they can, the families of the patients are asked to give the equivalent of fifteen cents a day.

Once such projects are launched, they support themselves and accomplish good, much as do the hospitals of our Sisters in the United States. Yet, since so much quackery is associated with medicine in China, the common people are apt to see no motive other than that of money-making whenever a fee is charged, no matter how reasonable or tiny the charge may be. The Church must go forward with its large normally operated hospitals, but the smaller units probably make more impression in the religious sense. At Chengchow, on the Yellow River, I visited one such unit. There a group of three hardy nuns had at great sacrifice set up thirty-four beds, and the Bishop had engaged a young Catholic Chinese doctor, a recent graduate from Aurora University, to carry on an apostolate through his cures.

In the East's great port cities, Western doctors have built a practice which provides them a livelihood and serves as a blessing for missionaries and non-missionaries, who, without them, would have no qualified medical care. Besides these, a hundred Catholic doctors have given themselves to a career of a different sort, have become missionaries with the missionaries. They penetrate inland and labor without fees or for subsistence wages, as attachés of the Catholic charity hospitals and dispensaries. There are also about a thousand trained nurses—Sisters or laywomen—in the Church's Chinese missions.

The many hundreds of simple dispensaries conducted at stations throughout China can be called the first outposts of Christianity. Seldom are the priests or Sisters as qualified as we should like, but simple injuries, childhood diseases, prenatal and postnatal care, and

malaria are well within their competence. Fortunately, the Chinese are not addicted to the maladies of too much civilization, such as appendicitis, ulcers of the stomach, or neurasthenia. Until China shall have some tens of thousands of modern doctors and nurses, and Chinese communities shall be able to establish well-equipped charity medical stations for their own poor, our missionaries will continue to work great good with their simple remedies and their sensible, if limited, counsels to the sick.

"Today I have seven hundred Christians in Lochow and its neighboring valley," explained a young missionary, "and fully five hundred of these came to the Church through my dispensary. The Chinese are not effusive in their gratitude; indeed, they often act as if I should feel beholden to them for the privilege of ministering to their sick uncle, or mother, or little child. But with patience and good humor, I can usually make clear to them that my greatest gift for them is not medicine, but my motive for giving it to them."

With Confucian respect for their elders, the Chinese instinctively feel greater concern for the old folks, who approach the sunset of life, than for the infants, who teeter precariously at its morning. The Church's homes for the aged enjoy great prestige in China. Often they are small, representing the work of a lone Sister who becomes mother to all the stranded grandparents of a countryside. I recall walking into one such home not far from Hankow, to find the men's section in a mad uproar because one of the doddering inmates had insisted on throwing himself down on another man's bed. The Sister, a tall, stately Canossian, appeared like a ministering angel, uttered a few quiet words, and the furore was at an end.

"Taking care of eighty-year-olders," she said, "is quite disillusioning. It makes me realize that the goal of every man's mortal days is only another childhood. During our vigorous years we take on poses to cover up our faults; but toward the end, we throw them off quite unashamedly and reveal that we are really just where we were when we stood at our mother's knee."

One of the impressive sights in China is the old folks' home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Shanghai. There in a great house that is as clean as a whistle, some four hundred aged men and

women placidly live out their last days. They are from the poorest of the poor, women who have struggled all their lives and who have no one to keep them at the end, men who have been coolies, like the burden carriers in the markets of Ningpo.

"How do you keep everything so immaculate?" I asked.

"Oh, the old-timers take care of the newcomers on that score," said a tiny Irish nun. "When one spits on the floor, someone near by will be ready with, 'Ho, say, you can't do that here, Uncle! Better change that, Uncle!' They are as proud as we are of the shine and the wax."

Most renowned of the Church's works of charity in China are the infant asylums and orphanages. These are both large and small, well established and poor. Among the outstanding institutions for children is that of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, near Shanghai, where even the barnyard is attractive, with its stable of healthy-looking milch cows, a rare sight in China.

"What a marvelous collection of chubby cheeks!" I said to the Sister in charge of the children.

"Yes," answered the Sister, "our babies either die or grow fat."

This can be said of all infant work in China. The infant is usually brought to the Sisters too late, after it is already a hopeless case. Thus, in the receiving room of a big city hospital, where sometimes hundreds of infants are brought a month, many of them live only a few hours.

"Is it alive or dead?" asked Bishop Defebvre at the Ningpo asylum, as a Chinese nun bent over a shrunk wisp that evidently had arrived in a hopeless state.

"It is—it is—it is—now it is dead," said the Chinese nun very simply, as the mite breathed its last while we watched.

Well-ordered institutions built up slowly are one thing, but makeshift relief in times of calamity is quite another. For this also the nuns are ready.

"The Catholic Sisters are the finest disaster corps in China," said a layman to me in Tientsin. "When we had the plague here, the civil authorities merely gathered up the infected and dumped them in a concentration camp outside the city. The Sisters went out immediately to the plague camp, white cornets and all, and

crawled on their hands and knees into the miserable mat sheds to those people, who died like flies."

I reached Hanyang just following a great flood of the Yangtze, a flood which had inundated a vast area, drowned thousands, and left an epidemic in its wake. The Columban Fathers were still caring for refugees, and Bishop Galvin took me to see the convent of the Columban Sisters in the heart of the city.

"We finished cleaning it only a few days ago," he explained. "When the plague came, the Sisters put hundreds of sick in its rooms and corridors, laying them in rows on the floor. Over four hundred died within the building. Every Sister's cell has seen the flight for heaven of a score or more of souls!"

It may be said that it is not the mere spectacle of our works of charity, but rather the caliber of our workers, that eventually is going to influence the Chinese as a people. The Chinese are realistic; they are not given to sentiment, and they experience much less emotion than do Westerners at the sight of pain or at efforts to alleviate it. Some of China's most violent forms of wretchedness, such as men ruined by opium smoking or eaten up by leprosy, arouse in many Chinese, rather than compassion, a feeling of detestation, born of the conviction that these victims have only themselves to blame. The missionary who works for opium addicts or for lepers is even subject to recriminations. Some Maryknoll missionaries in Kwangtung Province, who took over an old cemetery and there gave harbor to the untended lepers of the district, won no admiration but only opprobrium from the surrounding countryside.

True charity, however, has the capacity to outlive misunderstandings. By its own force it can convince those who witness it, if it is built, not on shallow sentiment, but on strong principle.

When Robert Louis Stevenson visited the leper colony at Molokai, he crossed from Honolulu on a boat that was taking a band of nuns to dedicate there the remainder of their lives. "My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point," he wrote his wife, "but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted out all else; and when I found out that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly."

IX

Americans on the Scene

FATHER BERT and I ate our breakfast, seated under a flowering tree by the pathway. We had walked since three in the morning. At half past two, while it was yet dark, Old Lady Cheng had poled us across the river to the launch landing. But, wonder of wonders, the launch had left, not only on time, but ahead of time.

Since dawn it had been beautiful indeed. It was the time of the spring planting, and everything breathed hope. Hillsides glowed with pink azaleas, while the flooded rice fields on either side of our path, down to the river, reflected the sky colors. Men, women, and children, in water up to their calves, were bent double—planting, planting, planting. Even the youngest ones placed the rice sprouts with mathematical precision, row on row.

"Well, in a way, it is fortunate we missed that launch," commented Father Bert, the optimist. "You're having a chance to walk the route covered often by Father McShane."

This smacked somewhat of Pollyanna; as a matter of fact, there was a thrill in the nocturnal walk from the West River, in which, from time to time, we were joined by journeymen like ourselves, who moved with us for a while, then, with a parting salutation, took another path. It was fascinating to tread along a valley and trace the pale outline of farmhouses under the moon, silent as tombs unless the dogs were roused at our passing. We turned into a thick black grove of trees, where only Father Bert's good eyes could find the path; we twisted about a hillside, then skirted the edge of a bluff for a moment, all within a ghostly panorama that made us like wandering souls in limbo.

Father McShane, as Father Bert remarked, had covered this ground frequently. Usually he had engaged a sedan chair. On urgent occasions he had walked the entire forty miles. Sometimes he did as we had started to do now, which was to walk a little better than half way from the West River to Lintan, and then cover the remaining miles to Loting by chair.

Loting was the first mission station which, from its very first baptism and its very first brick, was the work of the American missionaries of Maryknoll. Father McShane, a native of Columbus, Indiana, was the first to be ordained a Maryknoll priest, the first Maryknoller to develop an extensive mission charity, the first to die a martyr to that charity. Loting is like an American mission shrine.

Sympathy was natural with Father McShane. As a shy little twelve-year-old in Indiana, he had walked in on his family one evening with a Negro woman in tow. "She hasn't any bed," he had explained; "I told her she could sleep with us." Every derelict in his parish knew him. At Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, hospital work came within his range. In Maryland, and during vacation in Indiana, he went to the poor homes where there was sickness, tidied the rooms, cooked, washed the dishes. During theology days at Maryknoll, Sing Sing Prison fell within his orbit, and, in addition, he adopted a neighboring Italian labor camp.

In 1920 he went to Loting, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, not one of whom was Catholic. Though French missionaries had called there, the Americans were the first to establish a house, and one of Father McShane's early steps was to open an infant asylum. He secured as helper Mrs. Rose Shi, a Catholic widow of Canton, a squint-eyed and unprepossessing little woman, full of industry and with an inexhaustible capacity for talking doctrine.

The practice of abandoning infants is not unknown in America, where waifs are left anonymously at the doors of our city orphanages. In certain small sections of China, however, the practice is accentuated, and this was the case in the vicinity of Loting. Indeed, a municipal orphanage was already maintained for the abandoned. Shortly after Father McShane's arrival, because of political upheavals, the head of this orphanage, a kindly pagan gentleman, asked the priest to take his charges off his hands. Father McShane could not care for them in his tiny establishment, and hence had the unusual experience of conducting twenty-one babies the two hundred miles from Loting to Hong Kong.

Rose Shi was a wonderful help, but it was Father McShane's personal zeal and his patient care of even menial details that built up his Holy Childhood center. Infants came at the rate of four hun-

dred a year, most of them to die within a few days, for they were, as a rule, undernourished or otherwise neglected. After some years Father McShane built a convent, and the Maryknoll Sisters were installed. His Christian community in Loting grew, and then he turned to the cities of the neighborhood, and along with reaching converts, he found new orphans and new derelicts. Each time he returned from a journey, he brought back an infant, a blind person, or a cripple.

At Lintan, the city through which we were passing this morning, Father McShane opened an orphanage and put Rose Shi in charge. But in spite of that lady's ability in difficult situations, he one day received an emergency call, and was welcomed outside the orphanage with a rain of stones from some rowdies who were making trouble. He found a fellow, a raucous crowd gathered about him, digging a hole in the street that ran by his new orphanage.

"What are you doing there?" Father McShane asked.

"I'm building a public toilet directly in front of your miserable door!" cried the man arrogantly.

"Are you, my good fellow?" replied Father McShane with spirit. "Well, as soon as you do, I'll stand you on your head in it." And taking the trouble maker by the scruff of the neck, he threw him across the alley.

The Chinese sense of humor won the day, for the remark and the unceremonious toss provoked a roar of laughter from the crowd, and the public works in front of the orphanage were discontinued.

At Loking, twenty miles from Loting in another direction, Father McShane had a happier experience. While visiting this beautiful little market town, he needed a haircut and thus made friends with a remarkable character, Mr. Chow, the barber philosopher. He talked doctrine to Mr. Chow, and the Catholic community had its birth. Soon at Loking too, Father McShane had a flourishing orphanage.

An infant among the thousands he befriended brought about Father McShane's death. A pitiful mite was carried into the Loting orphanage, and lived only a few hours before its life ebbed out. Father McShane gave it some needed attention and baptized it before it died. It happened that the infant's ailment was smallpox, and some days later Father McShane found himself victim of this

disease. He died calm and undismayed, and was buried in the garden of the Loting mission.

About noon, Father Bert and I moved down Joss Stick Street. Before us lay the river, and high on the opposite bank loomed a nine-story pagoda. We turned in at a gate—and there was the residence, there was the Church of Our Lady of the Angels, there were the convent and Father McShane's orphanage. Under a bed of ivy, in front of the church, the spot marked by a cross, was the grave of Loting's first pastor. On the cross were the words, "A worthy model of the apostolic virtues."

"Father McShane," said Father Kennelly later in the day, as we gathered in informal conclave on the mission porch, "was not a Saint Francis Xavier, but he had a small quantity of the gift that made Saint Francis so great. Men felt the urge to follow him through sheer admiration for what he was and what he did. He was a chip off the genuine missionary block."

"Has anyone decided," I inquired as blandly as possible in the presence of four American missionaries, "how well adapted Americans are for mission work?"

"Well, of all the nerve!" one of the priests began. "But that's a good question. Was Father McShane a typical American? Perhaps it is safe to say that certain missionary types are found everywhere, but we find a larger percentage of certain types among the missionaries of each country.

"Old Bishop Tacconi says that the classic missionary is French, and he is not French himself. The French missionary is courageous, tenacious as a bulldog, self-sacrificing. If he has a fault, it is his pride of race, which tempts him into a feeling of superiority over the Chinese.

"The Italian missionary often has less stamina than the French, but may compensate for this by the warm kindness of the sunny Italian nature. The German missionary is generally excellent, with a tendency to be hard on the Chinese through his emphasis on discipline. And so similar variations appear among each of the nationalities.

"The American has been at mission work too short a time for a true test. However, there are over a thousand American missionaries

now in the Far East, and those who are watching them tell us that they notice prevailing traits."

As outcome of the discussion we decided, first of all, that the American seems to have it bred in him to take the initiative. He assumes that life never consists in merely holding on, but rather in making a plan and carrying it out. This, of course, is a great asset.

Secondly, the American's outlook is buoyant. He is from a country where success is still very much in the air. Every young American has heard of more than one man who began as office boy and ended up as president of the company; he has faith in hard work for producing results.

Thirdly, the typical American has been raised among Catholics who give generously of themselves and of their possessions. American missionaries are merely a slice out of the American priesthood, and American priests have a tradition of zealous, generous ministry. Most American priests are from middle-class families, neither so poor that their outlook is warped by a desperate struggle for existence, nor so rich that they presume a right to idleness. In short, they are not held back by inferiority complexes, and are excellent material for energetic achievement.

Fourthly, the American missionary, unlike most Europeans, is not worried or depressed about the "division of supply" in the country from which he hails. He is not faced with the discouraging reports of a great decrease in vocations, such as have confronted French missionaries. In America the mission movement is new, and he dreams of a golden era of co-operation from the Church at home, both in personnel and in financial assistance. This is tremendously important in a pioneer work, which must count so heavily on good successors to harvest in a distant future.

On the debit side, the American, if he is not careful, can carry abroad the faults of his environment. He can be impatient, without poise, without self-control. In the Orient these are much graver deficiencies than they would be at home, where we condone them as a spilling over of energy and of spirit, good in themselves. Among Chinese, Japanese, and Asiatics in general, losing one's temper or one's poise is as crude as putting one's feet on the table.

Another American weakness is the provincialism which prompts

new arrivals to regard every Oriental difference as a defect, and to assume that, in the course of Christianizing, they will confer blessings if they do a great deal of Westernizing. Stern warnings, by no less than the Popes themselves, are making all missionaries more cautious on this score. The order of the day is adaptation to Oriental ways. We are guests in those countries, to bring a spiritual message, and a guest may not intrude in his host's affairs unless he has a commission from someone higher than guest or host. We have nothing to do with Chinese politics or even Chinese boards of health, unless the Orientals themselves seek us out, and then such matters must never be more than marginal activities.

Months later, in Peking, I rehearsed this conversation with a thoughtful prelate.

"It fits with my own observations," he remarked. "I would add a further characteristic of Catholic missionaries from America; namely, their good sense thus far in keeping detached from political representatives.

"For one hundred and fifty years, the roads to Asia and Africa have been opened by the colonial policy of numerous governments. The missionary has reached many new peoples because distances have been shortened, hostile local cliques have been silenced, commerce has brought a stirring of new life. But side by side with these advantages is the heavy disadvantage that often in the popular mind the missionary is seen as an emissary of political powers from the West. Certainly this is humiliating for the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount."

American mission work has just reached its majority. A quarter of a century ago, there were not a score of American missionaries overseas. Today, according to the records of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, some fifteen hundred of our priests, Brothers and Sisters work among non-Christians in mission fields; while another thousand are in Christian missions overseas. Since the total overseas force of the Church is approximately fifty thousand, the United States is now furnishing five per cent of the whole.

China is missionary America's principal field of labor, with some six hundred and fifty priests, Brothers, and Sisters there. India is next, while Africa and Oceania have each a good contingent.

X

In Women's Shoes

THE RIVER was black and oily in the darkness as Sister Marie and Sister Paulina came to its banks and crossed to Kaying, the City of the Plum Blossom. As they arrived, the city was beginning to hum with early morning life.

"There is something depressing about this Street of the Guardian Temple, don't you think?" remarked Sister Marie to her companion.

"Yes, the Guardian Temple!" answered Sister Paulina. "Here we are at the Yong house. It is remarkable, don't you think, that this Yong woman, living so close to the temple, should have enrolled to become a Christian? I should expect those dragon gates to draw in all who were near them. How did she resist?"

"Well, evidently she didn't resist—we haven't seen her for some months."

The two entered through a mansion gate and found in the quiet courtyard a giant hibiscus tree with blood-red blossoms, and the walls garnished with vines. Women at work in the sunlight, sewing, making baskets, paring vegetables, turned friendly eyes toward them. With that placidity which is among the *A B C's* of Oriental deportment, the Sisters moved slowly toward them.

"Sit and rest," called one. "It is already warm. Here is a fan."

The Sisters sat, and the women spoke of their work, of their children. Sister Marie then ventured her question.

"Is Yong Tai Sao at home?"

"Did you not know?" answered a woman in surprise. "Yong Tai Sao is dying. They have taken her out into the courtyard."

That meant the end, surely, for when the sick person is moved into the courtyard of the house, death is not far off. The two Sisters were at once taken to Yong Tai Sao's side. She breathed heavily, and already her features were distended. Sister Marie took her cold hand and spoke slowly.

"Do you still remember, Yong Tai Sao, when you said you

wished to become a Catholic? Is that desire still living in your heart?"

"Never have I forgotten for a moment!" the good lady whispered. Tears stood in her eyes.

She had need of but little instruction, and the Sisters baptized her.

"She has come in by the short cut," commented Sister Paulina as they left. Four days later they heard she had passed away.

Both good homes and hovels figured in the Sisters' itinerary. And they planned, once they had made their calls in the city, to visit the villages of the countryside.

"Chao Pac May," they said that night to the little old woman who was their helper, "tomorrow we go into the hills."

Behind Chao Pac May, who trotted along, balancing on her sturdy shoulder the pole which carried their baggage, the Sisters went first to the bus station for a long ride. When they arrived in less-frequented parts, they started afoot across country. They were strangers to the people, and some stared in open-mouthed astonishment, others grinned, others asked with a puzzled air, "Are they men or women?"

A woman with a child in her arms shouted, "Buddhists! Look at their praying beads!"

And thus Chao Pac May's patience was exhausted. Without breaking her stride, she called back lustily over her shoulder: "What, you don't know? And living so near the great city, too! Why, they are Worship-the-Lord-of-Heaven People from the Beautiful Country!" She smiled her wizened little smile quite proudly. "And I? Why, yes, I worship the Lord of Heaven, too."

But then they approached the Village of the Well, where there were Catholic women. Everywhere in the rice fields the women were plowing, driving their buffaloes before them in the sea of mud. Someone's sharp eye caught sight of the visitors when they were still quite a way off. "The Sisters! The Sisters!" rose the cry from field to field.

The delighted villagers tumbled into the nearest farmhouse, tea was brought, and for an hour these country women threw all their animation into a chat.

"And why have you come? And where are you going?" they asked.

"We are going into the hills, to announce that, on the seventeenth day of the first moon, the next catechumenate will open at Rosary Convent in Kaying."

"How splendid!" cried out one woman. "That means my aunt can study the doctrine. You know she could not go last time because my mother was ill."

"And that means that Hiou Pac May will once again ask her husband's permission to study," said another. "But he is so hard and cold. Who would say that he will consent?"

At one of the houses, a little better than the rest, where a room was set apart as an oratory in which the priest said Mass when he came, the Sisters stayed for the night. Young and old were like school girls who could not leave the beloved visitors alone for a moment; and it was late in the silent hamlet when the last footsteps pattered away from the Sisters' door, and they were allowed to rest.

Next morning they set out again, under the slanting sun. Everywhere along the way, men and women worked in the rice fields. In this particular valley the rice was already planted, and the tiny shoots of pale green jutted above the water. Non-Christians smiled and saluted, and the occasional Christian ran to the pathway for a word with the passers-by.

"May the Lord of Heaven bless you!" went up the cry from many, who had heard the priests call it out so often that it had become their manner of greeting.

"Hello, Honorable One," called out Sister Paulina to a toothless old woman knee-deep in water. "How are the fields today? How wonderful that the rain has come!"

"Hello, Sisters," came back cheerily. "I have not forgotten your invitation to learn the doctrine."

"Good, Mother! On the seventeenth day of the first moon, a new catechumenate opens. Come and join us."

"I will speak to my daughter of it."

"Good! May the Lord of Heaven bless you!"

And so it continued until, beyond a hillside dotted with well-

kept graves, in a snug spot where the lowlands met the mountains, the Sisters came to the Village of the Three Ravines.

"Pray tell us," Sister Marie called, "where we shall find the homestead of the Liou family."

"Ahead of you around the bend, two hundred paces."

"Now a big *Hail Mary*," said Sister Paulina to her companion, "that something will come of our venture." For, as in most of their visiting among pagans, the excuse for the call was of the flimsiest, and the possibility of unpleasantness lurked always hard by.

The bend was rounded and, surely enough, before a rather large home was the gate lantern bearing the family name, Liou, in red characters. Calmly the two Sisters entered.

"By any chance is the mother of Liou San Moni at home?" asked Sister Marie pleasantly.

All eyes turned on the strangers. There were many serving women in the open court, or "sky well," where the Sisters found themselves. Some were immediately friendly, others strongly curious, one plainly frightened. But there was a chorus of greetings, and then an elderly woman came forward, and with a pleased light in her eyes, she spoke.

"I am Liou San Moni's mother. I am Fout Pac May. You are Sisters of the Lord-of-Heaven religion. I have never seen you before, but my son has spoken much of you. Women folk," she called, turning to the workers, "these are my guests. How good they are to come to see me!"

"God be praised! She is friendly," breathed the Sisters in their hearts.

Fout Pac May seated her two guests, and the household gathered about them, some continuing at their tasks of sewing or paring, others with an uncommon intensity consuming the strangers with their eyes. Beneath the heavy lanterns and with the green-vined garden wall before their view, the two messengers sought carefully to insinuate themselves into the lives of this new circle of souls about them.

One woman picked up the crucifix of Sister Marie's rosary, and this gave the start.

"It is the Lord of Heaven," said Sister Paulina, for her turn had

come to do the talking, "who gives rain to your fields and the light to the sun for your work. He gives you your beautiful daughters and your sons strong as the bamboo trees. God is your Father. You must know and love and serve Him. To know God, you must know the doctrine. That is why, on the seventeenth day of the first moon, there will be the catechumenate in Kaying."

Fout Pac May had already made up her mind. Yes, her son had spoken to her. But now she had heard with her own ears. "Yes, I will come to the catechumenate," she said promptly.

"And how nice it would be, Honorable One," said her daughter-in-law eagerly, "if I could go, too, to learn these things."

"You!" exclaimed Fout Pac May. "But who will cook the meals for the men?"

"True," said the daughter-in-law immediately. "True. But there is Vong Pac May. Do you think Vong Pac May might do it, Honorable One?"

"A good plan," answered Fout Pac May readily. "We will both go."

Though there were no Christians in the Three Ravines, the Sisters were not unknown. This was emphasized when a vigorous, large-eyed woman burst in on them from a house not far away, to which the news of their presence had traveled. It was Hiao Tai Sao.

"And how humiliated am I," she exclaimed frankly, "that I, who have talked to the Sisters so often, have not yet gone to Kaying for the doctrine, and now Fout Pac May, who has met you only today, has resolved to go. I, too, will go this time, Sisters. I, too, will be there for the seventeenth day of the first moon. And now my rice is already bubbling. You must eat with me."

The Sisters were obliged to decline. "By nightfall, Hiao Tai Sao," explained Sister Marie with a smile which assuaged all disappointment, "we must reach the Village of the Fields of Waving Wheat. You must forgive us if we hurry on."

Tired they were, but amply rewarded in the Village of the Fields of Waving Wheat. For there, aided by a youngster who called her from her work, they found Che Tai Sao, mud on her clothes, but a welcome in her greeting.

"Sit right down!" she cried—and in a few moments was back

with tea. Che Tai Sao was a young woman in her late twenties, with a face full of expression. The youngster was her son, and now she produced a smaller edition. "When I come to the catechumenate," she explained, "I will bring them with me, since there is no one here to take care of them. Besides, how could I be without them for forty days?"

A very old man, her father-in-law, came in, and she told him her plans. "On the seventeenth day of the first moon, Honorable One, I go to the convent of the Sisters to learn how to worship the Lord of Heaven. I have already my husband's permission. I shall ask my brother's wife to cook for you and my husband."

The old man seemed quite content. Soon the sister-in-law also entered, and the young mother addressed her request to her. "Soung Tai Sao, see how the Sisters love me, to come and search for me. Could I ask you to cook for my father-in-law and husband when I go to study the doctrine?"

Soung Tai Sao hesitated not a moment. "Gladly," she replied. "It means nothing, Che Tai Sao." And she smiled richly.

If I have told at length the story of Sister Marie and Sister Paulina, it is because here is the means by which the year's work is finally harvested at many a mission station throughout the length and breadth of China. The work of mercy, the work of charity, the work of education continue their pace. New contacts are made; barriers are broken down. And then comes the season for the catechumenate. For forty days the classes continue. The women from the countryside are housed in the convent, or perhaps with Catholics living in the city. Those whose homes are near at hand come morning and evening for the classes—they are day scholars, so to speak. For the Catholic missionary does not believe in hasty or indiscriminate baptisms. Except in the case of desperate illness, each convert is required to prepare at length and carefully.

And so, Sister Marie and Sister Paulina went out afoot, to let it be known in the villages and rice fields that, on the seventeenth day of the first moon, the chosen could go to the convent in Kaying.

When all were assembled at Kaying Maryknoll Convent, it was a beautiful and impressive picture: wide-eyed children, young women with babies on their backs, old women who all their lives

had burnt joss sticks in the temples and at the little shrines in the fields. They sat before the Sisters and listened earnestly. Father Shay, a Maryknoller from Missouri, said Mass each day at dawn; and when the forty days neared their end, it was he who presided at the examination. He put at ease the nervous old folk whose heads were not made for studying.

"You must have mercy on me, good *Shen Fu*," said Hi Pac May. "You must see my crippled hands. When my hands move, I can't think. When my hands keep still, then can I say the words, but what sort of Sign of the Cross can that be?"

"Be tranquil, Hi Pac May," encouraged the priest. "God will judge your Sign of the Cross, and He will be very pleased with it."

XI

China through the Chinese

A BEND in the road gave us a view of several miles of China's Great Wall. As we passed through the breach, we saw it close to, examined its texture, and there on the scene renewed our fascination of school days when, hushed and absorbed, we had dwelt on the photographs in our geographies and felt so sorry for the thousands on thousands of men who had been forced to carry the stone. This huge work had been built to keep out the northern invaders and, like France's Maginot Line, it had failed of its purpose.

Beyond the Great Wall, the traveler is in the Manchurian borderland. The contours become more mountainous, with a note of wildness in places. But the valleys are rich, the fields well worked, the people sturdier and less nervously built than the Chinese of the South. Suanhwafu, our stopping place, was a hundred and twenty miles north of Peking. Bishop Cheng, one of China's native prelates, met us at the station and took us by saddle horse to his home.

Next morning in his cathedral, Bishop Cheng ordained a new class of priests. Every one in the large edifice, except the Apostolic Delegate and a few visiting clergy present for the occasion, was Chinese. The officers of the Mass and all the participants did their parts with velvet smoothness, and there was an exquisite air of calm and decorum. Father Ly preached a sermon from which the barrier of language excluded me, but which held his audience in rapt attention.

Some thousands of the local Christians then tendered a reception to the Bishop and his new priests, the Apostolic Delegate standing unobtrusively apart but obviously delighted with the scene. Then followed a banquet, likewise tendered by the people, and an entertainment. I was struck by the Chinese orchestra—a xylophone composed of ten suspended pieces of metal much like pie plates, three mouth organs with long pipes, two flutes, several Chinese trombones, and a Chinese violin. The players' efforts were not very

successful, to my mind, and I was glad to think that there is at least one art, that of music, in which the Chinese does not approach or surpass the European.

Bishop Cheng moved through the entire program with stolid ease. A native of this region, stocky and thickset, he is humble and unpretending in manner, but strong and sure. He holds both the admiration and affection of his priests and his people.

"The majority of my Christians here date from two hundred years back," His Excellency explained when an informal hour came and we were gathered in his home. "There are some forty thousand in my territory. There were two thousand martyrs here in the Boxer Rebellion."

"Evidently, then," said Archbishop Costantini, "they are good stock from whom to hope for vocations."

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "a vocation is an ideal in every family."

Suanhwafu was one of the first territories in China to be assigned to a Chinese bishop. Now there are over a score of native bishops in the Church. Half a million Catholics, one sixth of the entire body in China, have already passed under the care of the Chinese clergy and hierarchy. I should like to return to China in 2100 A.D. By that time, I think I should find that the one hundred and twenty mission territories of today had grown to several hundred; and that, rather than one out of six being governed by Chinese, practically all would then be under Chinese bishops. Each of the great religious orders of the Church will then have Chinese provinces. The Chinese people will engage in works of charity and education, as in the West. The Church in China will be regarded by all as thoroughly Chinese.

Not that there will be no foreign missionaries. China will need foreign missionaries for centuries, but these, I believe, will become less and less responsible for organized territories. Rather, will they take charge of areas where Christians are few, these areas being assigned them by the Chinese bishops. Hence, they will still be found almost everywhere throughout China. The Chinese parish priest must hold and enlarge upon the gains that the missionary has made. In the Church there must ever be the distinction between the parish priest and the missionary; probably there are not more

than forty missionaries in every thousand priests, the world over, and this difference in vocation seems bound to continue.

"Every Chinese priest," commented Bishop Cheng, "wins a few souls to the Church each year, but it is the exceptional priest blessed with a hunger for conversion, who makes his work in this regard outstanding. Here in Suanhwafu last year we had twelve hundred converts. The best individual record goes to Father Chow, a young priest, the smallest and seemingly most timid of all who work under me. He won one hundred and one. Before he dies, he certainly will bring in many thousands more, for God has put that special flame in his breast."

We rode some miles outside the city and visited a monastery set in the quiet of the hills, home of a community of Chinese priests, the Disciples of the Lord. A similar all-Chinese foundation at Ankuo, in North China, is that of the Little Brothers of Saint John the Baptist. The latter community was the inspiration of one of the most remarkable of China's modern missionaries, Father Lebbe. He fired the members of his institute, most of whom were lay Brothers, to peerless deeds of charity, acting as hospitalers with the Chinese troops during the fighting of the 1930's. Their exploits were remarked throughout China, even by Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek. Father Lebbe's love of the Chinese prompted him to request citizenship of China. Both Father Lebbe and many of his religious paid for their zeal with their lives, but their idea of devoted Catholic service to their people lives on.

Father Ly stole me away from the gathering at the Bishop's house, and quietly we slipped through gateways into some of Suanhwafu's homes. Everywhere there were orderliness, cleanliness, and simplicity. One man, who has interests in the coal mines of the neighborhood, lives in patriarchal fashion with a beautiful Catholic family of twenty, including the children of his three sons.

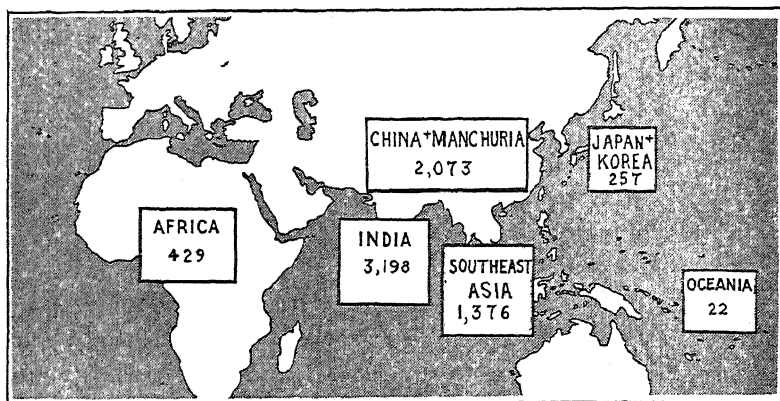
All of these families were old in the Faith. Any priest who calls is received as he would be in a farmhouse in Ireland, or by robust Catholics of the Bavarian plain, by mountaineers of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, by the elite of the fold the world over. These Catholics, I said to myself, "belong." One visit here would dispel the notion of certain Westerners that the Catholics of China

are under tutelage, are not full-fledged, not yet thoroughly of the household.

"The spiritual life of the Chinese is not easy to talk or write about," said Bishop de Vienne, of Tientsin, one day; "it must be seen and felt. Go to Tonglu; go to our Chinese Lourdes."

Father Tien, an alumnus of the Urban College in Rome, was my guide to Tonglu. We journeyed over the Hopei plain by Chinese cart, a very efficient vehicle, though hardly comfortable. It had two giant wheels, each with a circle of glistening nail heads,

PRINCIPAL WORLD FIELDS OF NATIVE CLERGY



The above chart does not embrace the entire native clergy of the mission world, which totals approximately eight thousand and includes small groups in the missionary areas of Europe and the Americas, and in Western Asia.

which supported the springless body, above which rose the hood of deep blue denim. The seat within was made only for one; hence Father Tien and I took turns sitting up with the driver, to me the pleasantest experience of the day. I conceived an affection for the two splendid mules, well harnessed, which were such steady pullers through mud and water and over annoying boulders, and which responded so docilely to the direction of the driver, a tranquil, smiling-eyed peasant who managed things well.

We were still far out on the plain, with two hours of journeying yet before us, when Father Tien pointed to the spot on the horizon where, above a grove of green trees, two towers loomed. Only the

dwellers in level lands know from how far off a church tower can be seen, and how it can serve as compass for an entire plain. It was the shrine of Our Lady of China. When pilgrims afoot reach this spot, they sing a hymn of joy quite as did the pilgrims of old who went down through Italy to Rome, when they first spied the dome of Saint Peter's from among the umbrella pines on the hills outside the city.

"Four feasts of the year are very dear to us," said Father Tien. "Christmas, Easter, the Assumption, and All Souls. It is for the Assumption that thousands pour into Tonglu. I think you will find everywhere in China a strong love for Our Lady."

The glare of the day had softened as my favorite mules trod into this very attractive village, its little houses clustered around the great church as if for Our Lady's protection. A light breeze moved the trees, and the familiar nod of all whom we met gave a friendly air to the place. Tonglu's three thousand souls are practically all Catholic.

The shrine church is spacious, with a great altar of gilded carved wood, designed to give a setting to the painting which occupies the center of the apse. It is a representation of the Madonna in the robes of a Chinese Empress, the Christ Child bedecked as Emperor. Its strong colors possess depth and substance, while the simple dignity of the figures is well calculated to prompt devotion. Though after the style of Western painting, since it was executed many years before the present-day school of Chinese Christian art came into being, nevertheless this depiction of Our Lady of China appeals to both Chinese and Westerners.

We took supper that evening in the rectory garden, a canopy of trees above us. The pastor was Chinese; the first assistant Père Tremorin of France; the second assistant Chinese. The convent of teaching Sisters was entirely Chinese, and Père Tremorin was the only European in Tonglu or in all the surrounding area.

"After a generation here," he commented to me, "I am no longer conscious of the difference of nationality between myself and my fellow priests or the people. I only know that I am deeply in love with my work here and with all those with whom I work."

Early the next morning I said Mass at Tonglu's shrine. I went

with the pastor to the home of Paul Chen, who was dying. "He has been our head catechist for a generation," explained the pastor.

The group of priests caused a stir as they entered Paul's home. Since he was near the end, he had been moved into the courtyard where he rested motionless on his bed, his crucifix before his eyes. His eldest son stood not far off and stared at him fixedly, while friends and neighbors in number clustered about the edge of the court, silent or speaking gravely in low voices.

The only loud sound was the carpenter's hammer, from the next courtyard, driving nails with a ringing urgency into the coffin he was making. Family, relatives, friends—among all peoples they are much the same. But where outside China do we find such philosophic realists that a man calmly breathes his last to the music of the coffin maker at his ear?

Zose is close to Shanghai and the lower Yangtze basin, quite as is Tonglu to Peking and Tientsin. Zose holds the Zikawei Observatory, but among Chinese Catholics it is particularly celebrated as a place of pilgrimage.

We arrived on a day of pilgrimage. As we reached the foot of the hill, we discovered a great fleet of sampans moored to many quays, some of the boats quite large, for visitors lived in them during their stay here. Half-way up the hill, we reached the principal shrine, that of Our Lady of Help. From this point to the top is a great outdoor representation of the Way of the Cross, a favorite devotion among the Chinese. On the summit is the large new shrine church.

As between Tonglu and Zose, the latter wins for greater physical attractiveness. It has the air of a spacious park, where the devotees may not only kneel and pray, as they do by thousands, but where they may quietly repose in the informal atmosphere of the countryside. All classes seemed gathered here, from fisher folk and rough, blue-gowned peasants, to modern-suited university boys from Shanghai, these last very edifying in their simple fervor.

Before the day ended, we gathered at the shrine of Our Lady for evening devotions. Two servants then set off an enormous string of a thousand large firecrackers. These made the youngsters hide among their elders, and required almost ten minutes to spend themselves. It was the day's final deed of honor to the Blessed Mother.

XII

Americans under Fire

"ME FOR AMERICA!" said a business man to an American missionary in Shanghai. "The U.S.A. is the one safe spot on earth. Goodby—I'm going home." The missionary stayed. All the missionaries stayed.

America's Catholic missionaries in China are not only staying, they are building. There are over six hundred of them distributed in sixteen of the eighteen provinces. They have withstood a thousand air raids, they have seen their cities besieged, they have gone to the wounded and the dying. The ceaseless tide of refugees has poured in at their doors. Together with the Catholic missionaries of eighteen other nationalities in China, they have kept faith with their people. North, Central, and South China have almost equal contingents of American priests, Brothers, and Sisters, with a slightly preponderant number in Central China. The figures are: 220 Catholic American missionaries in North China, 277 in Central China, and 187 in South China.

Early in the Sino-Japanese war, the coastal provinces of North China were occupied by the Japanese. Americans were in the thick of things. There were almost fifty in Peking, and 124 in Shantung Province. "I advise you to leave," wrote the American consul.

"Thanks for the advice," answered priests and Sisters, "but we are staying." As the Japanese advanced, the Sisters moved into the cities, kept behind the walls while guns thundered, then went back to their posts.

"Father Clementin came in this evening," reads a letter from Chowtsun, from Sister Louise of the Precious Blood Sisters, of Red Bud, Illinois (Father Clementin is an American Franciscan). "Is it Sisters, or is it your ghosts?" he cried when he saw us; 'I thought you were gone.' 'Not gone,' we replied. 'We merely stepped aside to let the fight go through. Now we are back.'"

From the work during the chaotic days came many reports of goals achieved. "We baptized seven soldiers today," wrote Sister

Nidgaria of the Servants of the Holy Ghost, of Techny, Illinois. "After the baptism the seven soldiers went to the Sister in charge, bowed profoundly before her, but were so embarrassed that they could not utter a word. Sister came to their help with a few cigarettes. When they were at ease, their words broke forth like a flood. At breakfast the seven were as happy as children."

Wounded and refugees came into Peking to get away from spots still more desperate. "Now is the time to give proof," reads a letter from the University, "that we not only preach noble ideals, but try to live them. We have opened wide our gates to war victims. It is touching to see these refugees on Sunday after Mass—hungry little tots and worn-out mothers, who do not beg clamorously, but just mutely plead for help. It does one good to see those sad faces wreathed with smiles when their petitions are granted."

Father Clougherty of the American Benedictines was early appointed a leader in relief work in Honan Province. The Benedictine Sisters, of St. Joseph, Minnesota, and the Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, met the troop trains and dressed the fetid wounds of the thousands of Chinese moving back from the front. As the Japanese advanced through this northern province of Honan, missionaries over wide areas were uprooted. "For a while our Honan Sisters lived a regular gypsy life," reports Sister Margarethis of Techny.

"After the two latest visits of bombing planes to Sinyangchow," reads a typical message from Honan, "hundreds of wounded were brought to our hospital. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters went into service to render first aid. The people crowded into the mission compound and are living in the school buildings."

"Into the busy quiet of our school," writes Sister Rainberta, "came the alarm. We took the children out among the heavy vines and shrubs of the garden. Majestically the planes flew across the sky; then peaceful Chumatien was terrified with fearful detonations. The children trembled and cried with fear.

"Our little hospital stood amid surrounding ruins. Sister Adela was there, working coolly though covered with dust and debris. A near-by patient cried out, 'Sister Adela saved my life.' The wounded poured in. What a pitiful crowd! One boy sobbed: 'All my relatives have been killed. I am left alone.' A woman related:

'There were five of us in a field. A bomb burst, killing my four companions.' Another reported: 'More than thirty people were in a shed. I tried to squeeze in but they would not let me. A bomb struck the shed and all but I were killed.' "

Some fifty American missionaries were in Shanghai and Nanking when Japan and the United States declared war. Those within the Japanese lines are interned, but many who have the freedom of their immediate neighborhood continue to carry on. All are veterans of war's horrors, for this entire area has witnessed bitter fighting.

The largest single group in the province is that of the California Jesuits. A typical Nanking diary of the war months reads: "Fifty-one planes today . . . Ninety-six planes in four raids today . . . We radioed America for relief in the Shanghai and Nanking war areas. I don't see how we can possibly get these thousands of summer-clad refugees through the winter . . . The Jacquinet Zone, established just before the bombardment of Nantao, is the center of attention. Priests, scholastics, and Sisters of all nationalities go to help Father Jacquinet, S.J., care for the 250,000 poor in that neutral section. The sights are pitiful; the food, clothing, and health problems acute. But willing workers pitch right in, keeping their eyes peeled for the dying. Baptismal water flows freely."

Over a hundred American priests, Brothers, and Sisters are in the three cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang, of Hupeh Province in Central China.

First there were the casualties from other warring sectors. "Doctor Fou and our nurses were called out to meet the trains carrying wounded soldiers," says a letter from the Sisters of Charity, of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio, who conduct St. Vincent's Hospital in Wuchang. "The trains stopped long enough for the dressings. Some of the wounds were green for want of attention, some men had eyeballs hanging out, others were moving about with lungs exposed."

Then came the attack on the Wuhan cities. Wounded from near-by fields were brought in. "They came hobbling on crutches, they were carried on coolies' broad shoulders," says Father Shackleton of the Columban Fathers of Omaha. "They were laughing, they were moaning, they were indifferent. Some lacked an arm, others a leg. It was a pitiful procession of the halt and the maimed.

It was a nightmare of human suffering. The hour became so late that it became early, and I still caught fragments of murmured conversation as Father McDonald, our doctor, and the St. Columban Sisters attended the cases: 'Chest partly shot away . . . machine-gun wounds . . . die . . . morning. Baptism . . . sufficient instruction . . . conditional . . . poor fellow, he is not more than eighteen.'"

Then came the bombing. "It is frightening here in Wuhan," wrote a Sister of Charity. "Gruesome sights! We are really stepping around in blood . . . One person was so shot up that none of our Chinese would give a hand to put him in a coffin. Sister Alban and Sister James finally attended to it; Sister Alban stood on the coffin lid while Sister James nailed it down."

"There are simply no words to describe what I saw for the next few hours," writes Sister Leonarda of the Sisters of Loretto, of Nerinx, Kentucky, speaking of another raid. "Sister Nicholas says war is the devil's butcher shop; it deserves the title. We simply waded in human blood for hours—even the walls were spattered with it. When we went home during the night, supper was waiting, but who could eat, or who could sleep?"

"I shall never forget one little boy," writes Sister Kilian of the Sisters of St. Columban, of Silver Creek, N. Y. "His father was so badly wounded that we knew there was no hope. But the youngster brought every priest and Sister in the place to see his dad, begging and beseeching each to save him. Next morning at six, making my rounds, I met the wee lad again. 'I cannot find my father,' he said piteously. 'I will go with you,' I said, unable to resist him. We went together to the father's empty bed. I could not deceive him; I told him. The poor little chap was stunned, and just then his mother came, carrying a baby, a little boy on each side of her. I wilted before their lamentations."

From all the woe has risen a great wave of love and respect for the Church. "The finest missionary work on our compound just now," wrote Sister Charitina of the Franciscans of Perpetual Adoration, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, "is our coolie class. After six in the evening, when Wuchang is under martial law, the coolies come to us and sleep here all night. They wash, eat supper, have

religion class from 7:30 to 9:00, and then take to their beds of straw. They should be too tired for study; but no, they are attentive and on the alert."

So say also the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, of Reading, Ohio. The late Bishop Espelage, of the American Franciscans, designed their school for the elite, but the war drove all except the poor out of Wuchang. "From the byways of the ruined city," writes one of the Sisters, "we brought ragged little ones who have known much suffering. The old gates now see new sights as boys and girls with schoolbags trot beneath the iron archway."

South of the Hankow neighborhood is Hunan Province, where there are fifty Americans who know the cost in suffering of the battle of Changsha. Bishop O'Gara through four years of war worked with his Passionists in Yuanling. The Sisters of Charity, of Convent Station, New Jersey, have lost two of their members from typhus, one of war's afflictions; they have also seen their schools and convent bombed and destroyed by fire.

"Schools were opened in a refugee camp where there were neither desks nor benches nor books—only the pupils and teachers," writes Sister Teresa Miriam. "Difficulties seem to have put new life in Young China. All phases of our work are in full operation today."

The Sisters of St. Joseph, of Baden, Pennsylvania, had a hospital in Yuanling. After it had survived thirty raids, a great bomb demolished it. Sister Catherine describes her feelings as she came back from the dugout: "I stood dazed, looking at the crater the bomb had made in the flower bed. Oh, the irony of it! Only this morning I had scolded a coolie for stepping on the geraniums! The hospital was demolished. Near me stood the returning patients. The bad-arm case was telling the eye case that there was nothing left; the typhoid case looked tired and wan, but where could we put him? 'Awful, Sister!' said the male attendant who had remained at the hospital during the raid. I was glad to see him alive!"

In Kiangsi Province, a great Vincentian field, there are sixty Americans. There have been bombings here, but fewer attacks. At Kanchow the compound of the Sisters of Charity, of Emmitsburg, Maryland, was shaken up but not destroyed. "A bomb hit just opposite the laundry," wrote one of the Sisters, "and the ceiling

fell in the big ward of the hospital. Luckily the patients rolled under the beds, but one poor woman was scalped and found dead. Our boy who was out with the cows came back, fearful of punishment because one cow was killed. We told him we thanked God he was safe."

The Sisters of Charity, of Normandy, Missouri, have lost one of their number by death from war conditions. A great part of their property at Poyang has been destroyed. "We still have with us one of the four bombs, which failed to explode," writes a Sister. "God spare our poor!" she adds.

Fukien Province has forty Americans—Dominican Fathers and Sisters. "I am usually in the dispensary when an air-raid signal sounds," writes Sister Rosaire of the Dominican Sisters, of Columbus, Ohio, "and with the others we dash for the public dugouts. There is an advantage in this—I've learned the whole neighborhood, and now they know me. They embarrass me by insisting that I take the safest spot, but I try to pay them back by attending their sick."

Sister Carlos describes the bombing of the Kienow convent school: "A direct hit. The new buildings put up after the last bombing were demolished. Three others lost their roofs, one its side. In the school, walls, ceiling, blackboards, floors were in ruins. The children's dormitory would remind you of a Swiss cheese, so many holes in the walls and ceiling. The children's pastime is bringing us pieces of shrapnel."

A small group of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary were the first Catholic Americans to work in Szechwan Province and in Chungking, China's wartime capital. Now over a dozen Americans are in this part of the country, sharing in its air raids and helping to bind its wounds.

"Our hospital patients are satisfied with two bowls of very clear rice soup each day," writes one of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, whose American headquarters are in North Providence, Rhode Island. "They know that the situation is critical, and that they would be better fed if rations were obtainable. Our hearts ache at such misery! Infant mortality is high, for the little ones cannot withstand the ravages of hunger, disease and interminable hours in foul shelters.

"Though we do all in our power, we see so much that remains undone. We know that this war will produce the greatest missionary expansion in history. This thought encourages us to carry on."

South China's Americans are almost exclusively Maryknollers—187 of them. South China has seen ground fighting and bombings, and, during an air attack on Loting, occurred Kongmoon's first military casualty. Father Robert Kennelly, near the wall of his compound, saw a hurtling bomb in time to jump partly behind a tree. His exposed thigh was hit by a large piece of metal. From the cover of a dugout, Sister Monica Marie saw him fall and dashed to the house for her first-aid kit, then across the yard to the prostrate priest. As she was about to apply the astringent, another bomb, landing forty feet away, knocked the bottle from her hand. "This was a real calamity," related Father Kennelly later, "as medicine is scarce these days. We both prayed, and I gave Sister absolution. When still another bomb exploded, Sister said, 'There goes your house!' as a heap of earth went up in the air. In a moment the atmosphere cleared, and I forced out a smile as plucky Sister Monica Marie said, 'Never mind; the flag is still there!'"

Father Joseph Sweeney, director of the Maryknoll Leper Asylum, attempted to run the blockade between Hong Kong and South China with a stock of medicines, but received only a good wetting for his pains. "Getting back here from Hong Kong was a job," he wrote later from the asylum. "When I finally found a boat, I took a big stock of badly needed medicine with me, but lost all when the Chinese blockade runner on which I was a passenger was attacked by two Japanese gunboats. When the Chinese boat was run down, after a half hour's steady machine-gun and cannon fire, I thought the show was ended and took to the sea.

"It required a six-hour swim before I landed on a desolate island. On the third day I was rescued by some Chinese, who hid me until we could get a sampan, and then ran me home to the leper asylum. *Deo Gratias!* It seems a miracle to be alive."

To the Hong Kong corps of Maryknoll priests and Sisters fell much refugee work which, on one occasion, drew a letter of praise from Madame Chiang Kai Shek. A large body of war

orphans were conducted by Maryknoll priests many days' journey overland to a safe shelter in South China.

"I have just received a letter from the Children Protection Society of Hong Kong," wrote Madame Chiang, "telling me about your generous assistance to the war orphans. It was indeed kind of you to move the older children, through the help of the American priests, to the interior by way of Kwangchowan. And I wish to thank you especially for your personal supervision at Hsikeng. It was certainly comforting to hear about the younger children having been placed under the care of the Sisters of the Italian Convent. I assure you that your kindness is appreciated, not only by myself, but also by all the war orphans who have received your most beneficial aid and help, which they will never forget. Thank you once again for all that you have done."

In 1941 Madame Chiang Kai Shek gave to the Irish Jesuits in Hong Kong a remarkable statement about all Catholic missionaries.

"For the last four years," wrote Madame Chiang, "China, with a population equal in number to all the members of the Catholic Church in the world, has been fighting a war of resistance against Japanese aggression.

"Therefore, to the 400,000,000 Catholics scattered throughout the world, it must be a vital concern how your missionaries in China are meeting this challenge under the rough frown of war.

"No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese-occupied areas. They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction; on the contrary they have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery, both physical and spiritual.

"For example, the saintly Father Lebbe, until his death, led his group of workers into the very percussion of cannon fire to succor the wounded in the battlefield. Eventually he sacrificed his life for the people he loved.

"Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of terrified and helpless women who ran into Catholic compounds when the Japanese military approached. Other Catholic missionaries devoted

themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Others, with undaunted courage, continued educational work amongst the stricken and destitute. In all that they are doing, they have shown the quality of mercy which blesses him that gives and him that receives. In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of a starved people.

"Their life of self-denial and inner discipline has proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer."

When the present struggle broke, General Chiang made no secret of his surprise at the genuine affection which Christians revealed toward China. When, for instance, the message of the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Zanin, was called to the Generalissimo's attention, the effect was breath-taking.

"The armaments of love," said the message in part, "are arrayed against the armaments of death.

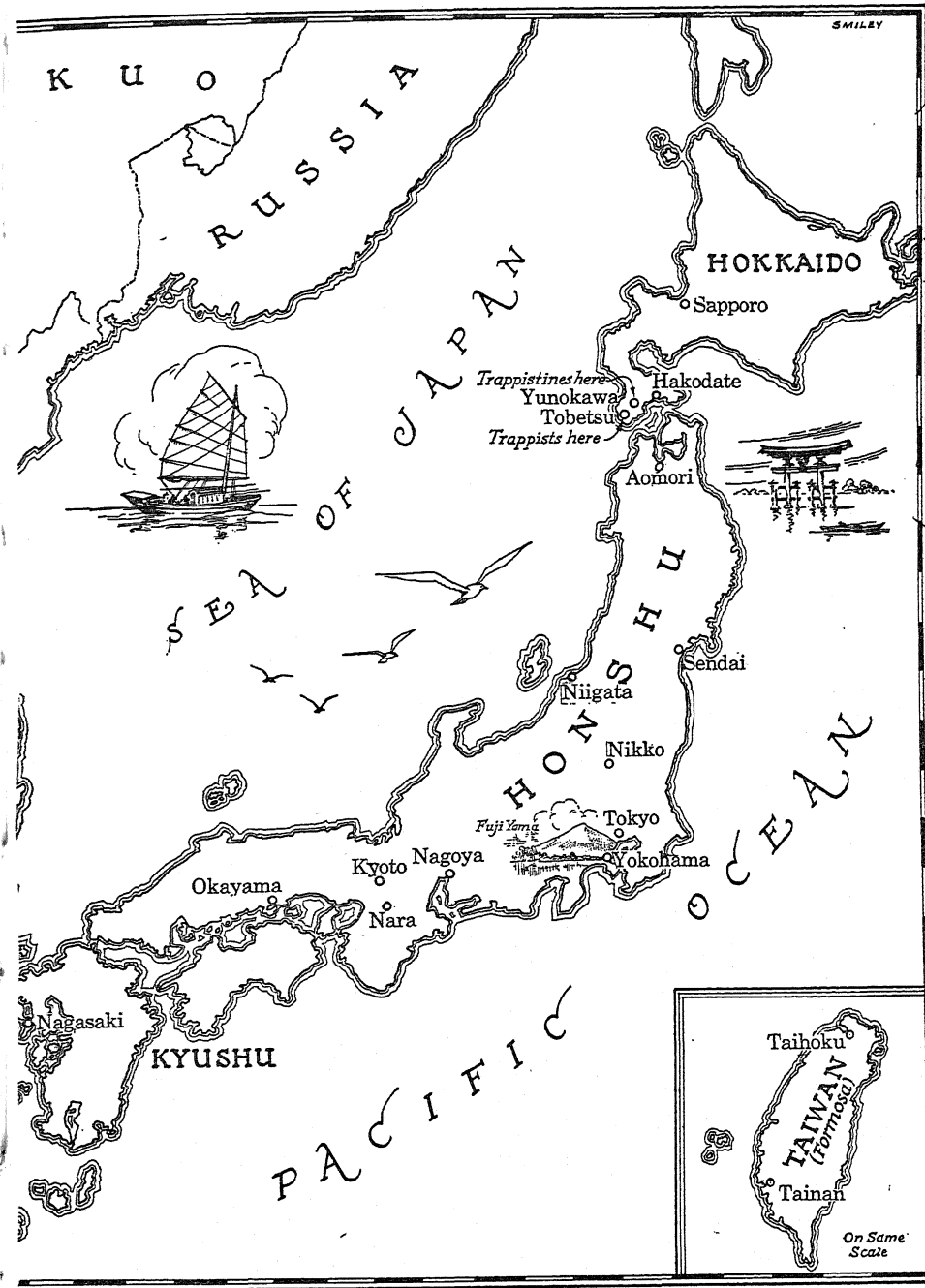
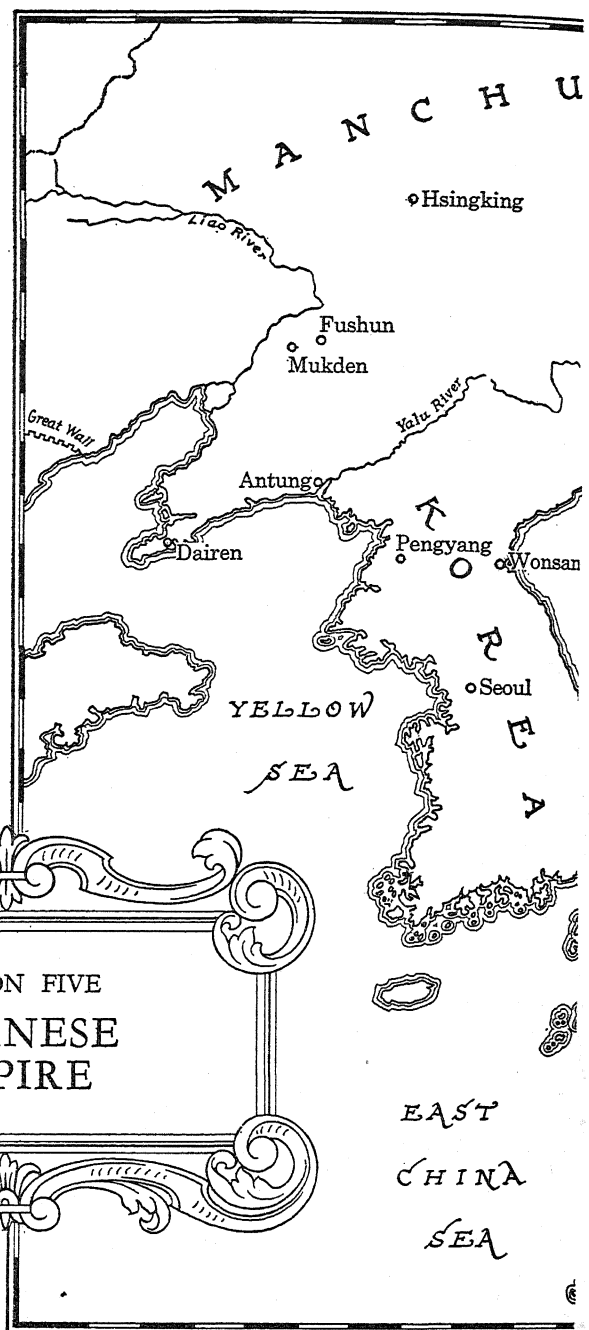
"Jesus, in the guise of the people of China, cries aloud to us: 'I am hungry, thirsty, sick. . . . Come to Me.'

"May the words that my sorrowing heart urges me to address to you betoken my love for the Chinese."

The words which Pope Pius XII uttered in one of his wartime Christmas messages echoed exactly his sentiments and those of every missionary who labors under him. "We love," said the Holy Father with deep emotion, "and in this we call upon God to be our witness—we love with equal affection all peoples, without any exception whatsoever."



SECTION FIVE
JAPANESE
EMPIRE



I

Tokyo

IN pre-war Japan, and more markedly so in war-time Japan, there has been strong insistence among Government authorities upon leadership of Japanese Catholics by Japanese. The Holy See has met this situation in many other countries. "The gradual passage of the full administrative responsibility of whole dioceses into the hands of a national clergy is the normal course of the missionary activities of the Church," explains Archbishop Marella, Papal Delegate in Tokyo. "It is the end which missionaries set for themselves when they come to labor in a country."

Japan's rulers pass over in silence any question of the acceptance of the Christian message. But since a small body of Japanese are already within the Christian fold, the rulers are satisfied to permit them to practice their Faith as a recognized entity. The Religious Bodies Law of 1939 laid down the general conditions by which this was to be carried on; and in May, 1941, the Catholic Church received official approval. A few weeks later a similar recognition was accorded the united Protestant sects.

By this regulation of 1939, the administrative head of the Church in Japan and its liaison with the Government must be Japanese. Happily, the Church had already provided for this by transferring Archbishop John Chambon, of Toyko, to Yokohama, and naming to Tokyo in his place Archbishop Peter T. Doi, a native son of Nippon.

Indeed, more. While the law did not require that Catholic bishops in Japan be native sons, the Church's bishops already in service there, from various countries of the West, expressed the sentiment that greater good might be accomplished if in the proximate future the Church's episcopal leaders could be Japanese. The first of these ordinaries to take the recommendation literally was an American, Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, tall and tennis-playing, a Washingtonian born within a mile of the National Capitol, head of the Maryknoll territory, the Prefecture of Kyoto.

In 1940 Monsignor Byrne sent his resignation to Rome, and one of his Japanese priests, Father Paul Furuya, was named in his place. "Monsignor Furuya is an ace," said Father Byrne at the time. "He has won us all, for he has ever been priestly in deportment, zealous in the ministry, generous to the poor, quick to self-sacrifice for the needs of others, always cheerful, gracious, approachable."

Thus we already witness the day when missionaries from overseas will serve in Japan under Japanese superiors. Japan itself will not for many generations supply sufficient clergy, either to minister to its Catholics, or to furnish missionaries to the great bodies of non-Christians. In the present death struggle among the nations, the Church's missionaries from America and all other lands on which Japan has declared war are held suspect; most of them have been interned. What will be the spirit of the world when the fighting ceases, is unpredictable; but we can confidently expect that sooner or later, in Japan, Christ's messengers from overseas will be free to resume the imparting of their message.

In Tokyo, Japan's capital that mushroomed into a metropolis of four millions, one has the impression that the city goes out beyond the horizon and on forever, for its distances are enormous. Suburbanites each morning pour into Tokyo, train after train, to their day's work, for all the world like New York commuters from Westchester or Long Island. In New York there is not the same sum total of dead-pan seriousness that one finds on the faces of Tokyo's out-of-city folk going to their offices, but this and other differences are incidental. Tokyo is an authentic, twentieth-century modern city.

Tokyo is to Japan what Paris is to France, a light that draws all eyes. What Tokyo-ites wear or say or do today, Japanese the empire over will imitate tomorrow. On the great boulevards and amid the modern business houses, it is some trivial novelty, such as the noodle-soup carriers on bicycles, that reminds a Westerner he is in the Orient. Fascinated, we watch these carriers as with acrobatic adroitness they bear half a dozen trays on their left shoulder, piled one above the other, each tray loaded with boxes of cold cooked noodles and with bowls of hot noodle soup and fish. After all, we conclude, this is not Fifth Avenue.

Not that the elegance of Fifth Avenue is wanting. The male of

the species is lacking in color, but not the female. Women of the middle or upper classes provide a never-ending parade of designs in colors which we usually associate with our summer cretonnes. We instinctively feel sorry for the husbands, who must pay the bills, for women's clothes in Japan are expensive. Each kimono, and every woman has a trousseau of them, requires a lavish outlay. The obi, or sash, alone consumes four and a half yards of finest silk twelve inches wide. The obi-dome, the ornamental fastening, allows full play to the jeweler's fancy. A well-dressed woman in Tokyo can expend as many thousands of yen as does a Manhattan hostess with her suits and furs.

Tokyo shops hold treasures from throughout the world, but many are products of the artists and craftsmen of old Japan. Connoisseurs pore by the hour over piles of color prints, the *ukiyo-e*, a genre of which the Japanese are the world's masters. Few artists have equaled those marvels of rhythm and reticence that are the prints of Hokusai and Hiroshige. There are beautiful displays of Japanese lacquer work, rivaling that of China; and of porcelains, such as the Satsuma ware, Arita ware, Kutani ware. There are both art and ingenuity in the *inro*, little carved boxes which serve many incidental uses in Japanese dress and in the home. Most Japanese art that goes abroad is distinctly of inferior quality. The Japanese themselves, inveterate collectors, have the taste and the money to buy the really fine objects that appear on the market.

Quite as the religious element seems to penetrate every phase of life in India, so the aesthetic has possession of Japan. The Religious of the Sacred Heart, who conduct two of the large and outstanding young women's schools in Japan, one in Tokyo and the second at Obayashi, near Kyoto, are in constant admiration at the fineness of taste they discover in so many daughters of the leading families of the nation, who are placed in their care. It would almost appear that this element of the aesthetic could be the point of departure for the task of crowning Japanese culture with Christianity.

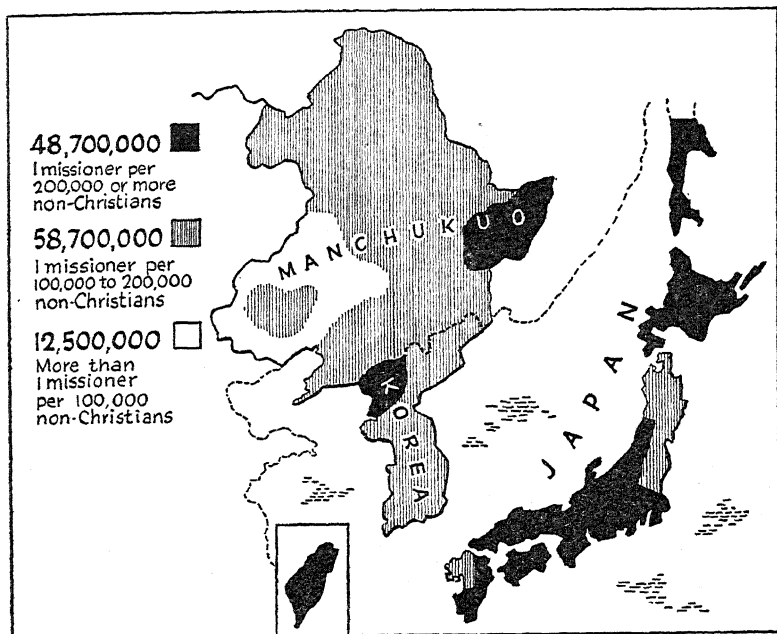
"It is not empty enthusiasm," remarked Mother Meyer, of Obayashi, one day, "when I tell you that in many of our young ladies there breathes all the idealism of the samurai."

The spirit of the samurai is the sublimation of all the good which

Japan remembers from days of yore, when its knighthood was in flower. It is expressed today by the term *Bushido*, which literally means knightly ways. By the ethical system behind *Bushido*, the young people should be taught courage, self-control, loyalty, devotion.

The Japanese possess also, a special appreciation of all that we

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY OCCUPATION—JAPANESE EMPIRE



Even before the extraditions of the present war, the entire territory under Japan counted fewer than two thousand priests, Brothers, and Sisters. The populous parts of Japan proper were the most poorly occupied.

call good taste. A Japanese of discernment, gazing upon the passing throngs in Tokyo, will comment from time to time that such and such a person is "*shibui konomi*." He will mean that the passer-by is dressed with discrimination, that about him there is nothing but what betokens modesty and serenity. The term is applied to almost anything that creates an effect—to a voice, to writing paper, to the furnishings of a room, to an object of art.

Happily, the Church has made a very good start in Tokyo,

limited in scope as yet, but offering hope for the morrow. In all Japan there is but the modest total of one hundred thousand Catholics. There are one hundred and fifteen thousand in Korea, and eighty-five thousand in Manchukuo, Japan's two neighboring vassal states. Ten per cent of Japan's Catholics—ten thousand members—are in Tokyo. Schools for young men and young women have an enrollment, Catholic and non-Catholic, of six thousand. In the city is the outstanding Catholic educational institution of all Japan, the Catholic University of Tokyo. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have a new modern hospital, and there are numerous other works of charity.

Besides its local development, Tokyo promises well as national headquarters for Church activities. Japanese Catholics, possibly because of their small numbers, appreciate the importance of united action. Recently they combined to establish a national press center, and abolished five local Catholic papers in order to develop a single good national weekly. From this center appear also a battery of monthly Catholic magazines with special aims.

Outside of Tokyo the Catholics fall under three heads: first, the Nagasaki Catholics; secondly, the Catholics in cities other than Tokyo; and thirdly, the Catholics of the rural districts.

All these total but a meager one hundred thousand, while adult converts are a bare two thousand yearly. A small figure, is it not? One might conclude that Japan is a sterile country where the latter-day hopes of Christianity have died unborn.

"Don't get too engrossed in the statistics tables," said Bishop Kinold, of Sapporo, a veteran who has thought out the matter very carefully. "Japan today is much the same as the old Roman Empire. We have nothing in the way of physical advantages to bring to it, and the majority of the populace is not yet listening to us. But a few choice souls, precisely those who want for little or nothing in a material way, feel a void in their lives, and find their longings satisfied when they learn of Christianity. They are the vanguard. Perhaps they are like the little flock which lived for generations in the catacombs and nourished a flame that eventually fired the Western world."

II

The Miniature Garden

ON AN intensely sunny Sunday, I journeyed by train down to Nagasaki, at the southern extremity of Nippon. The train was crowded, every station platform was crowded: all Japan seemed on the move.

When noon came, I indulged in a lunch as did the other wayfarers, buying from the train window the Tiny Tom lunch box made of thin wood like our grocer's old-time butter boxes. Inside were dried fish, a wad of cooked rice, some tightly compressed cut vegetables. Attached to the box was a pair of diminutive chopsticks, wrapped in tissue paper, and evidently fresh from the forest since they were still only partly detached one from the other; the user broke them apart to begin his meal. My chopstick technique was not too good, but I dug in hungrily. At the next station I purchased a bottle of Japanese pop, of a dubious orange flavor, to wash down the fish, vegetables, and salt.

The Japanese diet is very different from ours, but it is a well-balanced ration, containing proper vitamins, although the existence of the vitamins is probably no concern of the average Japanese. Meat is extremely rare, but the waters of the Empire teem with fish, and Japanese fishing boats range the entire wide Pacific. With fish as the principal protein, the Japanese use rice as a carbohydrate. The deficiency disease associated in other countries with the use of polished rice is almost unknown in Japan, owing to the liberal use of green vegetables, many of which are eaten raw. As we have learned in California, the Japanese are marvelous truck gardeners, pushing their tiny plots of ground to fabulous yields.

Bishop Hayasaka awaited me at Nagasaki. He was the only native prelate in Japan at that time; he has since been succeeded by Bishop Yamaguchi, who was a pastor of one of the city churches during my visit. Bishop Hayasaka was from Sendai, a city of the north, and his choice for this diocese caused the same stir that would follow the naming of a New Yorker to rule in Texas. The

Japanese are provincial, quite as we are. The Nagasaki country has an air of rough vigor about it quite different from more genteel regions of Japan. It has given many strong men to the nation and, at various times during the feudal era, provided several shoguns, who were the real rulers of Japan, the Mikado until 1868 being a much-revered figurehead.

Of the one hundred thousand Catholics scattered among the tens of millions of Japanese, Bishop Hayasaka explained to me, some sixty thousand are crowded into this corner of the country. The isolated character of this portion of Japan probably aided the Nagasaki Catholics in their fabulous feat of maintaining their secret fidelity to Christianity for two hundred and fifty years. Many, no doubt, are familiar with this extraordinary chapter in mission history, but Bishop Hayasaka gave to the story, as he related it to me on the spot, a very special savor.

When Saint Francis Xavier reached Japan, in 1549, the country was in a state of anarchy, the result of the decline of the Ashikaga shoguns and of the struggle of other feudal lords to take over the shogunate. The Mikado, whom Saint Francis found at Kyoto in a run-down palace, with his servants and attendants unpaid, was a mere shadow of a ruler, although the Japanese continued to pay him ceremonial reverence, as the lineal descendant of the sun goddess. Saint Francis incorrectly concluded that in Japan, as anciently in the Holy Roman Empire, there was a division of spiritual and temporal power, between the Mikado and the shogun. Saint Francis found even Buddhism at odds with itself; its various sects were in conflict; the more important monasteries were converted into armed fortresses, with the bonzes playing the role of Knights Templars, at war with the feudal lords. In this climate favorable to a new message, Christianity made astounding gains. Unfortunately, the missionaries did not seem to understand how much of their progress was due to the circumstances of the times.

The shoguns who succeeded the Ashikagas—first Nobunaga and then the Tokugawa dynasty—were swiftly knitting together most of the dissident elements of Japan, so that the country was united to face any peril from abroad. By this time, indeed, the foreign missionaries began to be considered as a peril. The boats that brought the missionaries remained to engage in commerce, and there were some

who thought that behind the missionary loomed the shadow of the foreign soldier. Spanish priests arrived in numbers from the Philippines, where the soldiers of Spain had just achieved the conquest of the Islands. It seems established now, beyond any doubt, that it was an English pilot who persuaded the shogun Nobunaga that the Spanish missionaries were but advance scouts for the Spanish armies planning the military conquest of Japan. The English pilot, whose chief concern was to supplant Spanish trade with English trade, failed to take into account the Japanese character: the Japanese decided to suppress, for once and for all, all foreign influences, and to close the gates of Japan to the white man, Catholic or Protestant, forever.

Because the Catholic religion was a foreign influence, the shoguns decided to dispose of it as well. And perhaps there was another reason. It is possible that the shoguns realized that the individual dignity which the Christian religion gives was a threat to the absolute rule that the Japanese feudal state claimed over the lives and minds of the people.

The persecution begun at Nagasaki, in 1587. It broke out anew in 1612, and lasted until 1638. The ensuing peace was a peace of death. As far as the shoguns knew, no Catholic remained. The book of martyrs has no page more horrible than this Japanese story of experimental cruelty, in which all elements were enlisted to bring torture to a dreadful perfection. It is impossible to understand how human bodies supported the atrocities. And this was a true martyrdom: by apostatizing, the tortured Catholics could have gained release.

In 1638 the Catholics revolted and took refuge in the castle of Shimbara, near Nagasaki. This was exactly what the Government wanted. After a long and dolorous siege, the castle fell; the Christians were massacred. So much did the masters of Japan fear these strange creatures, the Christians, that their bones, their rosaries, their objects of worship, the furniture from their houses, the very dust stained with the blood of the decapitations, were all consigned to a fire that lasted for several days; then the ashes were taken far out to sea.

The monotony of pain that is the martyrology of the Nagasaki martyrs reveals the capacity of the Japanese, not only for suffering,

but also for the greatest riches of Catholic teaching. It reveals, as well, the qualities that are curiously Japanese: the courtesy of judge toward condemned, the formality of the condemned toward his torturers, even in the moment of death. André Bellesort, of the French Academy, was once moved by the story of the Nagasaki martyrs to write:

"Other men in other countries, we know, have faced torments with an equally inflexible courage, with an equal serenity, and the same soft light on their faces, as if the marvel of their heavenly reward already reflected itself on their features. But it remained for the Japanese to be of impeccable demeanor and an exquisite politeness toward death, and for a Japanese gentleman at the moment when the axe hung over his head, to have leaned over to remove, with a careful finger, the little grain of dust that he perceived upon a fold of his silken robe."

The Japanese persecution is one of the few in history that succeeded—or so it seemed. For two hundred and fifty years, there was no trace of Christian life in Japan. But when the seventeenth-century priests left the country or were about to be put to death, they had promised that one day successors to themselves would return.

"Bid your children and your children's children to watch for these priests," they had said. "There will be three signs by which the newcomers will be known. First, they will be unmarried; secondly, they will give allegiance to the Holy Father in Rome; and thirdly, they will have great love for Mary, the Mother of God."

Strange as it may seem, these Catholic Japanese did exactly as they were bidden. They kept themselves in separate villages, married carefully among themselves, and at a certain memorable moment, as each of their offspring came to the use of reason, solemnly imparted the great secret—that they belonged to Christ, that Christ's priests would return. Their prayers were said in darkness, like an act of sorcery.

"Some day, some day," they reminded each other often. But generation after generation, century after century, passed in seeming silence.

Then in Nagasaki some bearded Westerners built a little Gothic edifice, surmounted it with a cross, adorned it with statues. Now one, now another from the Christian villages visited this building

in the city. Excited parleys were called; then a delegation was chosen to investigate these Westerners. The three questions were put. The answers proved satisfactory. At last, like the unsealing of a tomb, the secret of the preserved religion was revealed.

"We are as you," said the spokesman of the little group, as they stood with the priest beneath the Madonna in this new church. "And there are many like us, back in the hills."

Bishop Petitjean, who received their story on March 17, 1865, cabled the astounding news to Europe.

At Nagasaki Cathedral, Bishop Hayasaka took me to see the statue of the Madonna, whose recognition by the secret Christians prompted them to reveal their existence. With him, the next day, I went a little way back into the hills. We walked the paths between the rice fields, and the husky peasant women exchanged pleasantries with His Excellency. When we reached the town of Urakami, we climbed to the beautiful church built on an eminence. It was raised through a period of twenty years by the labor and savings of the Catholic parish.

Our visit was unexpected, and the Bishop was delighted to discover the church filled with six hundred children of the parish, ranging from ten to eighteen years, all squatting solemn-facedly before their venerable pastor, Father Peter Moriyama. Father Moriyama was preaching a retreat in preparation for a great General Communion Day, a local practice. We stood quietly in the rear of the church while he spoke. When he had finished, very devoutly the youngsters said their prayers. It was like an after-school gathering in any parish at home.

On the church steps we were just in time to witness the stream of color pour through the doors. Each youngster wore a brilliant kimono. He or she immediately picked out his or her *geta*, or Japanese shoes, amid the hundreds of pairs lined neatly on the pavement, and with a din of *clack-clacks* the throng dashed off homeward, for all the world like a moving flower bed. But the Bishop was not overlooked. Bowing and respectfully drawing in the breath with a low hissing sound, each child gracefully swung into position to salute the honorable visitor. There is an extraordinary charm in Japanese children.

Father Peter took us through the neighborhood, and we visited

the homes of a number of his parishioners. I recall the neat little domain of Mark Kurasawa, who could not conceal his delight in having the Bishop under his roof.

Mark's home, typical of the ordinary houses throughout Japan, was a one-story, thatch-roofed cottage. In more modern communities the thatch has given way to less inflammable material. The walls consist of sliding screens, many of them of oiled paper, while the doors of wood likewise slide to open and shut. There are four rooms: the kitchen, living room, parlor, and bedroom. In the center of the living room floor is a square fire pit over which hangs an adjustable hook holding an iron teapot. At meal times this is replaced by a broad soup tureen. The poor man's meal in Japan—a stew of fish, green vegetables and bean curd—is called *sukiyaki*, meaning spade, and the select Japanese restaurants of New York and San Francisco have signs reading *sukiyaki*. The name had its origin in a traditional peasant practice of using the farming spade, carefully washed, as a vessel on which to cook the evening meal.

The teapot is symbol of hospitality, but Mark's wife served us beer with a large dish of shaved ice which she piled like snow into our glasses. This treat came in the parlor, where we were invited to sit on the floor on pillows which evidently are reserved for guests.

The best room of the house was this parlor. Here was the alcove called the *tokonoma*, in which non-Christians keep their Shinto-god shelf, but where Mark, as do all Catholics, had his shrine to Our Lady. Here also were several family treasures. There was little furniture here or elsewhere in the house, since everyone uses the floor to eat, sleep, and sit on.

In one corner of the parlor was a low desk draped neatly with damask, on which stood a row of books carefully aligned. "Those are Mark's," said the priest; "he is an omnivorous reader."

My eyes glanced around. It was all very *shibui konomi*, very much in good taste, I decided. Not much here, I said to myself, but more than I have found where there was much more. Take color, for instance. One might say there was none. But the sunlight through the creamy, translucent rice-paper screens and doors—is that not color? It makes the whole room glow like the inside of a lantern. And the smoothly polished, unpainted woodwork—it gleams too, and reflects the evanescent hues of the objects in the room. The

straw mats, the *tatami*, always six feet by three feet and two inches thick, fitted tightly together like tiles, covering the entire floor; the simple, elegant sandalwood of the *tokonoma*; the low black lacquer vase before the Madonna; the *kakemono* in the alcove (the only picture in the entire room)—all emitted an air of restraint and distinction that is missing in many apartments on Park Avenue.

When we were seated on our cushions, Mark slid back the light wooden wall of the room, and the parlor became a porch. We were facing a miniature garden, hardly ten feet in depth, but ingeniously designed to create the illusion of an entire hillside scene, into which was set a tiny Japanese Grotto of Lourdes. The trees, only a few inches high, are gnarled and bent like ancient trees. These are the famous *bonsai*, or carefully developed dwarf trees created by clever pruning of limbs and roots. They took on added attractiveness when we learned that Mark is renowned throughout the region for his skill in cultivating them.

"The art of making *bonsai*," Mark told me, "goes back two thousand years. Recently, at an exhibit in Nagasaki, two three-hundred-year-old specimens were shown. I cut away the main roots of seedling trees, three to five inches high, and leave the small roots. Weights are hung on the little branches to give them grace; sometimes they are tied with a string or wire. Six to ten years are required to develop a desirable tree. As they get old, they acquire a value of thousands of yen."

In Mark's landscape were stones, as carefully chosen as the trees for the effect they produced of being large boulders or even cliffs. There were miniature monuments, greensward of a special tiny grass, ribbon-like traces of sand to portray dry streams, and a placid little pond. A faint wind swayed the growing things. A humming bird flew in, large as an ostrich beside the dwarf trees, whirled its wings for a moment, and was off. Once again I had an object lesson in Japan's love of beauty and a reminder of its generous portion of good taste.

"I am relatively a stranger in these parts," said Bishop Hayasaka as we moved homewards, "and there comes a pinch of sadness as I experience this happy Catholic life hereabouts. I cannot but think that here in Nagasaki is a tiny specimen, like that miniature garden, of what all Japan would be today had not the authorities

turned against the Christians three centuries ago. There were already a million Catholics when the persecution broke out. And now the great Christian task for Japan is beginning all over again."

"Do many of the young people express a desire for Christianity?" I asked.

"Many do," was the reply. This was confirmed elsewhere. Saint George's School, in Sapporo, with an enrollment of seven hundred and fifty, has had one hundred and eighteen converts in seven years. The school's work, however, is not so much to effect the baptism of individuals as to prepare the public mind for a general consideration of Christ's message.

"We take no direct step toward bringing into the Church any non-Christian girl committed to our care," a Sister in one of the schools explained to me. "There are frequent instances of girls who desire the Sacrament of Baptism but cannot secure the consent of their parents. In those cases the Church does not ordinarily permit baptism until the person comes of age.

"Recently we had a young lady who in her early years with us had said she wished to be a Christian but, because her parents refused consent, she would not embarrass them by even mentioning the matter again. However, she fell ill of tuberculosis and conspired with a Christian girl from her class to be baptized secretly. She planned to die ostensibly pagan. By some accident the truth was revealed, and her family, though displeased, consented that she proclaim herself a Catholic. When she died, the family arranged for a Christian burial. The girl had kept a diary, as many of them do, and her parents were deeply moved to find that almost daily, for many years, she had confided to the pages of her little book a longing to be a Christian. We suspect that the intimate scribblings of many of our girls record a similar longing."

The story led me to ask if tuberculosis was frequent, and I was amazed to learn that some four million Japanese are suffering from this disease. The Church has a number of hospitals in Japan: large modern ones, such as those of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Tokyo and Sapporo; and small ones of ten beds, such as one that I visited at a flourishing little mission at Omori, midway between Tokyo and Yokohama. The situation is unlike that in China or India, where the standard of medical knowledge is low outside of

the mission world; Japanese medicine is modern, highly scientific, and backed by an effective public health service. In mission work it is sanatoria rather than hospitals that will fill a real need, and will allow our religious to accomplish good by their devotion.

Father Flaujac, in Tokyo, has established such an institution next door to the large Government Tuberculosis Home. When I asked him how it worked, he conducted me through it.

"As you see," he explained, "it is an unpretentious building with but forty beds, reserved for those who are declared incurable. But we offer the ardor of Christian charity. A corps of eight young lay women are our dispensers. They serve voluntarily and without salary. Several are very clever, particularly the leader, who is a woman of thirty-five and sister of one of Japan's leading novelists. Of the one hundred and six patients who have passed away here in the last two years, ninety-two requested Baptism before death."

Recently Father Flaujac opened a much larger sanatorium of two hundred beds, staffed by Japanese Sisters. A similar institution is the sanatorium at Katase, conducted by the Japanese Visitation Sisters, founded by the zealous Bishop Breton. It is beautifully situated in sight of the ocean, with a view of Fuji Yama from some of its windows. The Maryknoll Sisters plan to staff such a sanatorium in the suburbs of Kyoto, after the war shall have ended.

Next to tuberculosis, the most-dreaded disease is leprosy. Archbishop Chambon took me to the Catholic asylum at Gotemba, likewise in view of Fuji Yama, for Fuji can be seen from twenty-two counties. In charge at the time was Father Iwashita, a priest of distinction, the son of a Japanese banker.

"Ours is not a house of fear," he said, "because those who are here, come voluntarily. We give them the thought of eternity to compensate for the shipwreck of time. Everything is immaculately clean. There are a few hideous faces, but God has decided that. Every patient gets a hot bath daily, lives in quarters such as he or she would have at home, enjoys our green trees, our paths and gardens, and gets good food as long as he or she can eat. There is a visit from the Lord at Mass each morning—for those who recognize Him."

Funds from Japan as well as from abroad support these sanatoria, for the faithful of Japan are very charitable in proportion to their

means. The Catholics of Tokyo gathered thirty thousand yen for the erection of an old folks' home. For Bethany, another tuberculosis sanatorium, one Catholic gave five thousand yen. Another, with very little indeed of this world's goods, paid for the altar, which cost one hundred yen, by saving three yen each month. In another city, a clerk in an office paid for a hundred-yen altar by walking to work each morning and giving up smoking.

In Nagoya, Monsignor Reiners told me, the non-Christians also are at hand with help, upon the mere mention of a task of charity. The Sisters at Nagoya appealed to one hundred well-fixed families of the city for old clothes for the poor, and the response brought all that was needed for an entire winter.

As we journeyed, Archbishop Chambon explained that the priest in Japan is constantly encountering pleasant little surprises in the way of favors and help. He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when, as we entered a taxi to drive to the Gotemba Leper Asylum, the taximan refused to pull down the meter. He said he was a Catholic and wanted to carry us free. When the Archbishop insisted, since the journey would be long, the driver said he would take the five yen but would give it to Father Iwashita for his lepers.

During the present war we do not fear for the physical safety of our missionaries or missions. No country of the great world outside of Christendom finds the missionaries more enthusiastic about their people than does Japan. Nor in any country are the people more devoted to the missionaries. These sentiments are well merited on both sides.

Long the banner bearer of the missionary forces of modern Japan was Père Villion, a grand old man who worked sixty years without ever returning to his native France. I made a pilgrimage to Nara, his last station, where now an American missionary of Maryknoll replaces him. Nara is of legendary beauty, with its park in which roam thousands of deer, with its temples, with its many homes in classic Japanese style. Amid these, formed to this same classic architecture, rises the little chapel in Japanese style erected by Père Villion. At home among Nara's pine trees, it is a symbol of that perfect merging of Japanese culture and Christian faith which in God's good time the world will witness in this empire of the East.

III

The Quiet Shore

WORSHIP is not too strong a word for the Japanese attitude toward work. The young Japanese worships his career as though it were of the essence of destiny itself—and not merely his destiny, but the destiny of all Japan. We have all seen Japanese students in America, laboring as servants, as gardeners, as waiters, living on a few cents a day, in order to be able to go on with their studies. This earnest conviction, that it is the part of honor itself to give themselves to their tasks, wins the enthusiastic admiration of many foreigners. Saint Francis Xavier wrote: "The nation surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else." The war has chilled affection for the Japanese, but it has not lessened our respect for their devotion to work.

For the Japanese, life in all its phases is a serious affair. While I was in the country, great swimming contests were in progress and, in the English section of a Tokyo daily, I read one evening: "Shozo Makimo, who won second place in the 1500-meter free style, traced his victory to a loincloth which he wore for today's event. 'This loincloth,' Makimo said, 'is significant. My classmates Uraji Oba and Sanjuro Ono cut their fingers, and with their blood signed their names on the cloth.'"

This blood rite enters into many of the day's events, and never more than when patriotism is involved. When Japanese soldiers left for the front, school children cheered them with flags on which the red sun was made with their blood. In the offering box at the military temple one day, a human finger was found. Japanese patriotism is stronger than any motive that we commonly know in Occidental life, and can be likened only to the faith that moves martyrs for religious principles.

This fund of earnestness I found demonstrated in another form among the hills outside Hakodate. There, within twenty miles of each other, are two monasteries of perpetual cloister: the Trappist

Sisters, or Trappistines, at Yunokawa, and the Trappist Fathers, at Tobetsu. Both monasteries are on the island of Hokkaido, in the cold northern reaches of Nippon, reached by steamer from Aomori. They are the Church's outstanding houses of contemplation in Japan, and it is worth while to note that probably more non-Christians in Japan know the "Trappisto" than any other Christian institution. Indeed, often a missionary among strangers will identify himself by explaining, "I am of the same heart as the Trappisto." "Ah, *sodesu-ka*," his auditors will reply in acknowledgment, sucking through their teeth in accepted Japanese fashion.

This knowledge and understanding of the contemplative life must not surprise us unduly. The monastic ideal was always in honor among the Japanese. To the Japanese, the Trappist abnegation is no startling novelty, and the institutions at Yunokawa and Tobetsu are bridges of understanding between their thought and ours.

As we approached through the countryside, from Yunokawa, the monastery of the Trappistines appeared above the trees. At the door of the chaplain's cottage, we were met by Père Theophane, in the white robes of the Cistercians. He shared a welcoming pot of coffee with us, and assigned me quarters for my visit. While we were still outside the cloister walls, gazing at them speculatively, I asked him what manner of community was within.

"There are exactly one hundred subjects," Père Theophane explained, "of whom seventeen are French, and eighty-three are Japanese. Of the Japanese, some twenty are converts. A dozen are from Tokyo; a dozen others, from other points in central and northern Japan; while the remainder are from the Nagasaki region, in the south. About one third are from what the Japanese regard as wellborn families, descendants of the samurai. A recent arrival is from the nobility, the daughter of a baron. In short, the community is a cross-section of Japan, dedicated to ceaseless prayer for Japan."

I saw this community under very favorable circumstances next morning, for it was the feast of Saint Bernard and I had been invited to sing the Solemn Mass. It was deeply impressive to turn for the "*Dominus vobiscum*" and find before me the hundred nuns of the strict cloister. Their simple chapel was well designed, and there were both good tone and devotion in their chant.

Shortly after Mass Père Theophane took me to meet the Mother Superior, a daughter of the monastery of Laval, in France, to whom long prayers and long years of experience had given a depth of character which could not be but apparent.

"Do the Japanese make good religious, Mother?" I asked, for this was the obvious question to put here at Yunokawa.

"Splendid!" she replied unhesitatingly. "They have a wonderful spirit and take readily to the rule. We do not accept any as choir nuns until they have finished high school, and then with us they must continue their studies. In physique they are not robust, but we try to guard them carefully. According to the rule, we all rise at two each morning for the Divine Office, and the nuns labor in the garden for four hours daily."

"Do you feel that your community is having an influence in the country, Mother?" I asked.

"I really do. Hardly a day passes without a letter of inquiry from some part of Japan regarding the Faith. I had one only a few days ago, from a pagan girl studying at Okayama, who addressed me as 'Dear Future Mother.' She has not yet received Baptism, but she already sees herself behind these walls. Not all non-Christians understand our ideals, and occasionally our monastery figures in the romantic magazines as the refuge of a girl crossed in love. But there are also many keen articles of appreciation that outweigh the others. Few visitors come north to the Hokkaido without making a pilgrimage to Yunokawa."

"Do you get along well with the folk of the neighborhood?"

"Very well, indeed. In the beginning they were cautious, even suspicious. But in 1925 we had a fire, and it was like a blessing descending on us, since sympathy fairly burst forth from all the countryside. Pagans gave over twenty thousand yen to help us rebuild, and some thirty thousand people visited our new building when it was thrown open to the public before our entry. The Mayor of Hakodate gave the address, and it was really extraordinary for its understanding of our mission."

The short but beautiful ride by train, along the coast from Yunokawa, prepared me for the imposing view of the monastery of the Trappist Fathers, at Tobetsu. The gaunt edifice towers in isolated grandeur, the sea surging at its feet, great mountains

rising behind. Père Benoit was prior of this community of seventy monks.

"The Trappist Order," said Père Benoit, "has done as much for the conversion of Japan as have the efforts of the missionaries in the active apostolate. You will suspect me of prejudice but, of course, I am on safe ground, since I shall add immediately that all our work would end in nothing, were it not for the missionaries. .

"Our opportunities are very special. Students and thoughtful souls seek us out and lose themselves here for a while. A young professor of the University of Sendai came here as a pagan three years ago. He rose for the Office at two and remained in deep recollection through all the Masses, which meant for hours. Finally one of the priests whispered to him, 'You are tired.'

"'No,' he replied, 'in all my life I have never been so moved!' He is visiting us now, three years later, this time a Christian, to join us in Holy Communion."

In the evening we sat in the monastery garden and looked off over the sea. We watched the night fishermen far out on the water, luring their quarry from the deep by the flares on their boats. Along the coast lay tiny villages where one by one the heads of the households were snuffing out the lights.

"Soon all will be dark," remarked one of the monks, "for these people go to bed early and rise with the dawn."

"They are hard workers," I commented vaguely.

"Good people," said the monk. "The world knows the Japanese only by the headlines in the papers. We live close to them and find them absorbed in struggling for their livelihood, keeping their little homes, affectionate to their families and loved ones."

Does the Church reach these people of the shore and of the farm?

The village of Kemanai offers us a good example of the mission effort in the Japanese countryside. This is a village of three thousand persons, on the main island, a night's train journey north of Tokyo. There are ten thousand such villages in Japan, each surrounded by a score and more of tributary hamlets. Japan has over a hundred cities and some seventeen hundred towns, but the great mass of its sixty-five millions live in rural areas; in this, it is one with China and India.

When I called on Father Puhl, Kemanai had been a resident

station for fifteen years. Father Puhl, dedicating a new chapel, reported his entire flock as forty-one Catholics, twelve of whom lived in the village and twenty-nine in the surrounding hamlets. This, after fifteen years!

"Is this typical of Japan?" I asked, somewhat awed.

"Yes," replied the priest, quite undismayed. "But despite the record, I insist that our hopes lie in the country. Most missionaries in Japan argue for the cities, where so many millions have been disoriented by Japan's sudden plunge into an industrial civilization and are free to consider new ideals. But those of us who know the country believe otherwise. City people are too blasé. My country people still continue to think."

The next morning Father Puhl dedicated his pretty little church in the presence of a predominantly non-Christian gathering of a hundred and fifty. A Buddhist bonze was well up front; and at the lunch which followed, there were a merchant, a doctor, and a university professor who had come home to visit his family. All were solemnly respectful, and the after-dinner speeches were interminable. Through my mind kept passing the record: forty-one Catholics in fifteen years!

Father Laures, who came to Kemanai for Father Puhl's dedication, read my thoughts and proposed making things clearer to me. "Let's go out into the neighborhood," he suggested, "and see some of these miracle farms where, on two acres, these families raise all they need for themselves and still contribute a surplus to Japan."

It was an experience, looking at those prize patches. There was not a rebel weed anywhere, or an empty corner gone wild. It was like a lovely toy world at a children's fair.

"With these folks," explained the priest, "it is not so much a low standard of living as a high standard of simplicity. They do everything for themselves, must struggle tremendously, and lack much that we have in the West, but ordinarily there is no misery, or hunger, or real hardship.

"For activities beyond the power of the individual farmer, there is the mutual co-operation of the hamlet. Every man is forever under obligation to his neighbors, and dependent upon them. They work together in crop planting, crop tending, and harvesting. They build houses for one another, repair paths and bridges, make rope

or oil. There are co-operative night watches against fire; there is a guard for the community fish ponds. There are village plans for funerals and all disasters, for keeping the shrines, for observing civil and religious festivals. In life at almost every turn, the families of the hamlet have shared each other's work for centuries.

"How difficult it is, in these circumstances, for the ordinary householder to come to the decision that Christ is the true God, and to part company, as far as his religious life is concerned, with all those people with whom his life is so woven! But Father Puhl and many shrewd missionaries have learned, by the same token, that once a penetration is made in a village and as many as thirty per cent have become good Catholics, the others follow quickly, because then the social structure is no longer a barrier, but a motive for conversions."

Few though their followers may be, missionaries throughout rural Japan swear by them. "They are devoted and constant," said Father Cesselin, who labored in a countryside near Nikko. "One of my people, Maria Yamaguchi, wife of a school teacher, moved to an isolated mountain district, and I did not see her for eight years. I can assure you it brought tears to my eyes when one day, on a journey, I came without warning to her home, and knocked at the door. I saw that, as she opened it with her left hand, her right hand was telling the beads of her rosary. 'I have never missed my prayers for a day,' she said."

Archbishop Mooney, now in Detroit, but for some years Apostolic Delegate in Japan, used to say that in Japan the problem of the extension of the Faith bore the same earmarks as in England. We have no material advantages to offer either country. Those individuals who are interested often have means and education and come to Christ solely because they feel the void of a life without meaning.

"Our stock in trade," said the Archbishop, "is love and devotion. There could never be 'rice Christians' in Japan, and there is practically nothing we can do in a material way that the Japanese cannot do as well and better for themselves. There still remains, however, God's charity, which we can demonstrate by devotion to the sick, the poor, and the young. Christianity is not merely a formula by which to die: it is an ideal by which to live. Many Japanese

have fine enough sensibilities to wish to follow this ideal, if we give them a proper example of Christian life."

Japan's Government schools, both high and low, enjoy great prestige, so that the Catholic mission schools are designed more for their capacity to form ideals and character than for their competition with the imperial schools in secular matters. But the importance of moral training is recognized by the Japanese, and the Catholic schools are flourishing.

The Catholic University in Tokyo, a notable development of the Jesuits, heads the list of Catholic institutions. Our most influential school, however, is the Morning Star School in Tokyo, conducted by the Brothers of Mary, a preparatory institution with thirteen hundred young men on its rolls, which has supplied to both the Church and the nation some very notable leaders. The Brothers also have schools in Osaka and Yokohama.

The College of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Tokyo is reputed to be the leading girls' school in all Japan, barring none. A second school of the Sacred Heart nuns rises among the sheer hills of the countryside near Osaka, while the schools of the Sisters of Saint Maur also have a heavy enrollment from the great families of Japan. There are other excellent schools, such as that at Okayama conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur from Boston, Saint George's at Sapporo, and Saint Joseph's College at Nagoya.

All these schools offer, with interesting adaptation to Japanese life, the traditional ways of Catholic schools the world over. "*La belle manière*" is taught, according to both Japanese and Western customs. At Obayashi the family of one of the young ladies recently donated a sum of thousands of yen to erect in the garden a tea house. The study of the tea ceremony, it will be recalled, embraces the substance of Japan's profound philosophy of etiquette.

IV

Night on the Mountain

"ANOTHER sandwich, Your Excellency?"

"Yes, thank you. I like your *paté de foie gras*."

Reasonable enough, since His Excellency's veins run with French blood. It was Archbishop Chambon, about to climb Mount Fuji with your humble servant as companion. We sat on the grass by the roadside, taking lunch, and the incredible beauty of Fuji Yama soared before us into the sky, some miles away.

Our host, who was driving us to the base of the great volcano, was not of the climbing sort, but loved the lore of Fuji as of all Japan. "Legends cling to Fuji Yama like her snows," he began quietly.

"Near where we are today, once lived a lad named Yosoji. One day his mother became gravely ill, and grew worse hourly. Yosoji hurried to Kamoki the diviner. 'Go fetch water from the small stream on the southwestern side of Mount Fuji, near the shrine of the God of Long Breath,' said Kamoki. 'This alone will cure your mother.'

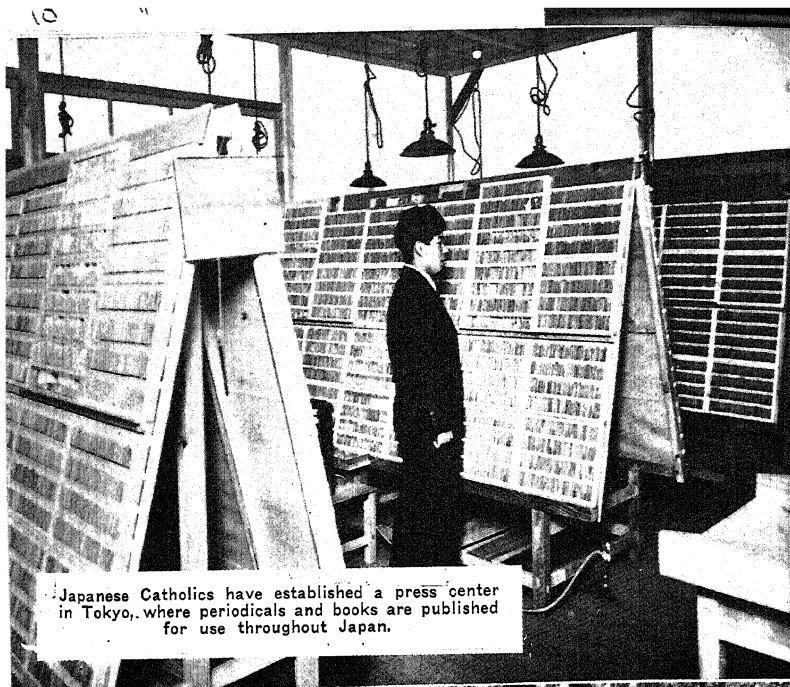
"Yosoji eagerly set forth, but at a spot in the pine wood where three paths crossed, he was in a quandary. Not for long, however. A lovely girl clad in white stepped out of the forest and led him to the precious stream. She bade him fill his gourd, guided him back to the main path, and said to him, 'Meet me here again in three days, for your mother will need a further supply.'

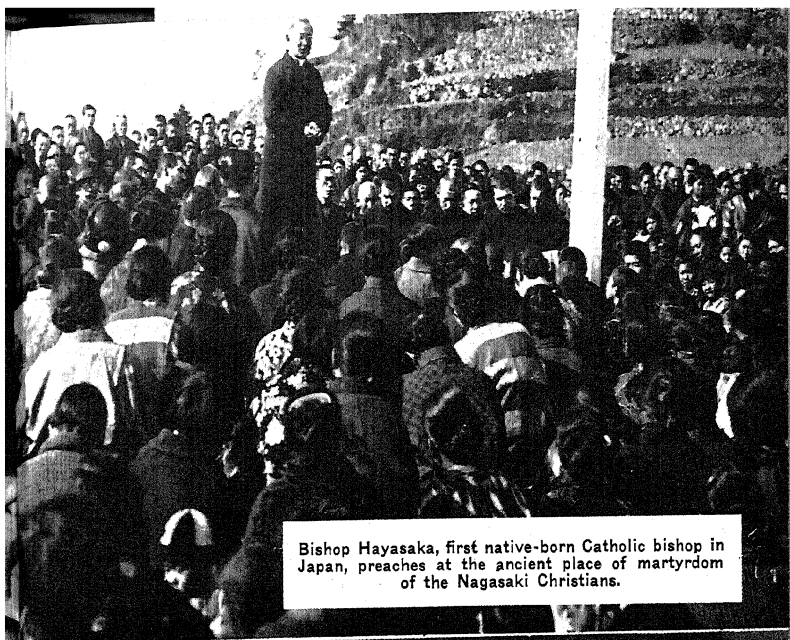
"Five times Yosoji thus secured the saving water. When his mother was completely healed, he went a sixth time to thank the young lady for her kindness. But she was not to be found. Disappointed, he knelt and prayed that she might know his gratitude. Looking up, he saw the beautiful maiden before him, smiling faintly.

"'What is your name?' Yosoji cried out earnestly, but in answer the damsel only beckoned, with a branch of camellia, and pointed toward the summit of the mountain. A cloud descended, enveloped

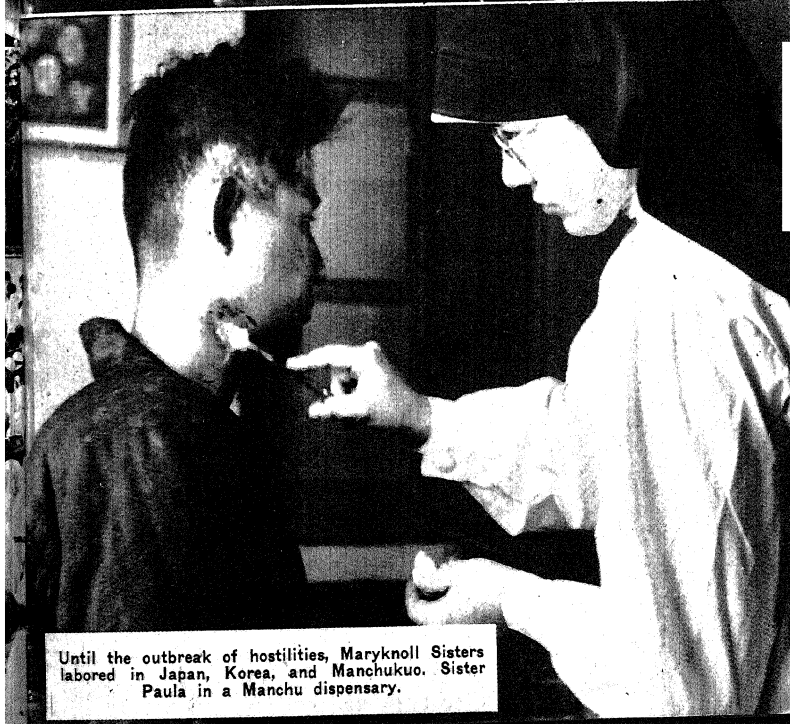


The peak of Fuji Yama, Japan's most sacred mountain, is free of snow for two months each summer, and becomes a place of pilgrimage for thousands.

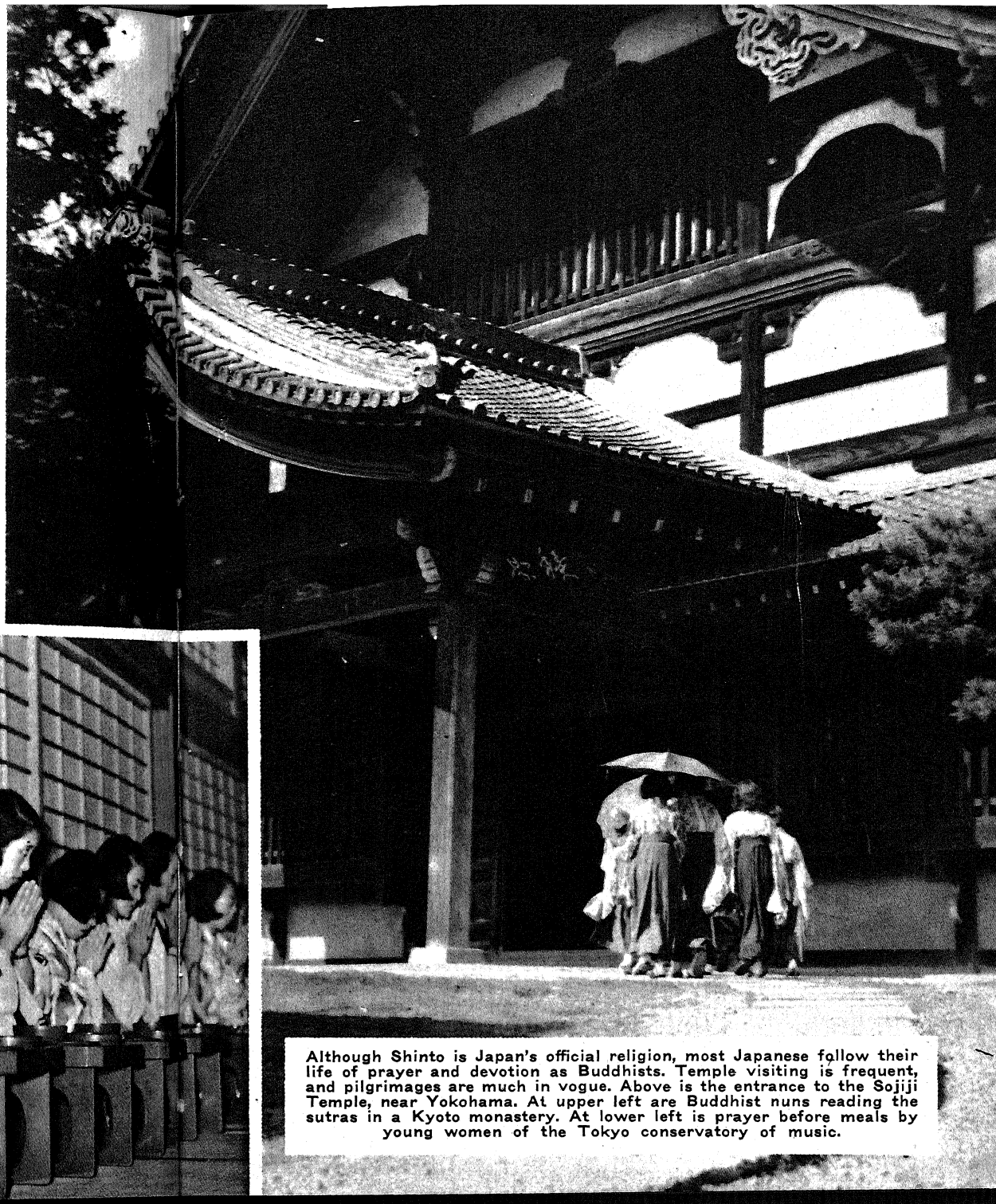




Bishop Hayasaka, first native-born Catholic bishop in Japan, preaches at the ancient place of martyrdom of the Nagasaki Christians.



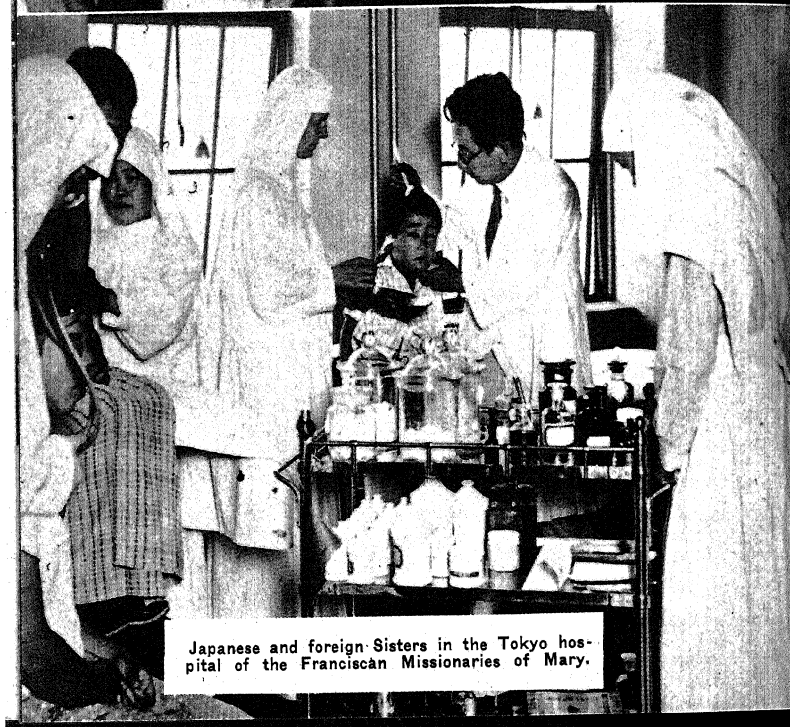
Until the outbreak of hostilities, Maryknoll Sisters labored in Japan, Korea, and Manchukuo. Sister Paula in a Manchu dispensary.



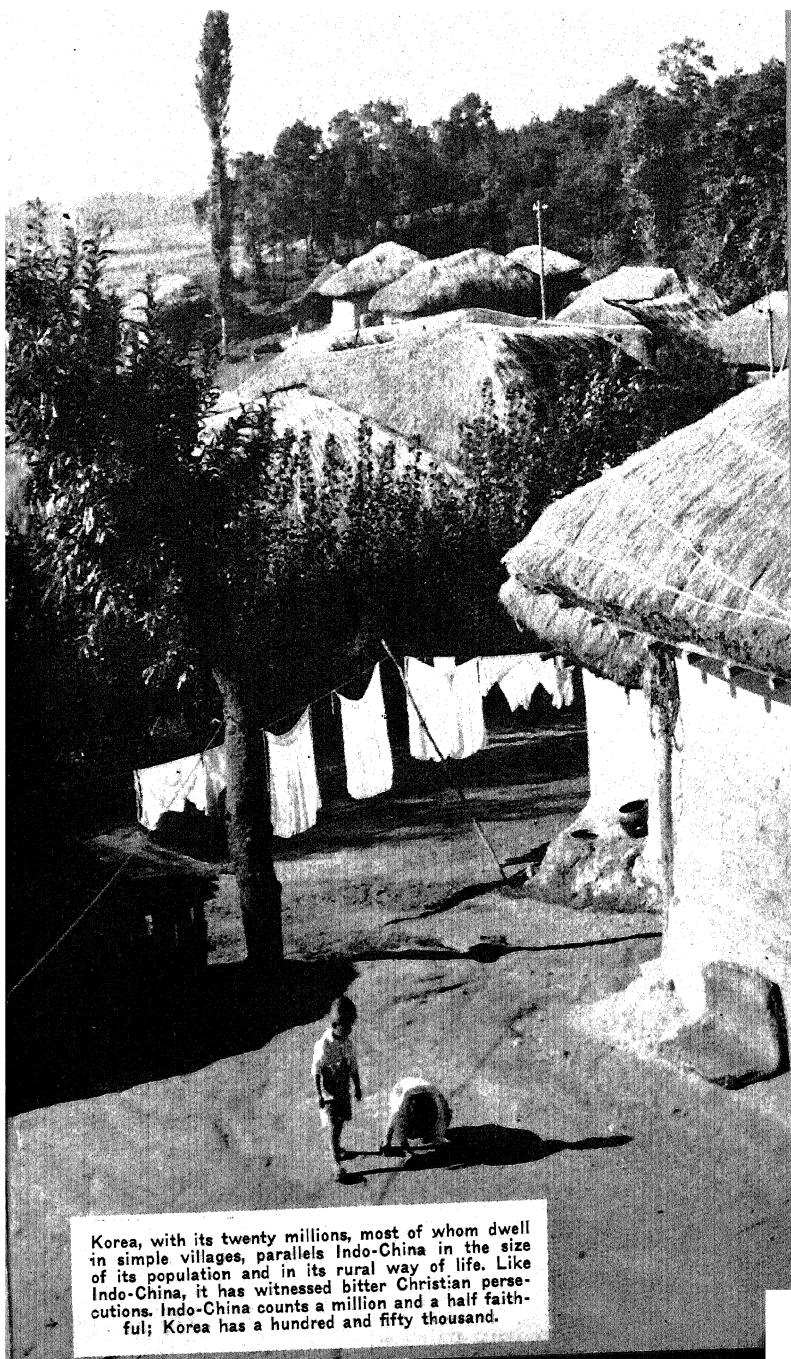
Although Shinto is Japan's official religion, most Japanese follow their life of prayer and devotion as Buddhists. Temple visiting is frequent, and pilgrimages are much in vogue. Above is the entrance to the Sojiji Temple, near Yokohama. At upper left are Buddhist nuns reading the sutras in a Kyoto monastery. At lower left is prayer before meals by young women of the Tokyo conservatory of music.



Father Iwashita, the late director of the Catholic leper asylum at Gotemba, introduces the author to patients, while Archbishop Chambon looks on.



Japanese and foreign Sisters in the Tokyo hospital of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.



Korea, with its twenty millions, most of whom dwell in simple villages, parallels Indo-China in the size of its population and in its rural way of life. Like Indo-China, it has witnessed bitter Christian persecutions. Indo-China counts a million and a half faithful; Korea has a hundred and fifty thousand.



By Korean custom, men wear their hats in church. The meeting for Mass at the village chapels on Sunday morning is, as among all rural peoples, one of the happy events of the week.



There is a small elite in Korea. Here young women study Oriental painting in an art school at Seoul.

the maiden, and bore her to the heights. Yosoji then knew that it was none other than the goddess of Fuji herself who had befriended him."

"A very beautiful story," commented Archbishop Chambon rather dryly, "but Fuji could appear as a devil just as well as an innocent maiden."

"What do you hold against Fuji?" I asked.

"It is over two hundred years since she erupted," said the Archbishop, "but she is still the queen of a world of disaster."

For all Japan is volcanic: islands floating on a sea of fire. The country is almost entirely mountainous, with 192 volcanoes, of which 52 are still active. There are nearly a thousand hot springs, four earthquakes a day (though few do any damage), frequent typhoons, tidal waves, floods. Fuji, 12,400 feet high, rules over this world of subterranean fire, and is Japan's loftiest, best-known, and most beautiful mountain.

Snow guards her summit from intrusion for ten months of the year, but during July and August some fifteen to twenty thousand visitors climb the mountain as pilgrims, to rest on its summit and to pray. Archbishop Chambon and I, in our own way, were making the age-old pilgrimage.

Since Fuji Yama is a hundred miles in circumference at its base, there are half a dozen distinct routes to its summit, depending on the direction from which the traveler comes. The Archbishop chose that from the town of Yoshida. We entered an aisle canopied by great trees, marked by a line of moss-grown stone lanterns, and came to the horse station where we were each to engage a shaggy but tough little mount for the gentle lower reaches.

His Excellency's first step was to bargain for a guide boy. Machida was his choice, a big-boned, opened-faced youngster. Ours would be his ninth climb this summer, he said. He had relatives who also climbed, or labored in the mountain huts; for generations Mount Fuji and Fuji pilgrims had entered into the fortunes of his family. Quite unfeelingly we loaded Machida with our supplies. Not only was he to take himself to the top, but he was to carry our packs as well.

The path up the lower mountain led through a beautiful woodland. For the most part the sun shone, but from time to time there

were showers. There is a celebrated print by Hiroshige, a picture of white slanting rain that has overtaken a group of pilgrims on the road. They are leaning, with their straw-mat umbrellas, in counterpoise to the shower and the bent-over trees. Now the Archbishop and I were substituting for Hiroshige's pilgrims. We accepted the downpours tranquilly; each brought its reward in rainbows which floated and disappeared over the rich Gotemba plain now opening out below.

Fuji's ascent is organized into sections, with a station every thousand feet. There the pilgrim may eat and rest in mountain dugouts, which become more rugged and darksome as the top is approached. It was four in the afternoon as we arrived at Station Five and said goodbye to our horses. Then we set out on foot. The ascent was not steep, but the Archbishop, who knew his way on the mountain, advised me to go slowly, so as to husband strength for the upper reaches. We passed Station Six without incident, and at Station Seven ate our lunch while we watched the sunset.

As we left Station Seven, there was a change. The golden sun foundered into the mist banks below us, and all became leaden gray. Night fell as swiftly as in the tropics, and out of the darkness there was a sudden rush of wind; tumult crowded about us. Icy blasts came up out of nowhere, moaning and whistling as the night became blacker. Finally we struggled against the wind into sight of the group of huts which huddle about Station Eight. The Archbishop was still in good condition, though I was tired. With his usual calm he entered the first hut along the pathway.

We were met by a hot blast from within, and among the many pilgrims gathered at tables we saw a number of Europeans. "This is not for us," His Excellency said hastily, and closed the door. "This is for foreigners." Thirty-three years in Japan, he was no foreigner!

We went to the second hut and found it crowded with a club of newspaper men from Tokyo, somewhat convivial, like newspaper men the world over. Our third try brought better success; within the quiet and shadowy reaches of that house were few visitors. Though a fire burned in the center of the room, the thermometer read but forty-two degrees.

Against the wall, however, were huge piles of enormous blankets,

the celebrated *futons*. I put two under me for a mattress, three over me for a covering, a nice pillow beneath my head, and was sound asleep immediately. The Archbishop, who knew we needed food as well as rest, awakened me shortly and insisted that I take a meal of hard-boiled eggs, bread, cheese, and tea. Then I curled up in my *futons* for the short night before us. These *futons* are notorious for their fleas, but none troubled me. I felt very well when I awoke after a few hours. The hut was snug as the wind beat futilely against its timbers. In the silence of every lull, I heard the heavy breathing of the wayfarers by my side, men and women from all over Japan, bent for Fuji's summit in some vague intent of worship.

At half past three someone lighted a lamp and stirred the fire. Before four o'clock we were out under the sky, it being considered the right thing to do to see the sunrise from the summit. I piled on all I had—two sweaters, a raincoat, a neck scarf—and I tied a handkerchief about my ears. My hands remained uncovered and were soon numb from the cold; it was August, and I had not thought to bring along gloves when I packed on the warm plain below.

The winds and plunging clouds seemed formidable. Great streams of black mist poured down ominously from the top as if to assail our progress. The path became abrupt and, as it zigzagged, the left turns placed us completely at the mercy of the elements, for below us on the right was only an emptiness of mist and space.

And then Machida lost his hat, torn from his head by the wind. The tempest pressed fiercely on his load. He turned towards a hut and said he would not proceed. The proprietress, a friend from his village, encouraged him to stay, and explained to the Archbishop that she had pilgrims who had waited for two days, afraid of the strong winds. But His Excellency was unmoved. He insisted.

At last Machida consented and, once he had agreed, the Archbishop reproved him. "Machida, you who should have taken the lead have shown fear."

The boy's eyes shot fire; his pride was touched. He remained piqued till the end of the journey. But he flew out ahead and arrived at the top far in advance of us.

At about half past six we passed under the torii, which are great

wooden gateways set over the path as the summit is neared. We mounted a long grade of steps and found ourselves on a street-like level. On each side was a line of low huts of gray fieldstone, roofed with tin weighted with great rocks. The wind hurtled past as if through a funnel and poured great draughts of fog into every doorway.

In the gray light were gathered white-robed pilgrims with tiny sweet-toned bells at their belts, and I understood whence came the gentle tinkle that I had heard here and there through the mists of the ascent. Each pilgrim carried several pairs of *waraji*, the straw sandals which the Japanese change every few thousand feet of the climb. There were many others, who had not chosen to don pilgrim attire. There were rough peasants and the fine-feathered sons and daughters of the elite. From one stone hut the wind carried to us the beat of gongs and temple drums.

The Archbishop and I entered a large hut, empty but for a few servants who were preparing their breakfast in a far corner. On a bench in the rear we set up our portable altar. His Excellency pinned the crucifix to a curtain hanging before a *futon* cupboard, and stood up the candles with a few drops of hot wax. The wind blew them down several times as we proceeded. In this crude setting we offered Mass for Japan.

From Fuji's summit there is at times a superb view of land, sea, mountains, and lakes, but in the fury of the elements we saw none of this. The sun arose behind banks of storm, and only a sickly white light betrayed that it was day. We skirted the great crater and could not distinguish the hanging clouds of fog from the wisps of steam which the fires below emit constantly. It was like looking down into a vast witch's cauldron. But we were not entirely disappointed: the storm gave a deeper, sterner color to our experience.

In place of panoramas, the people around us claimed our thoughts. For most of the pilgrims, this ascent of Fuji was an act not of curiosity, but of religion.

The pilgrimage is an institution in Japanese life, as it was in mediaeval Europe. Often the journey is to a great regional or national shrine, but again it may be to some local spot held sacred by the countryside. Frequently such a spot is a mountaintop. A young man about to do military service, for instance, will climb

the heights of a sacred mountain, take a handful of earth from its summit, and prepare with it an *omamori* or talisman for his protection. He may carry this with him, or leave it at a family shrine. When he returns safely home again, he may repeat the journey to the summit and replace the earth. He cannot justify the practice in his religion or philosophy, but he finds in it a satisfaction of the soul.

There is a great deal of attention to religion in Japan, though no particular regularity of worship. The festival calendar might be called the principal religious system, for these feasts are entered into most wholeheartedly. There are over one hundred thousand Shinto shrines, more than one hundred thousand Buddhist temples, numberless wayside images, and even sacred stones. Both farmers and city dwellers people their homes with household gods.

Probably no country in the world has such a number of beautiful places of worship as has Japan. Nikko, while primarily a burial place of shoguns, is today a center of worship, and few spots on our planet are so artistically faultless. The ancient pine trees rise beyond view. Under them are the palace gardens of gnarled laurel trees, ferns, fragile maples, and unexpected quiet pools that have mirrored the passage of a thousand years. Gentle deer drift through the silent shade. The Great Shrine at Ise was the temple of Amaterasu. There was a nunnery where, for a thousand years, some princess of the imperial house presided as a vestal virgin, and the wealth and taste of these ladies created a spot of rare beauty. The temple islands of Matsushima to the north are also famous, and there are many important places of worship along the Inland Sea. There is even great dignity and beauty in the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo, despite the fact that it is fairly new and within a crowded city.

Kyoto and the surrounding territory assigned by the Holy See to the Maryknoll Fathers embrace the strongest centers of Buddhism in Japan. Near Nara, in the vicinity of Kyoto, is Mount Koya, center of the Shingon sect, with its tremendous cemetery and the tomb of Kobo Daushi, great Japanese apostle of Buddhism. Before this tomb, for over a millennium, a perpetual flame has been kept burning. At Kyoto is Mount Hiei, seat of the Tendai sect, great rival of the Shingon. The visitor can spend days in Kyoto

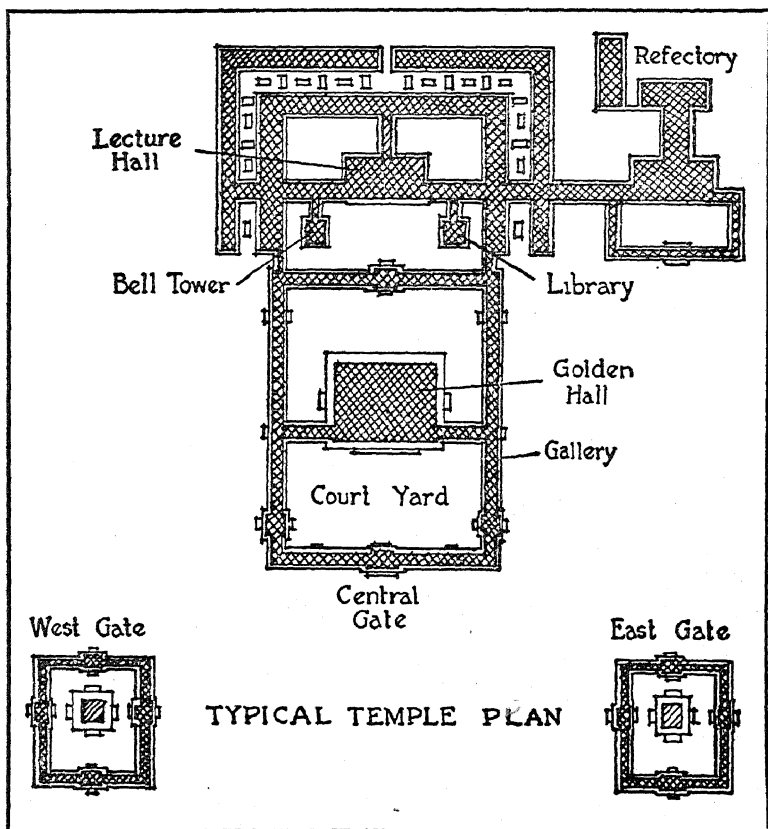
examining enormous temples where much religious life goes on, some of it of high degree.

"I have watched these people for years," explained a missionary as we walked the streets of Kyoto, "and more and more they captivate me. How wonderful will be the day when we can elevate their earnestness to a worship of Christ!"

Patriotic Japanese scholars, such as Motoori and Hirata during the nineteenth century, emphasized Shinto as a doctrine for uniting all Japanese as one pure-blooded race descended from the Imperial Ancestress, Amaterasu-O-Mikami, goddess of the sun. For a while little distinction was made between this State Shinto and the practices of the Shinto sects. When, therefore, the Government required as an act of loyalty the participation of every man, woman, and child in yearly rituals at the village and city shrines, the Church was at first dismayed. Her leaders, however, perceived the non-religious nature of the requirement, and they secured a statement from the Department of Education that attendance at civil shrines was merely a patriotic duty. The Holy See then approved the attendance of Catholics at these civil rites, the usual precautions being observed. State Shinto is regarded by the Government as not a religion, in contrast to the Shinto sects. These latter have a little less than thirty per cent of the Japanese people among their followers. So, obviously, for Buddhists as well as for Christians, the State Shinto and the Shinto cult are not synonymous.

With the present Ordinary of Nagasaki, Bishop Yamaguchi, I tarried for a considerable time, one feast-day morning, in a Shinto shrine. What impressed me first of all was the grace and artistry which entered into the ceremonial. The participants, both men and women, wore robes of tastefully chosen colors, spotlessly clean and carefully pressed for the occasion, and they bore themselves with becoming gravity. The offerings of rice, fruit, vegetables and fish were arranged on the platter-like vessels, and each made a lovely still-life picture in its arrangement of forms and colors. The Japanese incorporate this simple beauty into the practice of their religion as into everything else. It makes their manner of worshipping God no less incorrect, but removes that sense of repugnance experienced in the temples of India and among the tribal peoples of Asia and Africa.

At this temple in the heart of Nagasaki, it was impressive to see so many making an early morning visit before going to their work of the day. Professional men with brief cases, and business men as well as family folk, entered, evidently through an urge to do the proper thing. They remained but a moment. They clapped their



hands three times, as is their custom, tossed a coin into the large offertory box, bowed the head, and uttered a brief prayer. Then they were gone.

Most engaging was the sight of a young father and mother teaching their doll-like little child to pray. One on either side of the youngster, they led it forward, brought its little hands together for the triple clap, put into its little fist a coin, which with difficulty

the child threw into the maw of the box. With inborn grace the little mite then made its bow, and repeated what the mother whispered into its ear. The universal beauty of the picture appealed to me, the American, as much as to Bishop Yamaguchi.

Undoubtedly there was something human as well as divine in the Lord's words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Unquestionably He found Himself as deeply enmeshed as the rest of us by their captivating charms.

V

The Vassal Lands

THREE mules pulled Father McCormack and me to the Hopei railroad station. "The hindmost is blind as a bat," explained Father Joe. "He has worked twenty years for the conversion of Manchuria and is still going strong."

To Father McCormack every living creature at the Hopei mission, man or animal, was in some way a part of himself. He had an endless line of stories of them all.

"Our driver is Andrew, the black sheep of his family. There are five brothers, one of whom is a priest, while three are comfortable farmers. Andrew was born with a taste for Chinese wine. But when it comes to the care of our mules or a drive through bandit country, there's no one better."

At the railroad station we bade farewell to Andrew—and the mules—and set out from Hopei, which is across the river from the city of Fushun much as Brooklyn is from New York. We journeyed toward the open Manchurian plains. We were in Maryknoll mission territory in the southeastern corner of Manchukuo. Manchukuo is that pocket between China, Russia, and Korea from which Japan drove the Chinese in 1931, and which she then placed under the sovereignty of Henry Pu Yi.

As a result of this violation of China's sovereignty, Japan was censured by the League of Nations. Japan thereupon withdrew from the League. This seizure of Manchuria was the preliminary skirmish of the world war which broke out openly in 1939. Henry Pu Yi had been ousted from the Chinese throne during the revolution of 1911, and Henry was living quietly in the foreign quarter of Tientsin. The Japanese took him to the newly chosen Manchurian capital of Hsinking, where today he rules thirty-five million people in a country equaling in size our combined Atlantic Coast States from Maine to Florida. The Government, however, is entirely dominated by the Japanese, and Manchukuo is a protectorate rather than an independent country.

Thus a Manchu returns to that historic "reservoir" beyond China's Great Wall which for centuries, either through the Manchus or the Mongols, supplied from the north a challenge to China's peace of mind. When Marco Polo went to China, it was the Mongols who ruled; they had broken through and taken the reins of power. In the seventeenth century, while the early Jesuits were at the Peking court, the Manchus, by a trick of circumstance, overthrew the Ming Dynasty in a palace revolution. They then held the power for two and a half centuries.

The individual Chinese traditionally has feared and disliked the regions beyond the Great Wall; while the Manchu, to keep the Chinese from overrunning his native soil, long forbade the Chinese to come north. In the nineteenth century, however, Russia colonized the vast reaches of Siberia in about the same way that America colonized the West. With Russia looming on the horizon, the necessity of settling the uninhabited Manchu plains came home to the Government in Peking and so, beginning in the eighteen-nineties, great numbers of Chinese poured into Manchuria from the provinces to the south. The movement reached its height in the late nineteen-twenties, when a million Chinese a year emigrated to this frontier country.

How explain that today the language of most of Manchukuo is Chinese and the Manchus have lost their identity? In part it is due to the superior mentality of the Chinese, and in part to the sheer weight of overwhelming numbers. Long ago the Manchus took Chinese as their vernacular, the Manchu tongue becoming a latent tongue as was the Gaelic language in Ireland. As to Manchu customs, they gave way to Chinese as the Manchus abandoned their pastoral life and settled down in villages and cities. A couple of hundred thousand Manchus in remote corners of the country maintain their separate identity today, but all others have been merged into the mass of the foreigners. Thus, while the Manchukuoans are docile under Japan's rule, they believe that a turning tide will some day restore them to the bosom of their Mother China.

Despite Russia's hateful glares, China's wrath, and the annoyance of every nation claiming a place in the Far East, before the World War Japan had hewn out for herself an empire from the fifty-

fourth parallel north (on a line with Labrador) to the tropics. Rickety Russian droshkies with the high harness yoke swaying unwieldily above the horse's neck, clattered along the snowy streets of Japanese-controlled Manchouli on the Russian border, while coconuts ripened on the strands of Japan's tropic islands in the mid-Pacific. The conquest of the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies places her soldiers at this moment below the equator. No other empire in world history has had such an unbroken expanse, even temporarily, as we believe it will be in Japan's case.

Japanese enterprise has given a tremendous spurt to the material development of Manchukuo. Hsinking, the new capital, has grown to half a million, while Dairen, the great port on the coast, and Harbin, the great center of the north, compare favorably with the modern best in Japan.

Coal, iron, and precious metals are the potential wealth of Manchukuo; but her tremendous plains, suited for soybeans, sorghum, millet, and wheat, have already made her the granary of the Far East, and they are as yet barely planted. Fushun, the central city of the Maryknoll missions, which we were leaving behind us, has the greatest open-pit coal mines in the world, and supplies seven million of Manchukuo's annual output of nine million tons of coal. In the open country through which we were riding, the grain was out of the ground. We could look off for miles over the billowy fields.

"It is not yet high enough to create a social problem," remarked Father McCormack.

"By which you mean—?" I rejoined.

"By which I mean that when this kaoliang, or sorghum, grows to its full height of some fourteen feet, troops of riders on horseback can move between the fields and not be detected. Just before the harvest time, is the heyday of bandits, though Manchukuo is never without them in any season of the year."

Bandits. Manchukuo is the classic bandit land of the modern earth. The uneasy citizen impatient of his fellows, the unfortunate citizen who believes himself robbed of the opportunity to make good, the irresponsible citizen, the wild-oats sower, the natural-born desperado, all join the bandits. They are an accepted tradition, like the Indians in the early years on our Western plains.

In ten years Japan has reduced the bandits from two hundred thousand to ten thousand. This has been accomplished partly by direct attack, making it unprofitable for the bands to operate, but principally by creating work for thousands of them. While many Manchu bandits are thoroughly black-hearted fellows, great numbers used to be of the Robin Hood variety, working when easy work came easily, and when on the march negotiating with "reasonable" villagers.

"The people fear most of all the tyro bandits," said Father McCormack, "the amateurs. These get frightened and shoot, and are such bunglers that no one can strike a bargain with them." It was such tyro bandits that captured Father Gerard Donovan, a young Pittsburgh Maryknoller, and after five months of captivity garroted him, leaving him dead on a Manchu mountainside.

We left the train at the lively city of Shan Cheng Tze and drove off across the open country. It was late spring overhead, but the muddy morasses for roads were quite abominable under foot. Since only mule feet had to be considered, we thought little of it, until we stuck in one of the morasses and were obliged to leap from the cart to the roadside to lighten the load.

Toward evening we entered a hamlet as attractive as the creation of an artist's fancy. It was Erh Pa Tan, where we were to spend the night at the Maryknoll mission. Father Jacques recalled his Goldsmith one day and dubbed it "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Its four hundred inhabitants are almost all Catholics.

It is typical of thousands of villages throughout the East, lost in the great hinterland of Asia, where in unexciting little routines the Faith is building itself into the fabric of the people. Erh Pa Tan has a few opium smokers, a few madhats who have been bandits or partners in other dubious business; but, for the most part, it is a community of homely and sturdy North Chinese farmers, their fields occupying the broad acres which extend in every direction beyond the cluster of houses. In few countries except America and England do farmers live isolated, each on his land. In most of Europe and in Asia, farmers live in hamlets, going out each morning to tend their fields, and returning in the dusk to the little community.

Catholic life at Erh Pa Tan is fervent but merged easily with

the traditional village existence. There is a little chapel, where a large number attend Mass daily when the priest is not on the road. Most of the men and women receive Holy Communion once or twice monthly. Every Friday of the year there is the Way of the Cross, which has assumed the character of a public village function.

Father Mullen is the pastor. He took me to call on the Bai family, which counts twenty-three members. They are simple tillers, with a naïveté which prompts them unconsciously to say beautiful things. They gathered about me with bright smiles and asked me how old I was, how old was my mother, had I brothers or sisters, how could I be so good as to come such a long journey to visit them. Father Mullen and I walked home slowly in the moonlight.

"It is a bit of Arcadia," I said.

We had scarcely seated ourselves in the little rectory when the cook came in, his face like faded chalk, and whispered a word in Father Mullen's ear.

"Bandits in the village," he says," translated Father Mullen quietly. "What a pity they had to come the night you are here."

And thus began a little experience here at "Sweet Auburn," which showed the other side of the medal in the life of a missionary in an exposed station.

Plans were made immediately against the eventualities which might be expected to develop. "I shall keep sixteen dollars in my pocket," said Father McCormack in a matter-of-fact tone. "We'll bury the rest in the garden."

"Who has a watch to spare?" Father Mullen asked. It was decided that mine, a regular dollar biscuit picked up in Hong Kong, should be kept in view.

Outside, the whole village was electrified with excitement. Dogs barked as if they sensed a trouble they could not understand. The mules cocked their ears forward and brayed. Men mounted the walls (why, at this moment was not clear); the women and girls, withering with fear, herded themselves in the chapel.

No knocking came at the gate, no shots, and the tension eased. "They are only six," came the report, "and they have gone to Pan's house." Pan was the politician of the village, in cahoots with everybody, good and bad. They were parleying.

"Why not go to bed?" suggested Father McCormack. I did, though the others kept vigil. Bandits or no bandits, I slept soundly until two in the morning, when wild barking of the dogs awakened me. I found Fathers McCormack and Mullen in the yard near the gate.

"Our friends are on the move," explained Father Mullen, "but it seems they aren't going to attack." To minimize my unhelpfulness, I returned to bed.

Next morning at breakfast we had the full story. The six gentlemen were a contingent from a large band, come to Pan to negotiate for arms. They would be back after a certain number of days, and they must have arms, or else—. I did not remain for the end of the tale, but I did some serious thinking as we moved along. What must be the strain of a life lived year after year among such uncertainties?

Another Catholic village of southeastern Manchukuo is Cha-kou (pronounced like Chicago without "ic"). With it is linked the story of the introduction of the Faith into Korea. Cha-kou lies a little off the route from Manchukuo, toward its fellow vassal in the modern Japanese Empire. I recalled the tale of Korea's heroic pioneers.

Certain moments of history reveal the existence of rare men completely without guile, who unhesitatingly seek out the truth all their lives. Of such must have been the three Wise Men who followed the star, the Apostle Philip, the eunuch of Candace. Of such must have been Ni Syend Huni, of a group of learned Koreans who, toward the end of the eighteenth century, met in the solitude of a Buddhist monastery in a secluded valley among the Korean mountains, and sought wisdom from the books of the monastery library. Ni Pyek-i was the leader of the group who discovered Christianity among certain writings that Korean ambassadors had brought from Peking, but it was Ni Syend Huni who actually journeyed to Peking, was instructed and baptized Peter, and brought back the message to his fellow Koreans.

When persecution broke out, Ni Pyek-i apostatized. But Peter Ni kept the Faith alive in Korea until, thirty years later, a priest from China first crossed the Korean border. Only then was Peter Ni's extraordinary task of leadership ended, but he had baptized

four thousand Koreans. Father Tjyon, the Chinese priest sent from Peking, took over from him, and when this zealous missionary was martyred, in 1801, Korea was again priestless for thirty years. But the Korean Christians persevered, and in Paris exists a letter written by them to Pope Pius VII while he was Napoleon's captive at Fontainebleau. A line of other priests of the Paris Foreign Missions Society undertook to succeed to the work in 1831. As each group was struck down by the executioner, another band surreptitiously arrived.

For Korea was then what Tibet is today, a land forbidden to all outsiders, in a frantic effort to retain its independence. It was called the Hermit Kingdom. Korea was ruled by a succession of absolute kings, under whom the mandarins of the eight provinces were executives, generals, judges, tax collectors, and high priests of their regions. The people, ruled thus by feudal lords, were hardly more than a great caste of slaves. The Koreans have little physical attractiveness, even their women lacking grace, but they are intelligent and kindly, with a wit that has won them the name of the Irish of the East. They love jealously their hard country of peaks and forests, of freezing winters and devouring heats. Manchuria served as the pathway into this forbidden land, and the village of Cha-kou was the headquarters where the new missionaries waited, sometimes months, till all was ready for the secret entry.

The Yalu River separates Manchukuo and Korea. One evening Father Petipren and I crossed the bridge from Antung into the adjoining Korean territory, which also is staffed by Maryknollers. In peace time today, only a Japanese visa is required to enter the forbidden land. The next day we were at the little mission of Gishu, set among the trees, and ate a meal served by the Maryknoll Sisters in an atmosphere so much like home that it inflicted a touch of nostalgia. Afterwards, Father Thomas Ray, the pastor, took me to a spot on the Yalu's shores.

"Here," explained Father Tom, "is the old wall which surrounded the city, here on the boundary of Korea. At this point in its base is a culvert built to carry the drainage from the city. The early Paris missionaries waited for their guides in Manchuria until a great storm came, or a bitter cold that would drive the

guards indoors to their fires. Then the missionaries crossed the Yalu's ice, crawled through this culvert, and were in Korea."

I stood on a stone in the stream and pictured Blessed Just de Bretennières and his fellows thus beginning their mission careers.

Once inside the wall, the guides disguised the priests. "Can you walk like a poor man with a sack over your shoulders?" they asked Père Chastan. Usually they dressed the missionaries as public mourners, since thus their faces would be covered. It was in this costume that Bishop Mutel entered in 1890, one of the last to be required to steal his way in. During my first visit to Korea's capital, Seoul, Bishop Mutel was still alive, and he took pleasure in showing his photograph in this disguise.

Seoul, the old Korean capital, the written characters for which are pronounced *Keijo* by the Japanese, is half way down the Korean peninsula, ten days' journey by foot from the Manchurian border, though a matter of but twelve hours by train today. The city lies in a hollow of granite hills within the elbow of a river. The old royal palace stands here, the Japanese Government House now in front of it. Korean royalty has vanished, but in the days of the nineteenth-century missionaries it was all-powerful. What hardihood, therefore, to trudge the road from the culvert at Gishu into the capital city of the nation! And what pain awaited them there!

Let us read from a letter of Monsignor Imbert's, one of the first missionaries to arrive in Korea in 1837. He writes of his secret life in the houses of the forbidden city:

"I am overburdened with fatigue . . . Each day I get up at two-thirty in the morning. At three I call the people in the house, and at three-thirty I begin the functions of my ministry, by administering baptism if there are catechumens, or confirmation; then there is Mass, with communions. The fifteen or twenty people who have received the sacraments can then escape the house before the break of day. During the course of the day, one by one, others arrive, have their confessions heard, and do not leave until before dawn of the following day. I never spend more than two nights in the same house, and always before daybreak move on to another house. I am often hungry, because it is not easy to rise at two-thirty and to await until noon for a small dinner of rather unsubstantial food, in this dry, cold climate. After dinner I rest awhile; then I teach

theology to my advanced students; then I hear other confessions until night. I go to bed at nine o'clock, on the earth covered only with a woolen carpet, for there are no beds or mattresses in Korea.

"I have always, with a sickly body, led a hard and busy life; but here it has reached the superlative and *ne plus ultra* of labor. With such a life, you will understand that we have little fear of the saber stroke that is destined to end it."

And what atrocious cruelty the anti-Christian regime exercised toward all who were discovered! In 1839 the Bishop's presence in Korea became known. To spare the Christians, who were being tortured to force a betrayal of the foreigners, Bishop Imbert gave himself up and advised the two priests in Korea at the time likewise to offer themselves to the authorities. "The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep," he wrote. Thus all three became the sport of the pagan populace for a frightful Korean holiday.

Bishop Larribeau of Seoul led me to the spot by the river where the execution was carried out. The authorities sought to inspire terror by making it as spectacular and humiliating as possible. The three were transported through the streets in open carts, and the mandarin in charge was saluted with guns and trumpets as he arrived at the field. The priests were stripped to the waist, their ears pierced and stuck with decorated arrows to make them ridiculous. Lime was thrown on their faces, and then water, to burn them hideously. Their arms were then tied behind their backs, with a pole passed through them, and they were carried suspended about the great circle of soldiers and people for long derision.

Finally they were forced to kneel, and their heads were tied to the right by means of their hair, in order to expose their necks. A company of soldiers then engaged in a mimic fight and struck at the necks as they passed. The heads were severed only after the seventh or eighth stroke. They were placed on a platter and presented to the mandarin. As in the old Roman days, the Christians stole the bodies in the night, and they now rest beneath the high altar of the cathedral in Seoul.

In 1866 another great persecution broke out, taking eight thousand Koreans and fourteen missionaries, who suffered the same ignominious end meted out to Bishop Imbert and his companions.

Korea, like Indo-China, has a population of some twenty mil-

lions. But, while Indo-China today has a million and a half Catholics, Korea has one hundred and fifty thousand. Korea has but five hundred priests, Brothers, and Sisters, while Indo-China has a religious personnel of six thousand. This country of the north can be regarded as backward in faith, though the quality of its Catholic life is very estimable. The great need is manpower, and an effort has been made to provide this through the new forces which have entered the country in the last few decades—the Benedictines, the Maryknollers, and the Columban Fathers. Their one great defect is their numerical insufficiency.

For the most part, present progress in Korea is a question of tireless effort in an infinite number of quiet little villages. Typical of such villages is Masan. The morning dawns with a smile on its face, for Korea's name is "Land of the Morning Brightness." Over the comfortable valley with its rice fields of green velvet, lies a hush as genuinely Sunday-like as the Sabbath of a New England town. From the elevation of the cottage of Father Connors, the Maryknoller from New England who is pastor of Masan, we can see far in the distance tiny groups of walkers extricating themselves from tortuous paths in the hills and finding their way down the valley to Mass. Some must trudge for several hours.

Plain farmer folk, these Korean Catholics gather in Sunday clothes about the *sarang*, the meeting house near the church, most of them to chat, a number to go to confession. At the sound of the bell, all take their places in the chapel. I celebrate the Mass, and Father Connors leads in the singing and preaches the fervent little sermon. Prayer, song, posture, all bespeak unaffected sincerity. Father Connors follows the company to the *sarang* after Mass and, while they smoke and chat, he talks with one group after another to idle away this hour of the day of rest.

But, for the conversion of Korea, there is talk of bolder and broader strategy to be followed, which would complement this tactic of the village. Bishop Sauer spoke of it at the great Benedictine Center at Wonsan, an establishment which reminded me of Ettal and other Old World foundations in the Bavarian Alps. Wonsan has a church to hold sixteen hundred, where plain chant is rendered daily; a monastery of generous dimensions and rugged severity after the most approved Benedictine tradition; workshops,

fields of Saskatchewan wheat, vineyards, a farm with Yorkshire hogs and Holstein cattle.

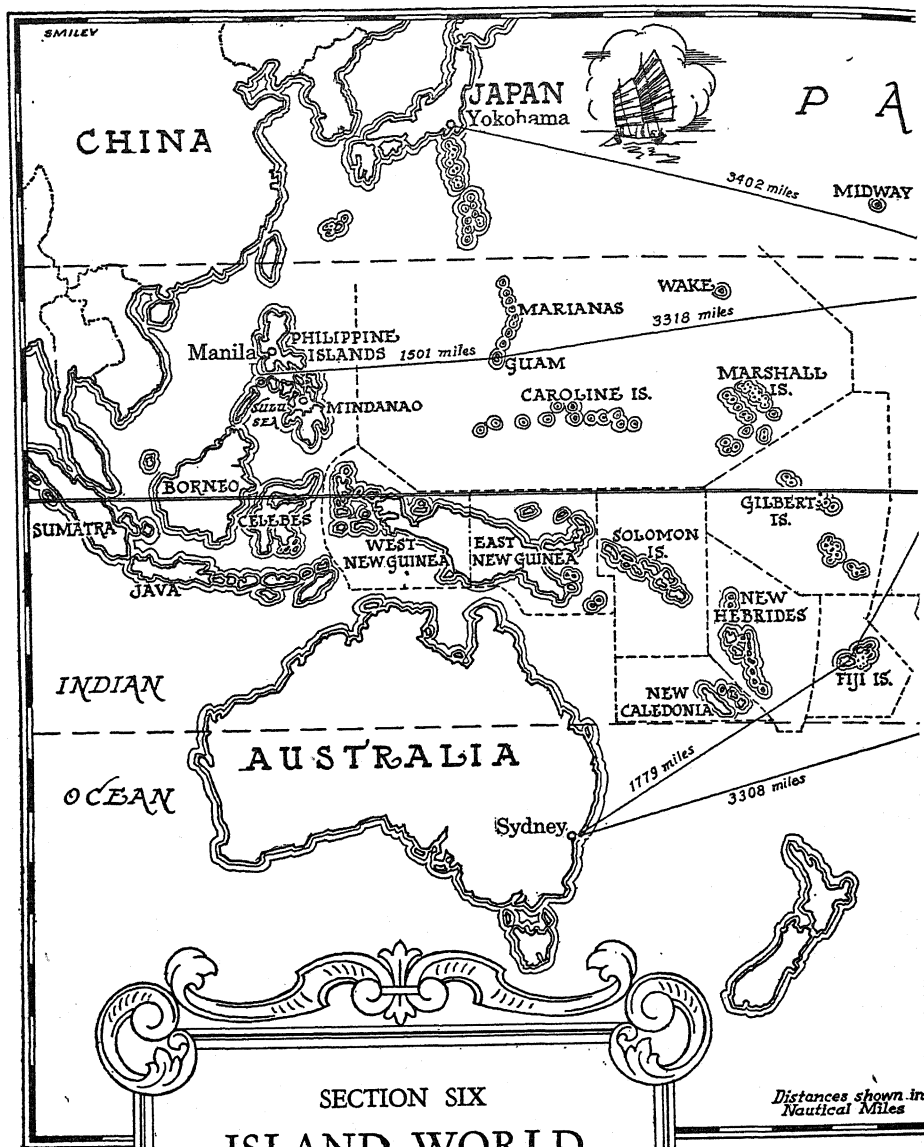
"It seems to me," I said to Bishop Sauer, "that you are setting out to duplicate the achievements of the Monks of the West."

The Bishop smiled. "We should like very much to do so," he replied. "I was born near the great monastery of Fulda, which converted its neighboring region about a thousand years ago. Fulda maintained a strong mother monastery and priories at key points in the near countryside. Out from those priories went individual monks who established stations called cells, and who worked singly but always in close contact with the center. Many of the early monks were Irish, and they were just as strange to the German tribes as we are to the Koreans today.

"But mission work should be twofold," continued Bishop Sauer. "There is need of this contact with the individual; but there is need as well of a certain 'grand strategy' to reach whole social groups, and to roll up a sentiment in favor of Christian life, which will create a general movement toward Christianity. In the modern Church we are well organized for work among individuals, but we do not appear to master the grand strategy. You younger missionaries should give your thought and your energy to this problem, and create the special training for these special tasks."

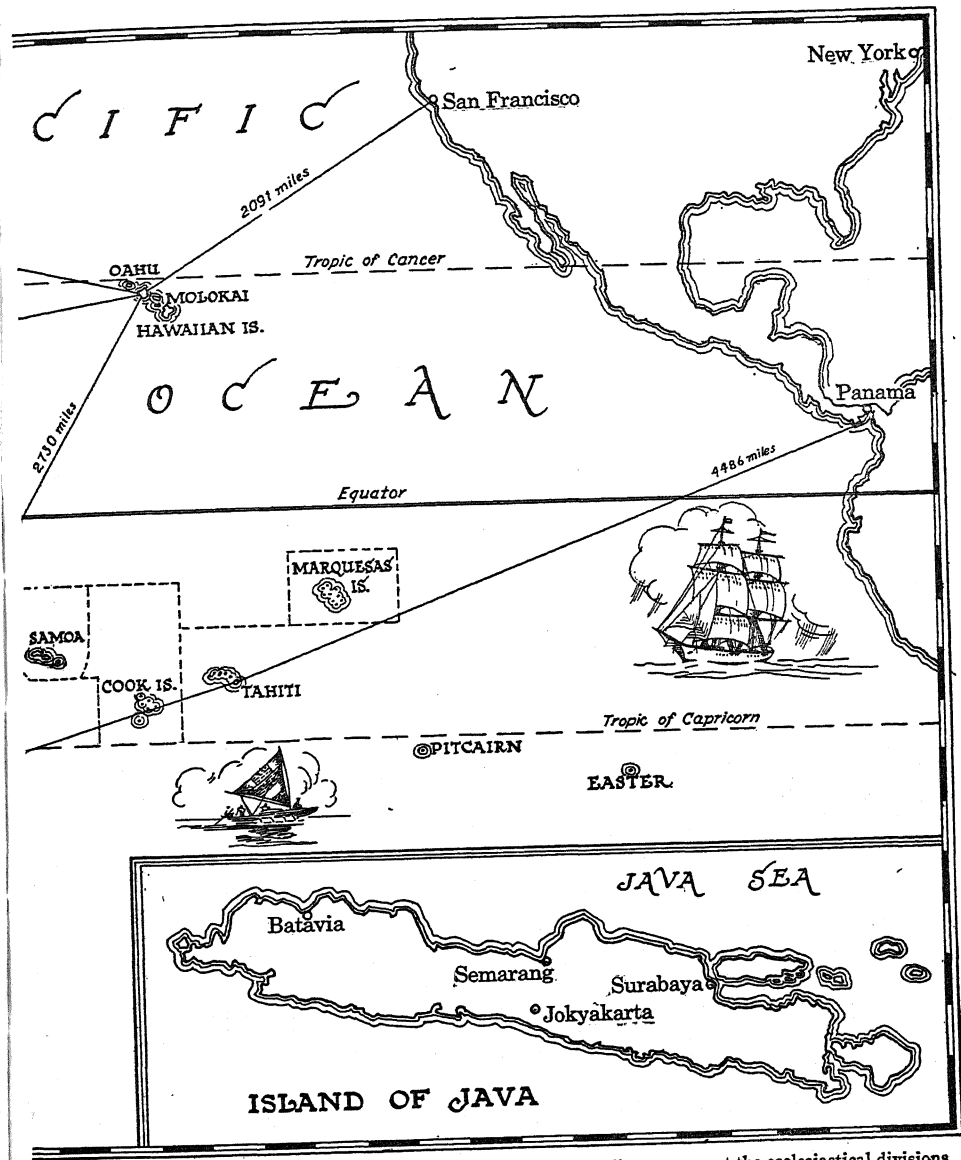
As I left the Japanese Empire, I found myself thinking of this recommendation of Bishop Sauer. Certainly, our present methods of bringing our message do not seem adequate for modern people like the Japanese. What can we do more tellingly "to roll up a sentiment" in favor of Christian life, which will create a general movement toward Christianity?

When warring has ceased, how can we prepare for a triumph of Christian ideals, by which the men of all groups can live decently, without hate, and without fear? Thus far, we Catholics have done too little to bring about such a result. Everywhere, men gifted with ability and strength of soul, and men possessing position and power, must begin to work, even today, for the planning and prosecution of a world-wide grand strategy of Christian advance, which alone, we believe, will mean enduring peace.



SECTION SIX
ISLAND WORLD
OF THE PACIFIC

Distances shown in
Nautical Miles



Broken lines represent the ecclesiastical divisions

I

End of a Day

I FELT a throb of poignant regret as we sailed away from the Philippine Islands, down through the Sulu Sea. Nowhere in Asia is there such a large body of Catholics, and nowhere in Asia is a Catholic body so poorly cared for.

Some sixteen million people dwell in the Philippine archipelago, and twelve and a half million are reckoned as members of the Church. But this is not a certainty, for great bodies of thousands are without a priest. How many are still within the fold, how many hold to the last dim memories of the Faith, we have not yet learned.

The problem of the Church in the Philippines is rooted in history.

The Spanish missionaries—Dominicans, Jesuits, and the Recollects—arrived with the first explorers, and all these orders were well established in the Islands before the end of the sixteenth century. They had the good fortune to encounter a people who had not yet developed a distinctive civilization such as the Chinese and the Japanese, and whose land—the Islands—had not been penetrated deeply by any of the world religions, except for Islamism in Mindanao to the south. The Filipinos still worshiped the spirits of nature and the manes of their dead. Their conversion proceeded without serious incident; and by the end of the seventeenth century, laboring from island to island, from forest to forest, the friars with marvelous zeal had carried the Faith to the entire population, except for the Mohammedan Moros and a few tribes in the inaccessible mountains.

The fortunes of the Church, however, were tied up with the fortunes of the Spanish state. The Spaniard has always seen life as a whole, and the liberal notion of the separation of man's religious and civil spirit had never so much as occurred to the rulers at Madrid. As the Spanish state entered into its long afternoon, little by little the reserves of energy that had conquered whole con-

tinents seeped away from the vast organization, and this decline made its impress felt upon religion.

For the Islands, the higher clergy, by Spanish tradition, were appointed by the king, and came from Spain. In each generation there were fewer leaders. As her American colonies revolted, the mother country became poorer in men and in money. Tragically, the native priesthood was only partly developed. While there were numerous Filipino priests, none of them had been appointed to episcopal office. During the nineteenth century, the Filipinos revolted again and again against Spanish rule, and the state-united Church suffered in the turmoil. Finally, the Spanish missionaries withdrew during the revolution of 1896; and still more were recalled to Spain when the United States took over the Islands, in 1898.

The passage from Spanish to American rule was not without pangs. Under a native leader, Aguinaldo, the Filipinos resisted the American Army, and, as a part of this nationalist movement, a priest named Gregorio Aglipay created a schism. In 1902 he proclaimed himself the supreme pontiff of a "Philippine Catholic Church" and carried over a million adherents with him. At Aglipay's death, in 1941, the schism had declined and its followers numbered but three hundred thousand, but it had caused much dissension among the masses. Further difficulties have been created by the numerous Protestant missionaries, well financed, who have arrived in the Islands under American rule. Lastly, there is the fact that the Catholic Church in the United States, so recently a missionary Church itself, did not have the manpower to replace at

Japan.....	I	priest to every	300 Catholics
Alaska.....	I	" " "	500 "
China.....	I	" " "	662 "
United States..	I	" " "	750 "
Europe.....	I	" " "	752 "
India.....	I	" " "	1,000 "
Africa.....	I	" " "	1,500 "
PHILIPPINES.....	I	" " "	7,500 "

once the Spanish orders that had withdrawn from the Islands. As a result, there are far too few priests in the Philippines: only one to every seventy-five hundred Catholics. In the United States

there is a priest to every seven hundred and fifty Catholics, and as we know, most of our priests are overworked. It is clearly difficult for a priest in the Philippines, absorbed in the elementary routine of the sacraments for his flock, to go out after lapsed Catholics or even the backsliders in his own congregation.

It is a mistake, however, not to recognize that wherever Catholic life is well established, its quality is extremely high, served by great and worthy church edifices rich in their fittings, characterized by the fullness and warmth which mark Latin Catholicism in Europe. Even among those who do not practice their religion properly the deposit of Faith is still there, and by better training may again be made to expand into the full Catholic life.

The Philippine hierarchy was established as early as 1595, and the greater part of the Islands was therefore not mission territory and not under the Congregation of Propaganda. But latterly the Islands have, in fact, been treated as missionary country, and sectors have been confided to American priests and bishops as well as to missionary societies. After the Spanish American War, among the first to respond to the call of the Holy See for American clergy were the present Archbishop of Philadelphia, His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, and Bishop McCloskey of Jaro. The genial Irishman, Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, has been an outstanding missionary figure in the Islands since 1911.

The *Ateneo*, the second Catholic center of learning of the Islands, was founded by the Spanish Jesuits after the re-establishment of the order in the nineteenth century. I visited it promptly, for the *Ateneo* was inherited in 1920 by the American Jesuits of the New York province, when the Spanish provinces withdrew from the Islands and took over the mission work in Bombay. In 1932 a disastrous fire broke out and destroyed, beyond repair, the ancient buildings crowded within the old Walled City of Manila. At first this was looked upon as a calamity, but it has proved to be providential. For the Jesuits were enabled to move their school to a new site, opposite the University of the Philippines. Their present home, with fine lecture halls, laboratories, and dormitories, is handsomely disposed. Here they teach the *ratio studiorum* to young Filipinos just as they would to young Americans at Fordham or Georgetown.

But the University of *Santo Tomas* is more ancient, and is the

largest Catholic center of learning in the Islands. It was founded by the Spanish Dominicans in 1611, twenty-five years before Harvard opened its doors, and, with intermittent interruptions by earthquake and fire, has done business under the same management ever since. There are nearly five thousand students, and the school is co-educational—quite a modern turn in Spanish education. I was interested to see the rows of heads, here a young man, there a young girl, bending over the Bunsen burners in the laboratories, completely equal in their search for knowledge. This is of value to the Church, for many of these young women will be teachers in the Filipino Catholic schools of the future. *Santo Tomas*, like the *Ateneo*, is of recent construction following the destruction of the ancient buildings by an earthquake. We read with regret that it has suffered damage again when the law school within the Walled City was struck by Japanese bombs in December, 1941.

Residence houses have been opened in Manila for Catholic students who attend the Government schools. There is a total of seventy thousand in Manila, of whom less than a third are in Catholic schools, although all are of Catholic parentage. The Catholic hope for the Islands, and the direction of our greatest effort, are for improved educational opportunities that will create a vigilant and well-instructed native laity and clergy.

The life of a parish priest in the Philippines is not easy. Outside Manila and the three or four other cities, that life means actual, daily hardships, calling for heroic virtue. I had a chance to realize this when I visited Father Joseph Tahon at Cainta, not far from Manila. He is a Belgian, a Scheut missionary, and has been a parish priest in the Philippine Islands for over forty years. So he is no longer young; but neither poverty nor climate has dimmed his ardor.

Father Tahon lives in a nipa hut, as do his parishioners. A nipa hut—in case you have never seen one—is a fragile cage of bamboo and palm-leaf matting, mounted on stilts. One climbs a rickety bamboo ladder and enters the hut, walking upon a bamboo floor which gives with every step. Father Tahon's hut was divided into a sleeping room, study, and kitchen, the kitchen having a floor of metal made from beaten-out kerosene tins. Even this was considered a luxury and a somewhat modern improvement. From such

a rectory, Father Tahon cares for his parish of three thousand souls. Spiritually, it is one of the best parishes of the Islands. But his people are irremediably poor, and his successor also must be a man of heroic temper, to find happiness in his life work under such conditions.

Before the Japanese disrupted normal activities, a substantial number of the American Jesuits in the Philippines under the leadership of a native New Yorker, Bishop James Hayes, conducted in Mindanao the largest mission in the Islands. Within their territory were many Mohammedan Moros.

The Moros have for centuries proved fierce enemies of the Christian Filipinos. One of their blood-chilling practices is to "go *juramentado*," to launch a kill-fest in Christian gatherings. An American Jesuit, Father Augustine Bello, witnessed a *juramentado* in Zamboanga recently.

"For a minute or so I had a clear view of two blocks," he explains, "and saw a fanatic Moro stab his last victims and then fall with five bullets in him. What a horrible nightmare was the brief moment of these killings! Terror had gripped the town, people screamed and rushed madly in every direction, ladies snatched off their high-heeled shoes to flee the faster.

"A *juramentado* is a Mohammedan Moro who takes an oath before a *datu*, a kind of local potentate. The oath made, he prepares himself with prayers, then chooses a day, usually at sunrise or sunset. The Moro must die in the act of killing and as a reward goes to heaven on a big white horse. Thus there is still vicious paganism within the bosom of the Philippines."

I left Manila during one of those sunsets for which it is famous, a sunset of gold and purple like all the glories of a king's banquet. There was talk of war in the Far East, as there had been for many years, but few believed war so close at hand. Now the Japanese bombs have struck the halls of *Santo Tomas*, and the ancient, queenly church of Saint Dominic has suffered, along with the modern American improvements on Dewey Boulevard. What more has been destroyed than the buildings? Though an eventual American victory is taken for granted, we may nevertheless ask if an epoch has passed for the Philippines. Has the American Church failed in its too-brief opportunity?

II

Between Cancer and Capricorn

THOUSANDS of little islands, sprinkled like stardust over a million miles of the western Pacific, are the paradise of explorers, small-time traders, runaway husbands, painters, hobos, and ethnologists. For the moment, let us speak only of the last category. There is no part of the earth where so many subtle tinctures of race exist, where so many small groups, through centuries of taboo, have built up watertight little cultures that are a delight to the student of man and his manners.

Volumes are written and have yet to be written about the migrations of races in the Pacific islets. We stand amazed at the hardihood of the Polynesian explorers. In long canoes they sailed out on the typhoon-beset Pacific, lived for months on rain water, fish, and such chance foods as floating coconuts and algae, and then by miracle, discovered tiny landfalls in the incredible expanse. They knew little astronomy, but were able to mark the position of the newfound atoll or volcano top by reference to ocean currents. They returned later with children and pigs, to colonize.

It was no great trick for Columbus to discover America: if he only continued westward, he could not help bumping into so formidable an object. But the Pacific is three times as wide as the Atlantic, and the distance between individual islets is often two thousand miles. Easter Island is a case in point. On one side, it is fourteen hundred miles from the nearest pin point of land, Pitcairn Island; and on the other side, it is two thousand miles from the coast of Chile, in South America. And yet three groups of settlers arrived at Easter Island, at different periods of time; and one of the groups had traveled almost directly from New Zealand, nearly four thousand miles away!

The Polynesians were the supermen of the Pacific islands, but they were not the first-comers, at least in the southwest quadrant of the ocean. Little men of Negroid race had moved into the Solomons, the Fijis, New Caledonia. These little black men were probably the

kin of the Australian bushmen, or of the dark tribes who have survived to this day in the interior mountains of the Philippines, New Guinea, and Borneo. In the smaller islands, however, there were no high mountains to hide in, and the little black men had no chance to survive. As the tall, light-brown Polynesians arrived, they battled the Negroid possessors, ate the men, and acquired the women. This was, as history goes, the simplest method yet known of disposing of a minority population.

The charming little custom of cannibalism is one of the trademarks of the South Pacific. Other peoples in other parts of the world have indulged in cannibalism as part of a ritual, but the Oceanic people are noteworthy in that they ate "long pig" principally for the reason that they liked it. When a diet of pork, fish, taro, and breadfruit palled upon the appetite, a raid upon a neighboring tribe would provide a tasty dish for Sunday dinner. The missionary-in-the-stewpot joke that has appeared in a thousand variations in London's *Punch*, stems from the experiences of early adventurers in these waters; several Catholic and Protestant missionaries have indeed passed from this world as a ragout.

Oceania is one of the few quarters of the world in which the Protestant missionary generally preceded the Catholic. But even he came too late. The South Sea islands had already become the prey of traders, whalers, pirates, and adventurers of a dozen European nationalities. These men put the islands, literally, on the map, and left them the gifts of rum, measles, smallpox, cholera, and tuberculosis. The diseases, to which generations have given white men a certain immunity, ravaged the native populations. The second scourge of the islands was the slave trade, thinly disguised. The Polynesian inhabitants were moved from one island to another where plantations were being developed; and in the case of the Easter Islanders, were moved *en masse* to the mines of Peru. Disease and homesickness took their toll; the uprooted Polynesians seldom survived. The population of the Hawaiian Islands, for instance, which Captain Cook estimated at four hundred thousand in 1788 (doubtless an exaggeration), was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand by the missionaries in 1823.

As the nineteenth century came along, many of the traders were New Englanders, God-fearing men on Sunday mornings, and they

brought missionaries with them. Writers of the modern romantic school, escapists from the industrial age, have painted an unsympathetic picture of the intolerant missionary who dressed the natives in Mother Hubbards, and by some mysterious process was responsible for their decline and fall. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The effort of the Protestant missionary was always for the physical and moral good of the aborigine; but the missionary arrived too late, after the slave traders and the alien germs had taken their toll. If the missionary put too much emphasis on pants and too little on prophylaxis, it was the spirit of his age. The Polynesian inhabitants were doomed on many of the islands, well before the missionary's arrival, and whether he came there or not. The native groups who survived are mainly those who entered into the missionary compound, there to find a transition between their primitive life and the existence of a modern world.

The Methodist missionaries preceded the Catholics in the Fiji Islands. Catholic effort began in 1842, in this group of particularly wild islanders. Fifteen thousand Catholics now live in the archipelago, together with eighty-five thousand Protestants and eighty-five thousand natives who are still pagan. The proportion is better in the Gilbert Islands, with thirteen thousand Catholics to ten thousand Protestants and seven thousand pagans. In the Solomon Islands, a hundred thousand of the natives remain pagan, with Catholics and Protestants each about twenty-three thousand.

The Australian Commonwealth shared with Holland the enormous, unexplored, and unhealthy island of New Guinea, and ruled such outlying islands as New Britain. In those islands the Catholic missionaries arrived very late in the nineteenth century, and have had excellent results for the short period of their tenure. They have built mission compounds and plantations, in which the ways of civilization and of religion are taught simultaneously to natives who are just emerging from a Stone Age culture. There remain in this section, however, a half million pagan natives.

Since the first World War, Japan has ruled the constellation of islands that stride the equator, known as the Marianas, the Caroline and the Marshall Islands. The Marianas and the Carolines were purchased from Spain by Germany during the Spanish-American War, to prevent them from falling into American hands.

Ironically, in 1919 they were awarded to Japan as a mandate under the League of Nations. When Japan walked out of the League of Nations, she retained the islands, and proceeded to fortify them as naval bases. It was from these bases, particularly that of Truk, that the Japanese launched their attack upon Pearl Harbor in December, 1941. Under Spanish rule, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and the Capuchins had mission stations throughout the islands. Under German rule, the islands passed to the German Capuchins; and under the Japanese were confided to the Spanish Jesuits. There are twenty thousand Catholics, twenty thousand Protestants, and thirteen thousand non-Christians.

The fabled islands of Tahiti and the Marquesas group are—unlike those just mentioned, which are low coral atolls, hardly lifting their heads above the waves—mostly of volcanic formation, with peaks that soar to heaven out of the Pacific depths. Not a great many Anglo-Saxons have visited the Marquesas, but most of those who have, have written books. As a result, we all know the charms of these coasts of the lotus-eaters, the dream country of Gauguin and of *The Moon and Sixpence*. We know the gentle, indolent Marquesans, living without effort in a land "in which it always seemed afternoon." French missionaries arrived among them about 1840, but again too late to save the natives from the diseases and vices brought by the whalers. In the Marquesas there were sixteen thousand natives in 1838; but only two thousand remain today, most of whom are Catholic. In the matter of native mortality, Tahiti and the neighboring islands have fared better. The number of Protestants is nearly double the number of Catholics.

Far southwest of Tahiti, opposite the Australian coast, is another French island, New Caledonia, the largest South Sea island except New Guinea. There the French missionaries have secured the best results in the entire South Seas, and Noumea boasts a fine cathedral. Of the thirty-one thousand inhabitants, practically all are Catholic. New Caledonia was at one time a French penal colony, but the island, like Australia, gained rather than lost by the fact. Mines of chrome and nickel make it a valuable possession and a coveted prize of war. During much of World War II, New Caledonia was ruled by the De Gaullist Navy, under Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, who in times of peace is a Carmelite monk known as Père

Louis of the Trinity. To understand this extraordinary state of affairs, it must be explained that in France the priest is not exempted from combatant military service, and Père Louis was mobilized in his old rank as a naval officer at the outbreak of the war.

American possessions in Oceania included Samoa, Guam, and the Hawaiian Islands. The islets, such as Wake, Howland, Baker, and the others, were uninhabited until the last few years, when airplane stations were established for the China and Australia clipper lines. Guam is almost entirely Catholic, a result of the Spanish domination before 1898. Now the American Capuchins are still pastors there. In the Samoan archipelago, the island of Tutuila and several islets are American. The Samoans are the purest and most beautiful of the Polynesian races, the least spoiled by contact with the outside world, little mixed with the darker Melanesian blood. Protestant missionaries were established in Samoa before the arrival of the Catholics, and only a tenth of the fifteen thousand inhabitants belong to the Catholic Faith.

Of the four hundred thousand inhabitants in the Hawaiian Islands, a hundred and twenty thousand are Catholic. This does not tell the true story. Forty-five per cent of the population are Chinese and Japanese, and these are comparatively recent arrivals, who cling to their ancestral worships. The Catholics dominate the remaining Christian population; but, unfortunately, the great bloc of Filipino and Puerto Rican workers in the sugar fields are not in great numbers practicing Catholics. The practicing Catholics are principally among the native Hawaiians and the white inhabitants. Our missionaries have been permanently established on Oahu since 1833, although priests occasionally visited at an earlier date. Colleges, academies, parish schools, asylums, provide a full Catholic life, which is under the charge of Bishop Sweeney, a native son of California, aided principally by the Picpus Fathers. Over two hundred American priests, Brothers, and Sisters are at work in the Hawaiians. Outstanding are the schools of the Marianist Brothers of Dayton, Ohio, who have been in the islands for a generation and who now count there a great phalanx of seventy-five. Eighty-five Maryknoll Sisters are likewise engaged in school work, while a small group of Maryknoll priests assist in the ministry. Of course, the leper colony at Kalaupapa, on the island of Molokai, is famous

in Catholic annals as the scene of the labors of Father Damien and of Brother Joseph Dutton. Missioners are proud of the Molokai tradition, still carried on by a Picpus Father and by American Franciscan Sisters.

Another hundred American missioners labor with the Church's forces on scattered islands of the broad sea. Eleven American Capuchins were on Guam when it fell to the Japanese. Groups of Holy Ghost Sisters of Techny, Illinois, Sacred Heart Sisters of Reading, Pennsylvania, and Sisters of St. Joseph of Orange, California, are in the South Pacific. The main body of these Americans, however, are Marists—twenty-five Fathers and fifty-six Sisters—who hold posts in the Fijis, the Solomons, and New Guinea. At the celebrated leper hospital of Makogai in the Fijis are four American Marist Sisters. First the Japanese and then the American forces fighting for the Solomons made the acquaintance of Bishop Wade and his score of American Marist helpers, priests and Sisters.

The future of Oceania is in the balance. Political changes may retard for a while the activities of the South Seas mission workers, but the Catholic missioner has less to fear than any other. The life of the mission chapel, built of coral blocks within the grove palms, with its sweet bell that calls the worshipers across the lagoon and down the dusty road—this, we hope, will go on unchanged in these lands that have known so little of envy and of pride.

III

The Isles of Spice

HOPE no Japanese bombs fell on that lovely little well, high in the mountains of Java, beyond the city of Jokyakarta. It is called the Baptism Well. For the Catholic in the Netherlands Indies, it has a certain significance. A generation ago a Dutch Jesuit, Father van Lith, initiated the convert movement among the Javanese, much as did Father Lievens, the Belgian Jesuit, among the Indians of Chota Nagpur. His first class of one hundred and seventy were baptized at this well.

The island of Java is much the best-known part of the Netherlands Indies, for it contains the colonial administration, and in it live forty million of the sixty million Indonesians. The remaining twenty million occupy the vast island areas known as the Outer Possessions.

Sumatra, to the west, is twice Java's size, but Sumatra's nine million inhabitants still leave great regions of malarial jungle, where tigers and wild elephants wander, undisturbed. So little has been known of the Sumatran interior, that as late as 1918 explorers found remains of unknown cities and temples of Buddhism that had flourished in the islands before the arrival of Islamism. In the mountains there still are tribes that have not forgotten the dark demons of a still more ancient Hinduism.

Borneo is even less known than Sumatra. It is improbable that any ancient culture ever lived on its volcanic ridges, which are inhabited by the "wild men of Borneo." The other islands, such as Celebes, Timor, Amboina, Flores, are gardenized with spice plantations in valleys between volcanic cliffs; for old sources of wealth—cloves, cinnamon, quinine, nutmeg, and pepper—still vie with newfound oil, tin, and rubber to make the Netherlands Indies the prize colonial possession of the world.

If ever the tail wagged the dog, it does in little Holland's rule of the Indies. With only twelve thousand square miles and less than nine million population in the homeland, Holland is the office

building for an empire of seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles and sixty million subjects. Upon the turbulent Malays, the Dutch have imposed the *Pax Neerlandica* and have given sanitation, good roads, and safety to the isles. But they were not the first white colonists. As in most of the Orient, the Portuguese were there before any one else; and as always, missionaries accompanied them. Saint Francis Xavier himself evangelized the island of Amboina.

When Holland ejected the Portuguese during the seventeenth-century wars, one by one the islands were closed to the Catholic missionaries, and one by one the chapels fell into profane uses or into ruin. The Dutch were bitter Calvinists, and memories of the stern rule of the Duke of Alba still burned deep. No foe of the Catholic missionaries was ever more coldly hostile than the early Dutch administrators, wherever they were found in the colonial world.

The Catholic missionaries reminded the Dutch not only of a rival, but of a hated rival, and short shrift was made of them. The Dutch attitude toward empire, in fact, was always a purely practical one. They had no sentimental British façade of carrying the white man's burden, nor did they echo the French catchword of inheriting the civic conscience of Rome. The Dutchman was there to make money; he was interested in the natives' well-being because that was the way to keep the natives at peace and on the job. His human attitude on intermarriage was different from that of most other colonizing powers, and it resulted in an educated Eurasian class of great value and importance in the management of the isles.

To keep out "disturbing" elements, a notorious law, known as Article 177, admitted no minister of religion to any district in the islands unless he already had parishioners there. This was meant in part to prevent troubles with Buddhists and Mohammedans, who liked to penetrate into the Hindu islands, but the backlash was against the Catholics. The Dutch governing officials were usually Calvinist or Lutheran, so there was a sprinkling of non-Catholic pastors, and about a million non-Catholic Christians are the fruit of their effort. It was only in 1859 that Catholic priests, the Dutch Jesuits, were officially permitted to enter the islands to care for the needs of the Catholic Dutch officials—for Holland has an excellent minority, richly Catholic. In the twentieth century, when Article 177 became a dead letter, a true missionary effort became possible.

Today we count about six hundred thousand Catholics, of whom approximately three hundred thousand are grouped in a small splay of islands toward Australia: the Little Sundas, the orchid-covered island of Flores, and Netherlands Timor. Here, among relatively primitive people, the Divine Word Fathers have reaped a bountiful harvest; the Little Sunda territory has been one of the high spots of the entire mission world for a generation. Other substantial groups of Catholics are found in Dutch New Guinea, Amboina, and the Celebes. A modest but well-planned cultivation of the other parts of the Outer Possessions has been carried on since the extinction of Article 177.

To influence, however, the spiritual destinies of the Netherlands Indies, it is important to establish the Church among the Javanese. This is difficult, because the majority are Mohammedan; but their religion is a diluted Mohammedanism, and without the racial element that makes Islamism the very citadel of identity among the Arab peoples. A start has been made. As yet, our Catholic position in Java is unimpressive. We claim less than fifty thousand Javanese, but these few are well-trained and spiritually ardent. Dutch and Javanese candidates for the priesthood live on terms of complete equality in the Jesuit scholasticate. In 1940 the Holy See established the Vicariate of Semarang, and chose Father Albert Soegijapranata, a Javanese Jesuit, as its Bishop. His small company of Native-born priests is earnestly determined to carry the Faith to their fellow countrymen.

I drove, late one September, to a mission center at a mountain town called Bara. From the roadway, the mission had a smiling aspect—with its little white church, rectory, two schools (one for boys and one for girls), social hall, small hospital, and convent. These occupied a corner of the town, which was sheltered in the fold of the green garment that covered the mountainside. There we were greeted by the first Javanese priest, Father Satiman, who had been ordained in 1928.

Father Satiman conducted us about the buildings and into some of the hospitable Javanese homes. The converts smiled their mercurial Javanese smile and welcomed us with a grace that by comparison makes the heavy-limbed European seem awkward. In simple homes the only ornament was often a well-carved Madonna

and Child. For every Javanese is an artist who would put many of our art-school students to shame. Their fabrics, the famous batiks, are still made at home by a process of waxing and dyeing, and the simple peasant woman elaborates with skill upon the patterns and colors, each of which has traditional meaning. I gave Communion one Sunday morning to six hundred in a church at Batavia, and could not but be impressed by the neatness and charm of their dress as the people approached the altar rail.

The secret of the advance in Java is the school. The teacher, the catechist, the priest compose the triumvirate which is marching forward. Medical work helps; but more important is the sustaining power of the school, the profound influence of long years of training rather than the accidental effect of the hospital. Medical work requires much follow-up: it brings about openings in good will, but by itself is seldom strong enough to lead men to the Faith. Hence the cry in Java is "Schools! Schools!" The Vincentians of Surabaya opened one hundred and sixty-five schools in a decade, while the Jesuit figure goes into the hundreds.

Although the Dutch in the Netherlands Indies keep very much to themselves, they are not as extreme in this respect as are other Europeans in Asia. Many families have been in the colonial service, or have been plantation owners, for generations. The sons of the family often returned to Leyden or Utrecht for their university studies, but their hearts and their fortunes remained in the Indies. The Schmutzers at Gandjoeram are an example of such a family: they have become closely bound into the life of the country and of the Church in Java, not as outsiders but as people who claim Java truly as their home. Jules Schmutzer was born in Java, and on his three-thousand-acre estate he has constructed a *tjandi*, or shrine, which houses a large statue of the Sacred Heart. In 1927 a great Catholic gathering met there and dedicated Java to the Sacred Heart. This statue is rendered in Javanese style. Jules and his brother, who is a geologist of note at the University of Utrecht, are the sponsors of the development of a Javanese Christian art.

How will the war affect religion in the East Indies? If there were to be a permanent change in rulers, Christianity's place among the millions would depend upon the degree to which it has penetrated the culture of any part of the population. Will Christianity

be swept away with the flag of the House of Orange, or has it truly entered the hearts of a portion of the people?

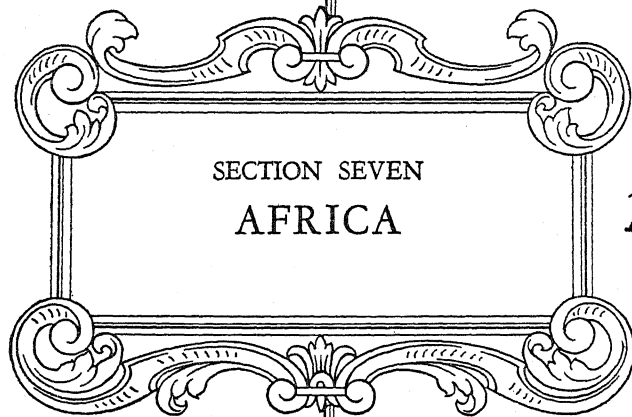
Four centuries ago, after the Dutch had taken an Oriental city from the Portuguese, a soldier among the conquerors said mockingly to a Portuguese captain, "When will you Portuguese return to govern here again?"

The Portuguese answered, "When your sins are greater than ours."

The thoughtful will understand this reply, if it is considered in terms of neither the Dutch nor the Portuguese, but the white race as a whole. The West will wield influence throughout the universe, only so long as it is able to contribute to the sum total of cultural and spiritual energy. The Western world's greatest possession is Christianity. At this hour, we may well regret that so much of our power has been employed for material advantage without lasting value either to ourselves or to the peoples of Asia.

Paul McGuire, an Australian Catholic, in his book *Westward the Course*, reminds us that we may measure the good we have done in Asia in terms of the Christian apostolate. "The missions carry the moral and intellectual as well as the religious values of the West to the natives," he writes. "If white and brown are to keep peace together, they must meet in the province of ideas and values as well as over pickled pork and rubber goods. Guns, cars, egg beaters, vaccines, and hard cash will not hold a respect which the Eastern man reserves for mind, morals, and manners."

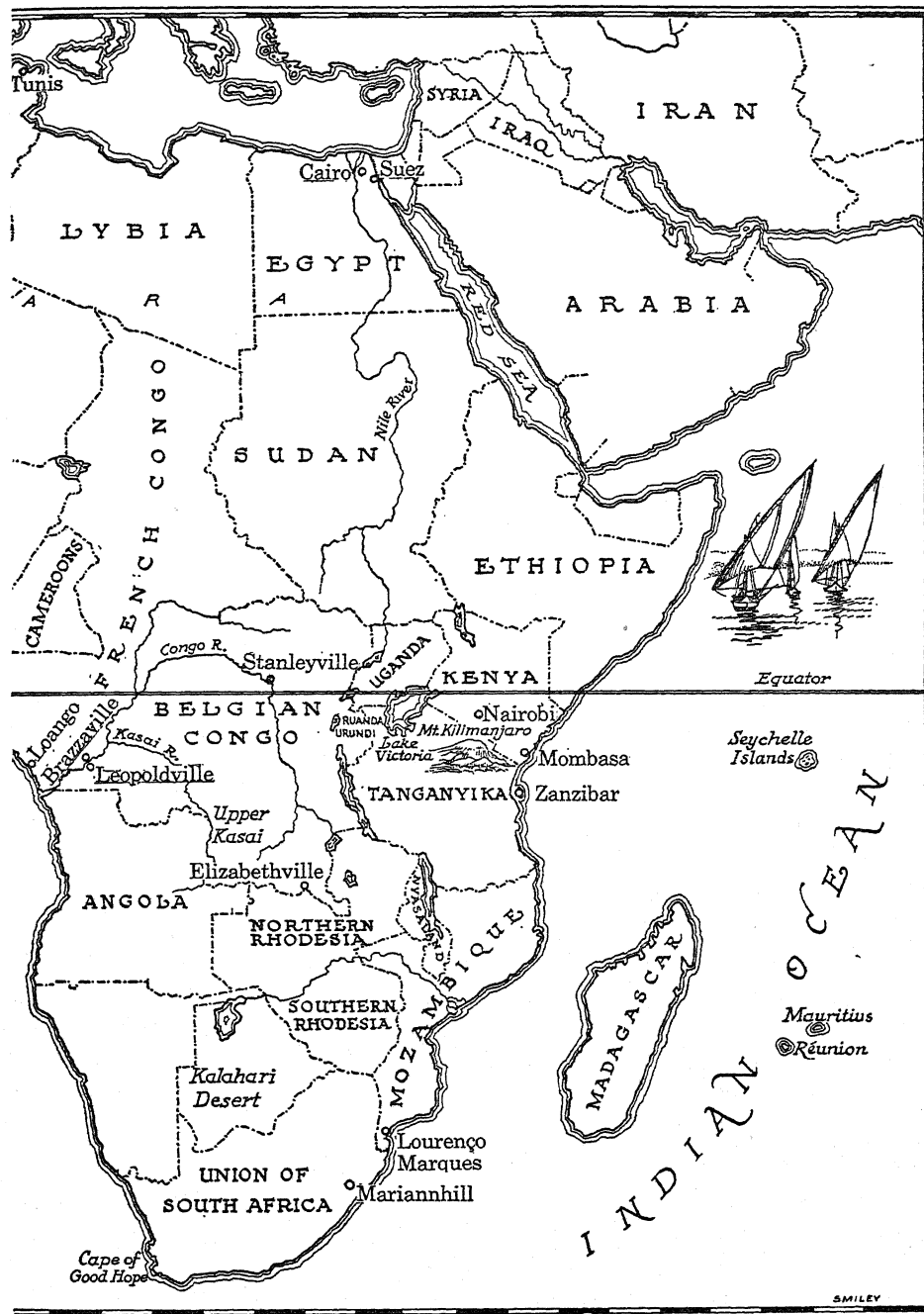
We Westerners at this moment are faced with the unpleasant possibility of being exiled for an epoch from the Indies. "No!" we cry. "No, not yet. Give us again a chance! Let us make good our neglect."



SOUTH

ATLANTIC

OCEAN



Utopia in the Waves

“LOVELY!” said a big man with a deep bass voice, who stood at the rail. “Lovely as the Garden of Eden.”

None of us had seen the Garden of Eden, but we were sure he was right. We had come seventeen hundred miles from Bombay, India, and were still a thousand miles off the east coast of Africa. Nothing intruded on the privacy of this exquisite little group of islands, the Seychelles, which we were tranquilly approaching in the serene peace of the morning.

Today guns roar, and millions of our fellow men are withered in fear. How good it is to be able to recall a spot on the earth like the Seychelles!

Though they are less than a day’s journey from the equator, great heat never descends on these islands; nor are they familiar with cold. The first impression, from far off shore, is one of indescribable calm. Here are emerald gems in the setting of an opalescent sea. The largest island, Mahe, but seventeen miles long and four to seven broad, rises abruptly from the ocean. There is a peak three thousand feet high behind Port Victoria, the principal town; and beside that peak is another, the Three Brothers, twenty-three hundred feet high. Their majestic upper reaches of blue-gray granite contrast happily with the dark green of the plantations on their lower slopes and the gently swaying luxuriance of the thick groves of coconut palms which stretch for miles along the shore. Jagged cliffs rise sheer from the sea or poke up their heads above the verdure. The woodland opens at places and reveals bounding mountain streams of liquid silver hurrying out from cool dark ravines.

We anchored a mile and a half off shore and came in by launch. No great crowds appeared, for there are but thirty thousand inhabitants in the entire group of ninety isles and islets. All are African, except a thousand whites and a few Indians and Chinese. The rest consist of Creoles, whose skin is a dark *café au lait*; they are descendants of slaves brought by the French from Reunion and

Mauritius to work in the vanilla plantations. When the French arrived in 1742, the islands were uninhabited by either men or animals.

We were at home from the moment we put foot ashore. Nobody stared, but everybody seemed to know we were among them. There were grace and kindness in every smile, so characteristic of Creole peoples everywhere.

"The house of the Fathers?" said a man in answer to my question. "It's on the edge of the town. I'll show you the way."

"Oh, no," I protested, "you have your work."

"Father," and the man grinned broadly as if commiserating me for my stupidity, "work never interferes with anything I have a mind to do."

Within the snug-walled monastery a few minutes away, I found the Bishop and the Swiss Capuchin missionaries. Two thirds of the population of the Seychelles are Catholic. The atmosphere is dominantly Catholic; hence, I soon discovered that the best boys' school is conducted by the Brothers, the best girls' school by the Sisters. The British Government, which holds the islands as a colony, recognizes in the Church a principal influence in the lives of the people, to the point of subventioning these schools quite generously.

"Welcome to our African Switzerland," greeted the Bishop, with a broad Swiss smile. Then through him and his priests the island of Mahe divulged its secrets. We followed a mountain trail or two, journeyed along the shore, sought out favorite spots for their choice landscapes and seascapes, visited homes, became acquainted with some of the people.

"A likable people, our Seychellois," said the missionaries, "but not a particularly strong people. They are sweet and attractive like a honeysuckle vine—which, however, if not supported, falls to the ground. Often we must be outwardly obdurate with them, or they will never rouse themselves to self-discipline. But they are infinitely generous and kind. If you and I are caught in a shower, we have but to run to the nearest home and we shall be received most cordially, given a glass of coconut milk, entertained for hours if need be. There is a quiet dignity in the poorest, for here there are no serfs or underlings. Indeed, the most shiftless man in the islands

feels every bit as self-possessed as the British Governor, and is certainly less harassed."

The homes are simple but clean. Many families have but one bed and use it only for illness; ordinarily they sleep on the floor. All have a love of cleanliness of person. I watched school children carefully wash their hands before eating; spread their meal on a plantain leaf; use their fingers as knife, fork, and spoon; and at the end not only wash their hands, but scrupulously rinse their mouths. All have beautiful flashing white teeth.

The Seychellois have a strong taste for the sea and are renowned as sailors. The harvest of the sea is plentiful in the Indian Ocean, which is but a step from every man's door. Fishing and farming are the two careers open to the young men, and most of them prefer a life on the waves.

I confess I did not see much work being done on land. Why think of work? Hard work promises no great reward; no work brings no bitter hardship. The ordinary Seychellois probably puts in five easy hours at work each day, yet manages to subsist comfortably. Fruit falls to the ground at his feet; water flows to his door.

The vanilla plantations fell into decay when slavery was abolished, but the coconut thrives. The coconut is as fine a friend of the Seychellois as the camel is of the Arab. Two thirds of the coconut's inner self is food for him; the liquid is his drink. The fruit gives him oil for burning and cooking, while the husks are fodder for his cattle. The coconut fiber is woven into mats or ropes, the tree trunks make poles for his house, and the leaves provide its roof. The sap makes a potent toddy called "bacca." About every Seychellois home are sheltering coconut trees.

I saw some native policemen in Port Victoria, but not a soldier or gunboat was in sight. In peace times there are none. The British Governor has sixty Seychellois police, and his only problem is to keep them from forgetting to report for work. Indeed, there is something of a Gilbert and Sullivan comedy about justice in the Seychelles.

Recently the Governor heard some unbelievable stories about his constables; so, emulating Haroun-al-Raschid, he went out in the night to investigate. He found one uniformed guardian of the law

sprawled on the ground sound asleep, his boots, belt, and cap lying beside him. The Governor confiscated them and ordered the man dismissed. Reluctantly the chief of police carried out the order, but pleaded for the man's reinstatement two weeks later. The Governor consented, but came close to apoplexy when he discovered the fellow sound asleep again, his very first night back at his post.

Again recently, a judge left for home in England after having imposed penalties for a term in this distant colony. He was dumbfounded to discover among the cheering well-wishers on the quay several persons to whom he had given jail sentences. Indeed, he recognized in a winsome young lady, who at the last moment ran up with an enormous bouquet, a culprit who had just obtained her freedom from prison two weeks previously. No vendetta here!

I had pleasant hours with the Capuchins, who were completely absorbed in this tiny world. They found no discouragement in the lack of backbone in their flock. These Swiss monks, who are of one of the world's sturdiest stocks, realize that there is but a relatively small gamut between the strongest and the weakest of the brothers of men. As I have remarked before, it is the striking likenesses rather than the differences between man and man over the earth, that impress so deeply the Church's missionaries. It is a thought to which inevitably I find myself returning.

II

The Bright Continent

CARDINAL HINSLEY, the sturdy Yorkshireman who is today the Archbishop of Westminster, began his era of service to the Church Universal in Africa. One day in Rome, toward the end of 1927, someone remarked to me: "Why not call on Bishop Hinsley? In a few days he is to be named for a very interesting task in Africa."

I found the Bishop at the English College, of which he then was rector, and he spoke with enthusiasm of the visitation he was about to make for the Holy See, a visitation of all the Catholic missions in British Africa. Eventually the journey took him thirty-seven thousand miles. It made him what he still is today, one of the best informed on the Church's work in the Dark Continent. The result of his investigations was the establishment of an Apostolic Delegation for East Africa, with residence at Mombasa, and the naming of the charming prelate himself as first Delegate.

When again I called on him, it was under the African rather than the Italian sky. We sat on the front porch of his home, the booming surf of the Indian Ocean on two sides of us, for the house jutted forward on an outpost of land placed to catch every breath of air in a part of the world which is quite niggardly in the matter of breezes.

"Now you'll see the Church really on the march," His Excellency explained. "In Asia, there are many bright spots, it is true. But here in Africa, particularly in Central Africa, the tree of the Lord lifts itself up so rapidly that it seems to grow before your very eyes."

I was aware of the truth of his words. Of the half million converts of each year throughout the mission world, almost three hundred thousand are recorded in Africa. One group of missionaries, less than a thousand miles from where we sat—the White Fathers of Ruanda and Urundi—were at that time baptizing 40,000 a year. This was an average of 446 per missionary in Urundi (the blue rib-

bon record for the entire mission world), and of 320 per missionary in Ruanda. The achievement is the more remarkable because each priest has as well an average of 1,700 Catholic faithful for whom to care. In the United States we average 750 faithful per priest.

Africa, three times the area of Europe, is not of a single cloth. It is a mistake to think of it as a unity. We may coat over its map with five bands of paint, to represent the five great continental divisions. We shall make the top and bottom areas white, to indicate the two "non-African" regions: the Moslem area of the Mediterranean littoral, extending from Egypt to Morocco; and the Europeanized area of the far south, comprising the Union of South Africa and its neighbors. The next two bands we shall make yellow to signify sand; for to the north the band stands for the Sahara Desert, while the southern band is the Kalahari Desert and the surrounding desertic areas. The central band is green; it speaks for the jungle and open country, in which dwell the Nilotic and other distinctly African peoples. We include within it, rather arbitrarily, Madagascar and the other islands of the Indian Ocean. It is within this area that we find the world's most promising field of mission progress, and it is this area that we are about to cross.

Catholics in Africa number over eight million, out of one hundred and twenty million inhabitants on the continent. A million and a half of these are in the white band to the north. Half a million are in the white band to the south. In North Africa, the faithful are almost all of French or Italian origin. In the South, three hundred thousand of the five hundred thousand are of Irish or English blood. In South Africa there are pockets of territory, such as Basutoland and the missions around Mariannhill, in which the Faith goes forward apace, but the area as a whole cannot yet report vigorous convert work. This is found in East Africa—the Negro part of it, designated within the green band—which I now was visiting with Archbishop Hinsley. It is also to be found in Central Africa, West Africa, and Insular South Africa. There a Catholic population of six million is being augmented by a quarter of a million adult baptisms each year.

In Mombasa, Catholics celebrated in 1931 the three-hundredth anniversary of what they called their Four Hundred Portuguese Martyrs—the Christian population of the city which was ravaged

by the Moslem Arabs. We should recall that this eastern coast of Africa has witnessed the meeting and the clashing of several civilizations.

As far back as the eighth century, the Oman Arabs, borne southward in their open dhows by gentle monsoons, subjugated the blacks and founded a state along the coast. There silken-clad sons of Arabia prayed in stone mosques and discussed the arts of the Moors. They traded with India, Ceylon, and Sumatra, and, through intermediaries, with China. Their sources of spices and silks were jealously guarded secrets, and throughout the Middle Ages few Christians penetrated the Arab watches of the Red Sea and the Somali coasts. Then, in the fifteenth century, the Portuguese accomplished their circumnavigation of Africa by descending the west coast, rounding the Cape of Good Hope and, in 1498, destroying this East African home of the Arabs.

East Africa became merely an entrepot for the Portuguese interested in India and the East. Mombasa and Mozambique were depots for water and supplies for the caravels going on their long voyages from Goa back to Lisbon. In their journeyings back and forth, they brought here numerous men and ways of the Orient. In 1631, the Moslems turned the tables on the Portuguese and attacked their East African cities. A century later (in 1728), while Portuguese Mombasa celebrated a *fiesta*, Arabs and Negroes fell upon them and cut to pieces the entire population. Thenceforth the Portuguese limited themselves in East Africa to Mozambique, far down the coast.

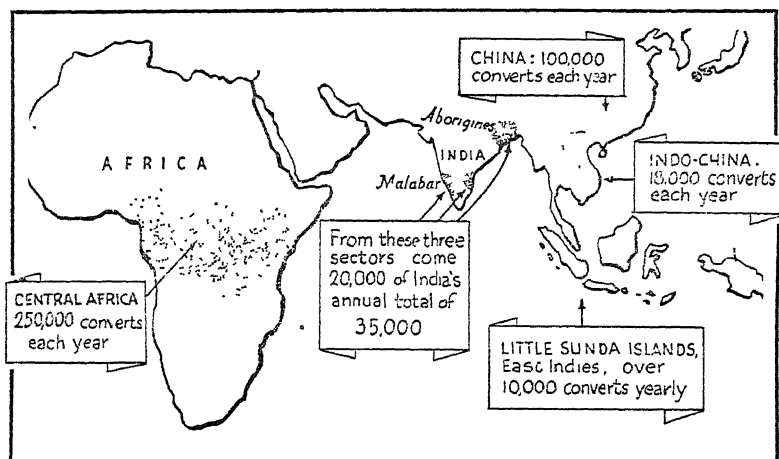
Muscat kings again ruled in East Africa, and New Bedford whalers during the nineteenth century brought home tales of the glories of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In the nineteenth century Europe's great powers dispossessed the Moslems. Germany held Tanganyika for a while—from 1884 to 1918—but after the first World War, all came under the sway of England.

But East Africa is not a single homogeneous unit. Kenya Colony is governed by some thousands of Europeans of spirit, who are determined that this shall be a white man's land. They have made Nairobi, in the apple-green highlands, a city beautiful, the Paris of East Africa, where shops offer the treasures of the *Rue de la Paix*. They have excluded the thrifty Indians, who can penetrate

like sand in a wind storm, from their entire highland paradise. When Britain a few years ago decided to appease India by granting Indians in Kenya equal suffrage with the whites, the European settlers organized under Lord Delamere quite as determinedly and quite as arbitrarily as did the people of Ulster under Lord Craigavon.

Tanganyika Territory, to the south of Kenya, is quite different.

HIGH SPOTS IN THE CATHOLIC MISSION MOVEMENT



Central Africa easily outdistances every other region of the world, with a quarter of a million converts annually.

It has been held by Britain as a mandate. A country larger than France, two thirds of it belongs to the tsetse fly, Africa's great destroyer of animal life. Only one and a half per cent has been alienated for Europeans, and the rest is held in trust for the natives, who raise cotton and sisal in exportable quantities. Europeans complain bitterly that the Colonial Office has administered the area with such unimaginative impartiality that Germans have been better off than Englishmen, and nazism stronger than the Union Jack. A certain amount of blame for British weakness seems to lie in the failure of any but a handful of Englishmen to attempt to settle in Tanganyika.

Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are English and ready for

the proposed Union of East Africa, which has not yet materialized. One reason is the stout opposition of Uganda, a country which is one of the interesting phenomena of the continent. It is definitely not a white man's land. Under Britain it possesses four black rulers, the strongest of whom is the *Kabaka* of Buganda. When the matter of the Union of East Africa was under discussion in London, the king of Buganda sent his very intelligent finance minister to the sessions, and the minister announced crisply, "Uganda does not wish to become a horse in the Kenya stables." No jockeying of empire lawyers could open a chink in this minister's armor.

Uganda is a completely self-supporting country and fast becoming, by African standards, a land of wealth. Annual exports, chiefly cotton, are over thirty million dollars. Every boll of this cotton is grown by free natives on their own one-to-five-acre farms. The Baganda people, as Buganda's citizens are called, pay their king twenty-eight thousand dollars salary a year; while over a quarter of a million goes to local functionaries. The other states follow similar practices. The Ugandans are among the most intelligent people in Africa. The inhabitants of the continent, it is well to remember, differ as widely among themselves as the peoples of Europe: tribe varies from tribe as completely as does the Lithuanian from the Italian. We are all very pleased to hear of the success of Ugandans because we know of their proud record as Christians. How remarkable was the advance of the Faith here in East Africa! We shall presently review this story.

The Holy Ghost missionaries were the real pioneers along the East African coast, taking up work during the Moslem days, when Christians were weak and disdained. They labored on Zanzibar, near-by Pemba, and at coastal centers which came into being through the slave trade. Indeed, it was slavery which provided the routes into Africa. In 1878, when the White Fathers organized their first caravan to the Great Lakes, it was only the slave routes that could be followed. It took almost a hundred days for the voyagers to cover what now can be done by train in thirty-six hours.

III

The Slopes of Kilimanjaro

WHAT is the first impression of the man who enters the genuine Africa, who gets away from seaports and hard roads, and finds himself with a stretch of unspoiled open country before him, against the untamed background of dark, clinging jungle?

I should say that it is the very prevalence of this unspoiled open country, backed by clinging jungle, the absence of men and the presence of silence, the seeming desertedness of every landscape, and the seeming rarity even of animals. On the Serengetti Plains and in other choice spots, great herds of game and flocks of birds are in evidence, but ordinarily the passer-by thinks he meets none of them.

Of course the peculiarity of the experience lies in the illusion. So Fathers Brouwer and Doyle reminded me as we rode to Kilimanjaro. We left Mombasa in the morning and soon were away from all that spoke of a city. We passed a settlement of Bakidi fuel cutters and saw their little school. We humped patiently along the impossible dirt paths, Father Doyle entertaining us with stories of the *kiboko* (the whip of hippo skin with its ferocious sting), of African dances, of native ways. We were riding for hours.

"But this country seems deserted," I remarked at last.

"We all thought that when we first passed by here," answered Father Brouwer. "There before you now is an arc of hills with that valley of trees below. It looks empty, doesn't it? Yet there are ten thousand people of the Taita tribe beneath those trees."

"That mirage of emptiness is one of Africa's tricks," explained Father Doyle. "A man told me he climbed Ngorongoro recently, the extinct volcano in Tanganyika that in its active days blew the top off the mountain and formed a crater forty miles in circumference and ten miles across. Today this crater is an enormous game paradise, containing fifty thousand wildebeest and zebra alone. But this man sat at a spot on the rim one day and gazed over the area for an hour without seeing an animal. It does not always so happen

there, but it did with him. There are men and beasts aplenty here, but there is something uncanny in the silence and the hiddenness of life which we often encounter."

We stayed that night with Father Finnegan at Bura. It was still early the next morning when before us, as we rode, rose the blue gossamer mountains—the peaks of Kilimanjaro.

It is well to explain that a very substantial proportion of the natives of East Africa live at altitudes of from three thousand to eight thousand feet. Despite the fact that East Africans hover about the equator, the conventional idea of steaming jungle does not apply to them. Instead, the atmosphere in which they live is often cold and rarefied and gives the whites what in Kenya is called "East African nerves." The Kenya highlands are extensive, with the highest peak Mount Kenya. In Tanganyika are the areas of Usambara, Mount Meru, and Mount Kilimanjaro. Usambara has no high peak, but Meru rises cone-like, resembling Fuji Yama. Kilimanjaro has two vast peaks—19,720 feet and 17,570 feet high—topped by eternal snow, and has sprawling sides and a surrounding massif which occupies a total area of thirteen hundred square miles.

On the Kilimanjaro elevation live 156,000 natives of the Chaga tribe, 450 to the square mile. They are among the very intelligent and enterprising peoples of Africa. They are extensive coffee growers, and their Kilimanjaro Natives' Co-operative Union is the largest co-operative in Africa, representing 25,700 planters.

The gray bush country through which we had ridden since dawn gave way to green, for we were approaching a land where water is plentiful. Beehives in the trees became prominent. Bees are prized for their honey, but chiefly because they fertilize the coffee trees.

We began the beautiful ascent through the fresh verdure up the gentle slope. Every level stretch is farm land; while in every ravine is dark forest, heavy with rich silver moss. Chattering water falls, in the labyrinthine depths off the road, seem to call out almost garishly, "This is a fat country; here we want for nothing." The air breathes life and prosperity.

Chaga boys passed us and gazed at us blandly and nonchalantly. A husky Negro who sat before his hut working a Singer

sewing machine had no time even to give us a glance, and we could see that his preoccupation was calculated. The Chaga are energetic, but also almost irritatingly independent. Each head of a house works an acre or an acre and a half of coffee, has his own banana plantation, and a few half-blind cattle. His money income from the coffee will probably be fifteen dollars a year—which, by local standards, is a tidy sum. There is no slave mentality in the Chaga tribe.

And now I must keep the secret no longer—Kilimanjaro is today an American mission territory, the first territory in Africa assigned exclusively to Americans. It is under the American province of the Holy Ghost Fathers. In the absence of Bishop Byrne, a number of Americans gave us a cordial welcome, as did also the Europeans who have remained despite the arrival of the new missionaries from over the Atlantic.

The most interesting figure was Père Rohmer, who had been a pioneer with Bishop Leroy in these parts. Though well along in years, he still has a snap in his eye. The Chaga are quick to give nicknames, and long ago they labeled Père Rohmer "the wild boar." Through all the years he has defied the tropic sun by never wearing a helmet, has never taken quinine, has climbed twice to the summit of Kilimanjaro; and in the early days especially, he showed that indomitable courage that won the admiration of the hostile natives.

"Père Rohmer and Bishop Leroy were the men of the hour here forty years ago," explained Father Brouwer. "They were rough diamonds, whom the natives feared and admired rather than loved. Particularly among these stronger tribes of natives, the white must always be a real man. These people will follow any white man who shows genuine red blood and who can command respect. The missionary is always eminently fair, as a priest should be, but he must never be hesitant or vacillating. Even the more intelligent natives are not as yet mature enough to understand such seeming weakness."

Some forty thousand Chaga, or about a quarter of the people in the region of Kilimanjaro, are Catholic. The Holy Ghost Fathers have five key stations about the base of the mountain, three of which we visited and found flourishing. Kibosho, for in-

stance, was sparkling in its neatness. It had five thousand faithful, and the people were building a church to accommodate the entire five thousand. The Chaga had given in money or coffee the price of ten of the fourteen stained-glass windows and were providing a great part of the labor free. There were an attractive school, a beautiful vegetable garden, a glorious flower garden, and a good farm.

At Singachini—the vicariate's only secondary school, with one hundred and fifty boys—we saw two barefoot football teams in action, and the younger boys beat the older. All was simple there, the boys doing everything for the maintenance of their alma mater.

"The plague of East Africa is the so-called 'mission boy,'" explained one of the priests. "He is *declassé* and vain, and hence can easily be dishonest and otherwise bad. The term applies only to the products of poorly conducted schools of years now gone, but the stigma remains, and we are still fighting to down it."

Probably the most attractive thing in this mountain world is the native novitiate of Our Lady of Kilimanjaro, situated at Rombo. There, on a splendid property of five hundred acres of farming and grazing land, is a house in charge of two Dutch Sisters of the Precious Blood, where some forty Chaga girls receive a thorough training as religious. They show themselves well adapted for the life, for they are intelligent, humble and generous. Those who have experienced the quixotic quality of the great body of Chaga people, particularly the non-Christians among them, have reason to pause and reflect when they see what charm and suppleness religion has given these daughters of the tribe.

Kilimanjaro's first Chaga priest was ordained in 1939. We found almost a hundred boys in the Kilema seminary, and Father Albrecht, the rector, was painstakingly forming them. "The principal obstacle?" answered Father Albrecht to our question. "It is pride. The life must be kept simple. In the eyes of the Chaga, the priesthood is immensely exalted, and it must be entered into, not with any desire for honor and dignity, but with the motive of rendering lowly service to the people. Our boys study theology but they continue to do the cleaning, to raise the crops, and to cook their own meals. They no longer have the rude simplicity of their

shambas, their native huts, but they sleep on mats on the floor and are allowed no novelties."

The reference to the native hut gave us an idea. "Can we not visit one?" I asked.

And so we went down the hillside from the large central mission at Kilema and came to a typical round dwelling. It contained no windows, and was almost hermetically sealed when the door was closed. The left half was occupied by five cows and calves that are kept inside night and day, summer and winter. The native does not trust his animals outside, for they might wander down to the plains where the murderous tsetse fly prevails. Next to the cattle was a store of grass, transported by tedious journeys of the women from the plains below, and beside the grass and other supplies was a skin bed. Then came the fireplace. The cattle dung was pushed out of the hut through a small hole. Smoke and multitudinous odors made the atmosphere heavy indeed, but evidently not too much so for the Chaga. Profits from coffee have given him a few little airs, but he has not yet reached the stage where he is ashamed of his primitive *shamba*.

On a quiet, sunshiny afternoon Fathers Brouwer, Doyle, and I took to the road again and drove north toward the Kenya border and the Serengetti Plains. I was to take a train at Voi and ride to Nairobi. Thus I was to be treated to a sight of the world's most marvelous cageless menagerie, stocked by nature with tens of thousands of game. No gun can be fired in the reserve, and only the predatory lions cause fright among the rank and file of the beasts.

We were only a few miles from Kilimanjaro when the roadside and the road itself began to be populous with leisurely strolling creatures. A small troop of impala vaulted with exquisite grace across our path, jackals and wildebeest appeared, and numerous species of antelope. Father Brouwer pointed out grouse and skunk cat, and at a turn of the road we found three giraffes blocking our way. Giraffes are stupid creatures, very curious and very slow in making up their minds; they would quickly be exterminated, were they not protected by special laws. We got out of the car and walked toward these three, coming within a few yards of them before they became uneasy and stamped heavily off.

Next morning on the train I gazed for hours upon an almost in-

credible sight—immense herds of animals feeding on the sparsely wooded steppe. The graceful creatures were standing by thousands along the route, some within a few yards of the train, staring at us unafraid. There were Thomson's gazelles, and Grant's gazelles; there were flocks of ostriches and troops of fat-rumped, barber-pole zebras. A herd of the latter trotted easily by our car window (we were not breaking any speed records!) for over a mile. Giraffes, like gangling country girls, gawked at us awkwardly and at one little station stuck their heads over some thorn trees to watch a passenger dismount. We could just imagine them commenting among themselves about the "city feller" just arrived.

The Serengetti Plains are deceptive, since they tempt us to believe that in Africa man may ever sit down to a love feast with the animals. Not with all. It is true that most of these animals will not attack a human being unless they are molested, but the code of the jungle teaches that the strongest, the first to strike, survives, and it often becomes an easy matter to rouse the suspicions of a beast as to your intention. The missionary in particular, not trained from boyhood as are the natives, can quickly place himself in jeopardy while traveling.

There are among the African animals a number that are definitely dangerous. The rhinoceros will attack without provocation, and the tiger is always a risk. Jungle Enemy Number One, however, is not a beast but a reptile—the crocodile. Father Conrad, at Ukerewe in Tanganyika, told me that a hundred blacks a year are killed by the crocodiles in his mission alone. Despite the danger, the women continue to go carelessly to the lake to do their washing. "Charlie Croc," with fiendish stealth, hides in the reeds, only his half-moon eyes and snout above water. Once the victim is within proper striking distance, the animal streaks through the water like greased lightning, grips its prey, and—horrible habit—does not bite it to death but drags it beneath the surface and drowns it.

Poisonous snakes are not a great menace in East Africa, but pythons claim a certain number of victims. Again in Father Conrad's mission, one of these giant constrictors devoured the mother of a family. Another victim of a python was a fourteen-year-old Christian boy on his way to the mission school.

IV

The Four R's

MANY whites of Nairobi are as unsympathetic toward the native Africans, as many among the Westerners in Shanghai, Tientsin, and Peking used to be toward the Chinese. I went to a Nairobi physician for one of the endless health certificates needed when on the road, and he launched into a tirade against missionaries for bothering with the natives.

"Let them stew in their own juice!" was his theme song. "All you people do is spoil them for us folk who must use them to get our day's work done. Of course we keep them clubbed into subjection; the rascals will only abuse any liberty you give them. I don't hold any brief for Hitler, but he has the right idea on these people."

I couldn't recall at the time what the Fuehrer had said about the African, but was sure it couldn't be anything very complimentary. Since then I have dug out the following passage from *Mein Kampf*, to which I suppose the doctor made reference:

"From time to time it is demonstrated to the petty bourgeois, in illustrated periodicals, that for the first time here or there a Negro has become a lawyer, teacher, even a leading opera tenor or something of that kind. While the stupid bourgeois, marveling, takes cognizance of this miraculous training, filled with respect for this fabulous result of our present educative skill, the Jew knows very slyly how to construe from this a new proof of the correctness of his theory of the *equality of men* which he means to instill into the nations. It does not dawn upon this depraved bourgeois world that here one has actually to do with a sin against all reason; that it is a criminal absurdity to train a born half-ape until one believes a lawyer has been made of him, while millions of members of the highest-culture race have to remain in entirely unworthy positions; that it is a sin against the will of the eternal Creator to let hundreds and hundreds of thousands of His most talented beings degenerate into the proletarian swamp of today, while Hottentots

and Zulu Kafirs are trained for intellectual vocations. For it is training, exactly as that of the poodle, and not a scientific 'education.' That same trouble and care, applied to intelligent races, would fit each individual a thousand times better for the same achievements."

Fortunately, those who are set on exploiting the Negro are not predominant on the continent. It is to the credit of most of the colonial governments in Africa that they see the local tribes as the true citizens of the lands in which they live, and all others as possessing rights which must be subordinated to the Africans' needs. In the field of education, undoubtedly, many mistakes have been made by civil officials and mission workers. Today, however, most thoughtful leaders are set on educating the African wisely for the life which he must lead among his own.

An example of good planning is the Jeanes School, seven miles outside Nairobi. This institution seeks to meet the principal need of Kenya; namely, the preparation of native teacher leaders, who can supervise the out-schools in the reserves. The Kenya Government conducts the school, though some of its funds are from the Carnegie Foundation of New York.

With Father Bernherd of Nairobi, I visited several of the Catholic young men who are Jeanes School enrollees for the two years' course. They were teachers with a few years' experience, who had given promise of being satisfactory directors of their confreres. Each enrollee comes with his wife and is given a model home, which he is to operate during his stay. The conduct of the home, the direction of school work, and the acquisition of many ideas helpful for village and tribal life, all enter into the preparation of these men and their wives. When they return to their villages, Government visitors call on them periodically and direct them in the quiet introduction of improved methods within the established life of the Kenya tribes. Similar efforts are found in many other parts of Africa.

"But for the training of the rank and file of Catholic young men," explained one of the priests at Nairobi, "see Father Witte's school at Kabaa. It is the most interesting in East Africa."

Father Witte himself was kind enough to arrange my stay with him, and he drove seventy miles to Nairobi to pick me up. We rode through an unfertile region of the Wakamba wilderness for a

while; then we saw before us a verdant eminence topped by a building, the isolation of which would suit a Cistercian monastery. The bright green about it was in sharp contrast to the haggardness of the surrounding hills.

"It must be an oasis!" I exclaimed.

"It is," said the intense Father Witte, a glint in his eye. "It is, because fifty of the smaller boys water the thirsty ground for two hours every day. It is an oasis because it has been made so. Kabaa means bald-headed: the hill was once almost arid. It is an example to these boys, if they will catch the lesson, that whatever they touch in any line will flourish if they will give it hard work."

This was the key to Kabaa. Much like the celebrated catechists' training school of Father Gavan Duffy at Tindivanam in southern India, Kabaa is a campaign against the lassitude which is born of immemorial indiscipline.

"Much of native education in this country ends with leaving the natives as thoroughly children as before," explained Father Witte as we rode along. "The system is wrong—too much instruction and too little education. What they need is a big table-spoonful of education and a small spoonful of instruction.

"We must never forget that these people have brains; but if we just stuff their brains with what is commonly accepted as knowledge, they'll be unbalanced and even dangerous creatures. I know of two brilliant natives who crammed themselves with philosophy until they became mad. I am a great optimist for education, once it is on sound lines. There should be plenty of occupation, healthy sports, and care to keep the youngsters genuinely modest and sweet-blooded. For this, a well-lived Christian life is the prime fundamentum. In East Africa we need the four R's, that forgotten fourth being the Christian religion."

The boys gave us a lusty greeting as we arrived, and I instantly observed their admiration and even affection for Father Witte. The three hundred of them live in well-built but modest houses, not too different from their own homes. The central building is a staff house, constructed of one hundred thousand bricks which were made on an opposite hill and carried down dale and up hill for two miles. In this primitive country every such project seems as colossal as building the Pyramids.

"Boys, we have a visitor," called out Father Witte. "What shall be your treat?"

"An exhibition drill!" called out one boy immediately. "A football game!" said another, and there was a laugh from the crowd. "Some singing!"—and this seemed most popular of all.

In the evening Father Witte gathered his large chattering company about an open fire in the clearing near the staff house. A thin moon rode high overhead. Father Witte and I sat on chairs, and around us were concentric circles of black faces lighted by the glow from the fire. The eyes and teeth were unbelievably white in the dusky skins that melted into the surrounding darkness. Suddenly Father Witte stood, lifted his arm imperiously, and there was dead silence. The arm moved, and I gasped as a surge of music filled the air.

It was exquisite. *Ave Maris Stella* was the hymn, in an arrangement that I had never heard, in which the soprano voices climbed long delicate slopes, against a background of the deepest bass. Father Witte, I discovered shortly, had been a choir master in Holland, and here on this hilltop he has prepared singers with great technical skill. But it was the richness, the ineffable richness of the Negro voice that made memorable this night. We have all heard and loved the music of the Negro spirituals of our own South, and in recent years such great Negro voices as Paul Robeson's and Marian Anderson's have gained world recognition. But that curious minor timbre, that magic warmth, is evidently something that the Negro has inherited from Africa. The night was much older before they concluded their repertoire—other hymns, bits of plain chant, and school songs that they tackled with joy and gusto.

Next morning all were up at 5:20, had morning prayers at 5:30, and then went immediately to study. At 6:10 there was Mass, from which the non-Catholics, like catechumens of old, were dismissed at the Canon. From 6:50 to 7:05 there was singing; and from 7:10 to 7:45 drill, an expertly rendered exhibition characterized by remarkable precision and alacrity. At 7:45 there were morning duties. At 8:00 began the main tasks of the day, study and work.

"But when is breakfast?" I asked.

"They have none on school days," answered Father Witte.

"Breakfast is only for Sundays and holidays. If they were at home, they wouldn't eat any breakfast. It is a luxury, to be indulged in only when there is nothing pressing to do. Sounds queer, doesn't it? But you're in Africa."

"How about dinner?" I asked.

"Yes, they eat dinner," replied Father Witte with a smile, and he promised to take me at noon to the boys' quarters to see them eat.

We found no fancy dining halls. There were twenty-five fireplaces, each consisting of three stoves so arranged as to hold a simple grill or a vessel for boiling. Each boy must bring in enough firewood daily to cook his own meal; and during one week in every six, he and another boy must do the cooking for a squad of twelve. I saw one boy bringing to his fireplace a skinned animal which looked like a rabbit, while others were roasting similar pieces of meat.

"They catch small game and share it with boys in their group," explained Father Witte.

"While we are here, let us look at their gardens," continued this priest, who was becoming more interesting to me every minute. "Each boy has a garden twelve yards square, and he is rated for: (1) digging, (2) sowing, (3) cleaning, (4) harvesting, (5) preparation for the following year. Each boy has three tools which he must guard carefully and keep in condition: a knife, an axe, and a hoe. Besides this individual venture, each has school tasks to perform. There are tailor shops, carpentry, and other maintenance groups. Each boy is allowed two shillings a month, from which he must buy his little needs, such as pen nibs, a comb, and so forth. He must pay for things he breaks or loses; he is expected to make little contributions to charity; and he sometimes has to pay fines."

"Who imposes the fines?"

"The student court," replied Father Witte. "You'll find the organization quite fetching. There is a general prefect, who is something vaguely approaching the local mayor. There is a prefect for each of the three divisions: the preparatory school, the high school, and the teachers' college. There is a captain for each twelve boys, the captain being rated for: (1) zeal, (2) study, (3) work, (4) piety, (5) courage. He is given privileges, but also double punishments for his faults.

"As to the faults, there is a student policeman in each division who must make all the 'arrests.' I may say that, though there are sixteen different tribes in the school, the boys as a whole get on well together. But now, for instance, a little boy says a big boy 'licked' him. (He was probably teasing the big boy, but 'licking' is not usually permitted.) The little boy reports to the policeman, who takes the names of the witnesses and lists the case for the judges. The judges are five, chosen from among the captains. Every Friday night court is held, and the sentences are imposed.

"On Saturday justice is administered. Usually it is a few cuts with a cane, or small fines. But for real grave offences, a boy must face the rather humiliating experience of putting on his bathing tights, stretching himself on the ground before the chapel, and receiving a thorough caning in front of the crowd. The whip is never used. Before punishment is inflicted, each offender must answer affirmatively two questions: 'Have you deserved it? Do you consent?' There have been only two instances when the culprits did not consent, and of course they were dismissed and sent home."

During the afternoon we visited the classrooms and study halls. "Though study has its problems," commented Father Witte, "as a matter of fact, it is the easiest of the nuts that we must crack. Young men in Africa really want to study. We've got to see that they emancipate themselves in a modest, Christian way. Hence the school motto, which in Swahili runs, '*Jishinde ushinde*'—'Conquer yourself, that you may conquer.'"

As we drove away from Kabaa, Father Witte dwelt on Kenya's mixture of tribes. The Masai are the herdsmen; the Kikuya, who are probably the most intelligent, have a very developed commercial instinct; the Kavirondo, among whom the Mill Hill missionaries are making many converts, like religion, and particularly sacrifice as represented in the Mass. To all, the missionary must give himself generously for a long time to come, because, though the blacks buy the white man's trousers, they have not yet assimilated many of the worth-while things among the white man's ways.

"Perhaps the greatest hindrance," explained Father Witte, "to a native reaching 'manhood,' as a thoughtful European understands manhood, is his almost entire lack of practical imagination. Death,

once it becomes inevitable, does not appall the native black, simply because he cannot visualize what it may mean. Punishment does not irk him until he feels the sting of the whip. Studies like arithmetic are very easy to him, but geometry is one of his hardest subjects. I should say that the main barrier between the native and responsible citizenship is the absence of imagination. He is a man who thinks of today, and does not know where tomorrow is until it suddenly becomes today."

Shortcomings the African may have, but to the passer-by this does not take from his charm. I drove into the mountains to the Consolata missioners about Nyeri, and dropped in on the Sunday Mass scene at Tetu. Forty years ago, when these hardy priests from northern Italy first arrived, the Masai roamed the range unhindered, and the tribesfolk here at Tetu went about nude. It was a different picture we now witnessed.

As we approached, we found the tots of toddler age corralled like ponies in a yard behind the chapel, with a young girl as guardian. Apparently they were too much of a distraction to be allowed inside, and the mothers could not leave them at home. As we entered the church, which is of corrugated iron, we saw that it is decorated with designs for which the missionary had prepared the stencils. In the church, mothers carried their infants bound to their backs; and when they approached the rail for Communion, they covered the little morsels completely with their shawls. At the Offertory a boy sang a solo with more lustiness than sweetness, and the congregation joined heartily in the chorus.

As the congregation left the church, I saw a woman with a prayerbook covered with a cut from an antelope pelt. It seemed quite as suitable in this setting as had the piece of silk from an old shirtwaist which my grandmother used for her prayerbook. All the world is a countryside.

V

The Burning Bush

MY FIRST treat in Uganda was the sight of a company of hippos sporting in the quiet waters of a cove below the Ripon Falls. The Mill Hill Fathers drove me there to see the headwaters of the Nile—important, to be sure, but not impressive, since the falls are only some sixty yards across with a drop of less than twenty feet. But the hippos were definitely impressive. Father Wheatley told of a friend of his in Jinja whose automobile headlights one night gave a hippopotamus on the road the impression that a gigantic foe was bearing down on him. The animal charged the car. Fortunately, something scared friend hippo, since he gave but a hurried glancing blow and then fled.

Uganda is called "the pearl of the African missions." Over six hundred thousand of the three and a half million inhabitants, or a sixth of the population, are Catholic. Converts are baptized at the rate of twenty thousand a year. The Catholics are fervent, generous, and active in public life both as individuals and in organized Catholic Action. There are almost a hundred native priests, a great portion of whom labor in the Vicariate of Masaka, which is ruled by a native son, Bishop Kiwanuka. Native Sisters number over four hundred.

Mill Hill missionaries of London have a flourishing work in Uganda; and the Sacred Heart Fathers of Verona have labored vigorously in that region for twenty years; but the greatest achievements are those of the White Fathers. Cardinal Lavigerie began his mission society in Moslem North Africa and saw Moslem work as the principal task for his priests. But Leo XIII directed him to the Great Lakes region in Central Africa. Today the White Fathers' missions in East, Central, and West Africa are the glory of this Society, whose members are among the outstanding missionaries in the Church.

Before visiting the White Fathers, however, we must call on "a little piece of Dublin impudence," as a visitor once affectionately

labeled her. She is Mother Kevin, of the Franciscan Sisters, with whom one need but talk a few moments to discover that she has an uncommon amount of fire in her breast and is possessed of an uncommon amount of grit. She can boss an African black, stir the Holy See to her cause, win the backing of a Cardinal, raise ten thousand pounds overnight, found what is tantamount to a new community.

Mother Kevin has her busy center now at the White Hen, or Nkokonjeru, as her slice of Uganda countryside is called. The Franciscan Sisters of Saint Mary's Abbey in England, who had supplied twenty-five members to Uganda, were embarrassed by calls at home, and decided that the Uganda contingent could not be increased. Mother Kevin saw the good sense in their point of view, but saw also that Uganda would be the loser. She was not at a loss for a solution. She secured the permission of the Holy See to do an unheard-of thing, to open within her community a special novitiate to serve Uganda alone.

A property of the Duchess of York, the present Queen of England, Holme Hall in Yorkshire, was available for six thousand pounds sterling. It became a matter of getting Cardinal Bourne's permission. "How much money have you?" asked the Cardinal.

"But why mention money, Your Eminence?" replied Mother Kevin. "Let's leave that off the record, since as a matter of fact I have only fifty pounds. But I have a jolly good banker." Her banker was Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, who by some mysterious alchemy brought forth all that was needed, and to spare. By busy whisperings of the Spirit, then, vocations flowed in also. Holme Hall now has given a hundred Sisters to Uganda.

Mother Kevin is a small woman physically, and there is something almost hard-bitten in her features, for her stock in trade for years has been determination. "When we began work here in the early days," she explained after we met her, "the native men contemptuously refused to take orders from a woman. But finally I beat a few with my cane and sent several others away. With this and with kindness to them, particularly when they were ill, we won them over, and now we have a wonderful squad of laborers."

At this moment a great, hulking black came in and approached her.

"Indeed, here is my man Friday, handy for an introduction. This is Valentine. Come here, Valentine." She took the Negro's arm. "Valentine is very faithful and knows well what I want. He gets thirsty every now and then—don't you, Valentine?" Of course, the Negro could not understand her. "But when I find him with a big head and swollen eyes, I ask him the details, remind him of his responsibilities, and he gets on the water wagon again for several months."

Nkokonjeru hums with many activities, but Mother Kevin's greatest achievement is the founding of the Little Sisters of Saint Francis. Today there are over a hundred members and many candidates. The novitiate has a simple but beautiful church, a school where every candidate must become lettered before she can become a novice, and simple but good living quarters.

Mother Kevin took us to the dormitory and showed us the wash rooms next door, with rows of showers. "There are thirty-four showers here," she explained, "and every afternoon, at one, as regularly as the clock, these young religious of Uganda must take their showers. It is part of their journey toward godliness."

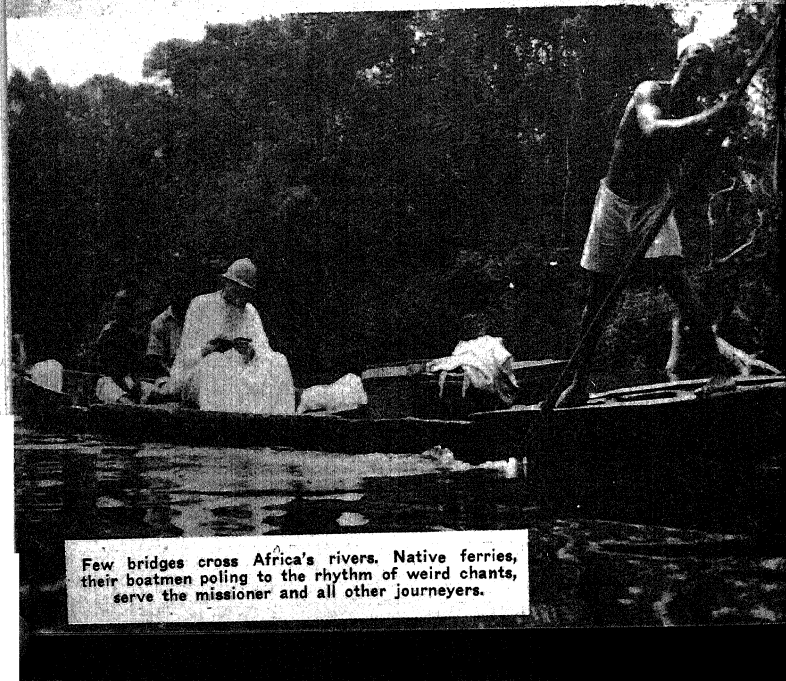
Bishop Campling and his Mill Hill Fathers have care of a less-favored portion of Uganda. Uganda has some thirty tribes. Of these, the Baganda and Banyoro are the strongest and perhaps the best, but to the Mill Hill Fathers falls a large collection of the minor ones. In the Mill Hill seminary, of which the missionaries may rightly feel proud, there are fourteen tribes represented.

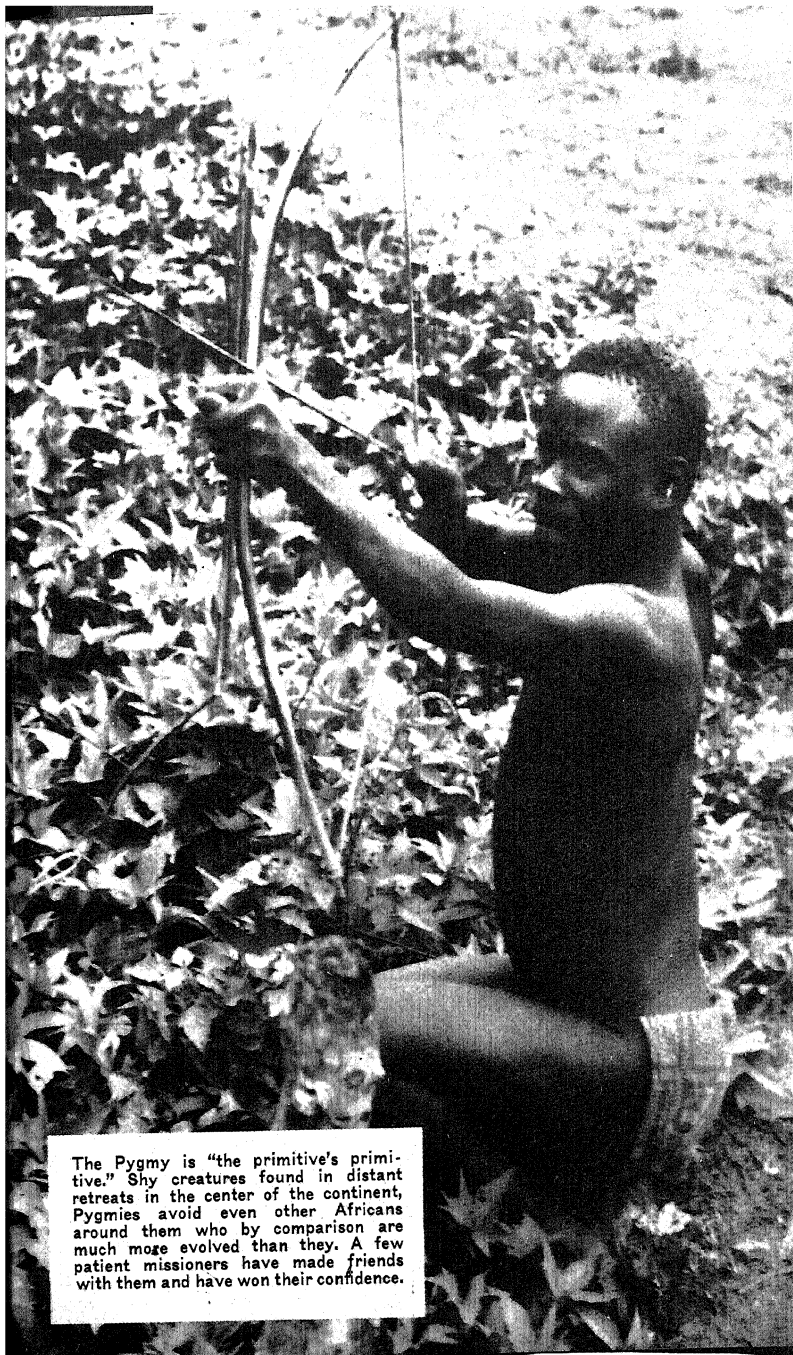
"There is a language problem to resolve," said Father Wheatley, "but, happily, today there is no greater rivalry between them than there is among the counties of Ireland."

Entebbe, a beautiful city overlooking Lake Victoria Nyanza, is the British capital of Uganda. Near Entebbe is the native capital of the Baganda king, Kampala, a city of seven hills. Six of these fall to Mill Hill's responsibility, while one, Rubaga Hill, is a parish of the White Fathers. Crossing mission-society lines had real significance in Uganda once, for what is now Mill Hill territory was originally reserved to the Protestants. In days gone by, there were sharp political implications in this division, for the first Catholic missionaries were linked with the French Government, while the first Protestant missionaries were linked with the English. For

The Church's schools in Africa teach 900,000 young people, the majority of whom are the first generation of their people to receive book learning.



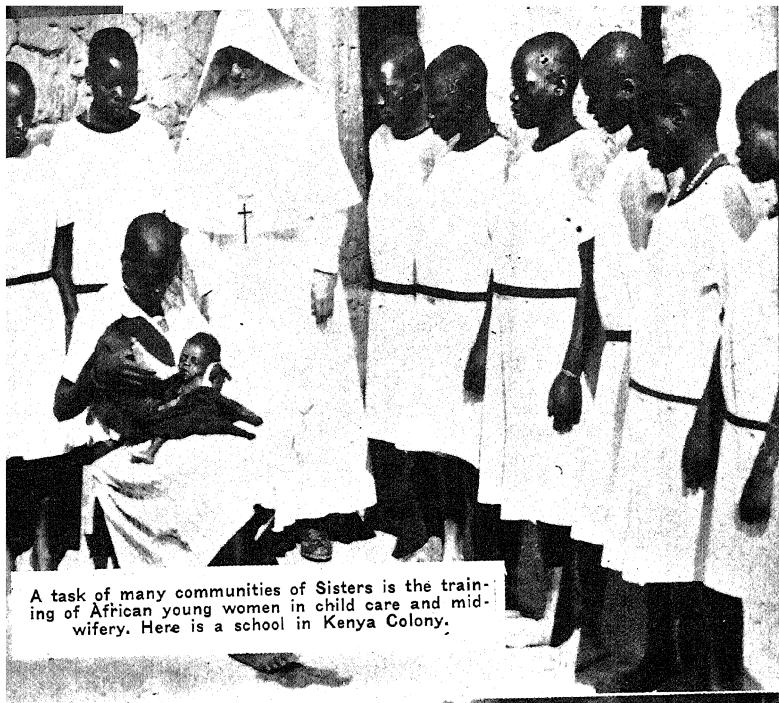




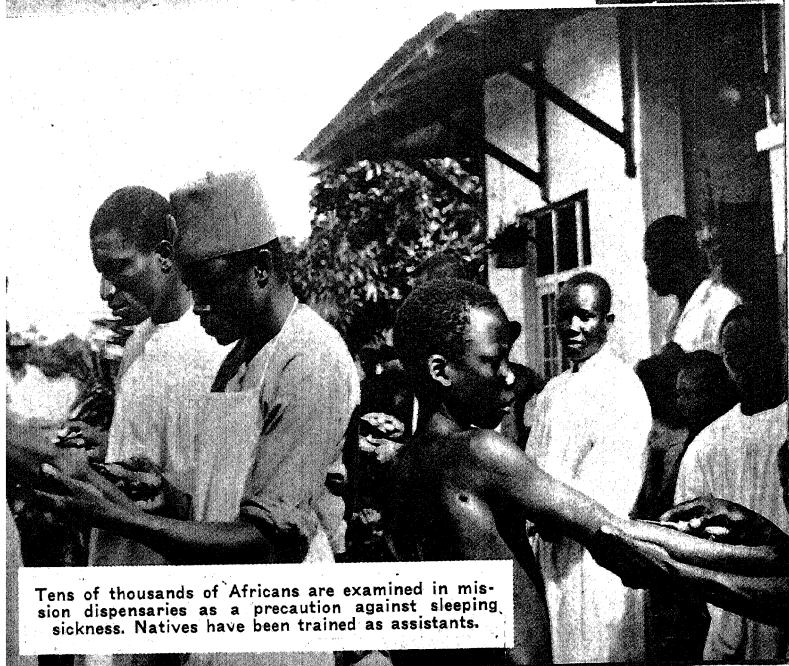
The Pygmy is "the primitive's primitive." Shy creatures found in distant retreats in the center of the continent, Pygmies avoid even other Africans around them who by comparison are much more evolved than they. A few patient missionaries have made friends with them and have won their confidence.



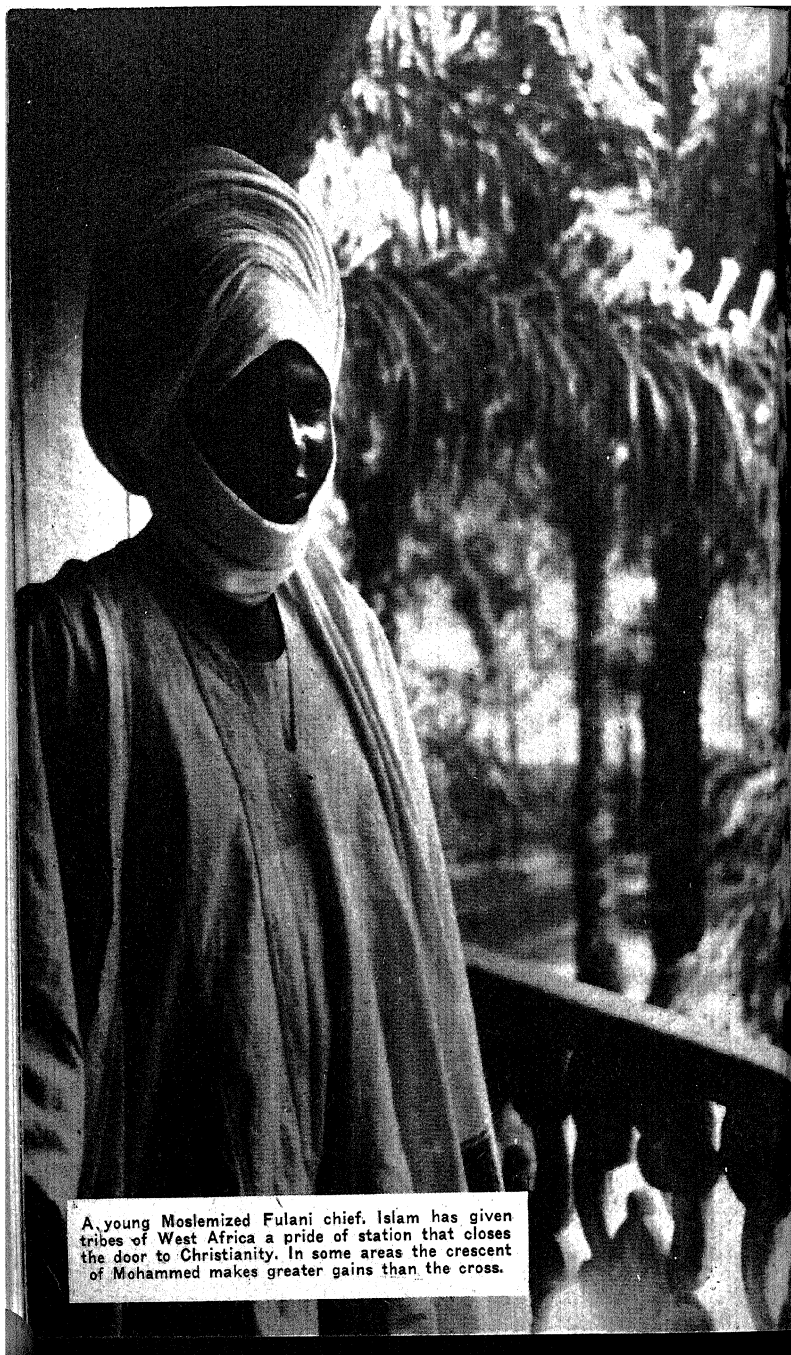
Uganda represents the high-water mark of the Church in native Africa. Among its six hundred thousand Catholics are scores of excellent native priests. The Holy See has chosen Bishop Joseph Kiwuka as the head of a territory made the exclusive responsibility of African clergy.



A task of many communities of Sisters is the training of African young women in child care and midwifery. Here is a school in Kenya Colony.



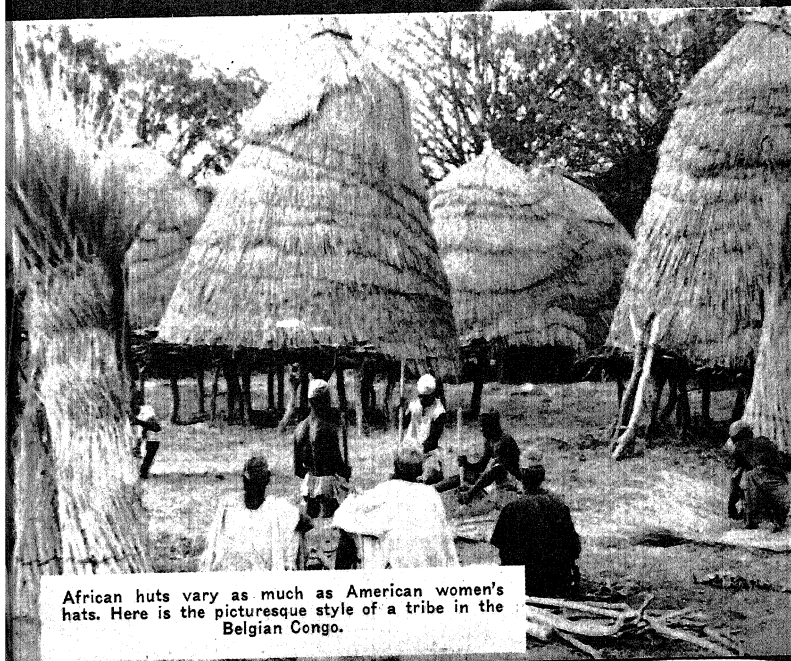
Tens of thousands of Africans are examined in mission dispensaries as a precaution against sleeping sickness. Natives have been trained as assistants.



A young Moslemized Fulani chief. Islam has given tribes of West Africa a pride of station that closes the door to Christianity. In some areas the crescent of Mohammed makes greater gains than the cross.



Dancing is a passion among African tribes. In village clearings, as here, and in retired places, throughout the day and often all night under the full moon, the practice goes on.



African huts vary as much as American women's hats. Here is the picturesque style of a tribe in the Belgian Congo.



Beat-beat-beat-beat! Beat-beat-beat-beat! The beat of drums is one of the possessions of Africa. Often it is for ceremonials, sometimes for signals, again for the coding of messages. Most frequently, however, it is to create the hypnotic rhythm of the dance.

twenty years there was a bitter struggle between the two, with flags lurking behind the divided Christian standards. Happily, all that is forgotten today. The White Fathers themselves are international; and among all the Catholic foreign missionaries working in this country, sixteen nationalities are now represented.

Bishop Michaud, a Canadian White Father, was the first to greet me in Rubaga Hill. He is the young successor to the grand old man among the White Fathers of Uganda, Archbishop Streicher. The latter, feeling his work done, has resigned and taken a mission station far out in the bush, where he plans to end his mission career in the happy way that he started it. But Archbishop Streicher was still in the saddle at the time of my visit, and Bishop Michaud had recently arrived from Tabora. This son of Canada promised to be a fit bearer of the White Fathers' standard. Later, in Tabora, where they still bewailed his departure, I found that they remembered a favorite expression of his: "Where there's a will, there's a way; if there is no way, I will make one."

Bishop Michaud took me immediately to the shrine of Our Lady of the Martyrs. This is a memorial to the Uganda martyrs and is erected on the first piece of land secured by the Church in Uganda in the year 1879. There the first Christians, including the pages of the king, who were later the martyr victims, were baptized. Over the door is a tablet in Luganda. (This word means the *language* of the Uganda. The *chief division* of the country is called Buganda; the *people* are the Baganda; an *individual person* is a Muganda.) The Bishop interpreted the tablet's inscription for me.

"This is the Chapel of the Mother of Jesus, Patron of Uganda, Memorial to the martyrs Matthias, Caroli, and their twenty companions, to Bishop Lavinhac and Père Lourdel. We the Catholics have erected in 1924 this edifice here on Rubaga Hill, the cradle of the Faith in Uganda."

As we came upon three children at the door, Bishop Michaud cried: "This is an interesting coincidence! One of these youngsters is the child of one of the pages of King Mwanga, a companion of the martyrs, who later was converted."

We strolled to nearby Kasubi Hill, another of Kampala's seven; and visited the royal tombs, where King Mutesa and King Mwanga lay buried. The structure holding the tombs is thoroughly native

in style, a hemispherical building with a grass roof supported by a forest of unmilled pillars. It is customary for the wives of the deceased to live at these tombs, huts being provided for them within the compound. Bishop Michaud introduced several of the old ladies as converts since the deaths of their polygamous husbands. It was pleasant to hear the rollicking laughter of Emilia, a jolly old wife of Mutesa, who is now blind and needs a caretaker in view of her handicap, but who carries no handicap as regards good humor.

We capped this historical pilgrimage by a visit to the grave of Père Lourdel, the great pioneer of Uganda in the eighteen-eighties. I had already visited Namugongo, the spot where the Uganda martyrs were burned to death, which is now included in Mill Hill territory. A chapel has been erected over the site. It is not right to make reference to the Uganda martyrs without refreshing our memory briefly on the early history of the Faith here, and on the event which is the greatest glory of the Church in this country.

Père Lourdel, the great pioneer of Uganda, reached Uganda in February, 1879. That was only four years after the Anglo-American adventurer, Henry M. Stanley, had discovered the Baganda people. Stanley had been astonished by the Baganda, the most able and best-organized Negro people that he had encountered in his vast explorations. Most of all, he had been amazed to find among them strange rites that might have been dim survivals of Christianity. They used the cross as a sign in certain of their sorceries; they poured water on the heads of newborn children; their Supreme Being, Katonda, had a son, Kayi Kouci, who once descended to earth to rescue the Kintu people from the arms of death. Perhaps, a thousand years earlier, before a southward migration from what is now Ethiopia, the ancestors of the Baganda had been Christian.

In any case, their king, Mutesa, listened to Stanley's discourses on Christianity (an astonishing pastime for a reporter of a New York newspaper!) and authorized Stanley to invite missionaries of London's Church Missionary Society to come to Uganda. Mutesa's motives were not wholly religious; he was plagued by Mohammedan mullahs from the Sudan, who had reached Uganda in his father's reign. They were making conversions among his people, and he suspected them of political motives, for the Khedive of Egypt was

thrusting his power southward, to the peril of the native kings. Christianity, Mutesa hoped, would create a backfire, or at least a balance of influence, against the Mohammedans.

In 1878 Pope Leo XIII confided a vast region in inner Africa to the White Fathers, and ten French priests set forth from Zanzibar. Uganda fell to Père Lourdel. He reached the southern end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and mounted it in a native canoe which took four weeks to make the voyage. The canoe fell apart upon arrival, cutting off any retreat for the voyager.

Luckily, Mutesa received the missionary well, gave him a bit of land near Rubaga, and from time to time talked with him. "Tell me more about Paradise," the King would say.

Actual progress was slow. Indeed, from 1882 to 1884, Père Lourdel was obliged to withdraw to the southern rim of the lake. But when Mutesa died, in 1884, his son King Mwanga, eighteen years old, invited the White Father to return. The mustard seed planted previously had endured, and Père Lourdel found eight hundred natives, who had been instructed by catechists in his absence, burning to receive Baptism. Among the Catholics were several of Mwanga's court attendants and especially his close friend, Andrew Kagwa, to whom Mwanga owed a great debt for foiling a conspiracy that would have placed another on Mutesa's throne. Père Lourdel was installed in a small compound, and took up his work again.

One night—the night of November 15, 1885—the mystery of Africa weighed down the sky over Rubaga. The native code drums broke the silence. The sorcerers smeared their faces with ochre, and inhaled the poisonous fumes that inspired their divinations. Père Lourdel discovered furtive shadows moving along the forest path that led to his mission. They were his catechumens, coming to implore an immediate baptism; and throughout that night, the missionary continued to administer the sacrament.

A storm had broken. That afternoon, King Mwanga had seized, beheaded, and burned the body of his head chamberlain, Joseph Mukasa, a man whom Father Lourdel had baptized as early as 1882, and who was the leading Catholic catechist. All the Christians knew the hidden reason for Joseph Mukasa's death.

As chamberlain, Mukasa had had under his surveillance a group

of twenty pages, young sons of the native chieftains. These lads served for a period in turn at Mwanga's court. But Mwanga was a pervert, and practiced a sexual aberration that is common enough in parts of Africa, especially where there has been a Mohammedan influence. When Mwanga would call for one or another of the pages, Joseph Mukasa would try to protect the boy, sending him off on a pretended errand. Nor would the pages comply with Mwanga's demands; instead, they bravely told him that his conduct was contrary to Christian teaching. One day, in a fit of exasperation, Mwanga ordered the beheading of his chamberlain, hoping to terrify the pages into submission. A condemned criminal was burned to death at the same time, and his ashes were mixed with Joseph Mukasa's so that Joseph's *mzimou*, his spirit, could not return to avenge itself on Mwanga.

The next day the pages were ordered before Mwanga, and threatened with Joseph Mukasa's fate. All except three declared that they prayed with the White Father. Daunted by their solid resistance, and afraid for the moment to do away with the sons of so many chieftains, Mwanga went into a sullen retirement. From time to time, he again sent for the pages; but Charles Lwanga, the head page, assuming Joseph Mukasa's role, would, whenever possible, intercept the messages and hide the youths. These stratagems endured for six months, during which the prime minister, one Katihiro, worked up Mwanga's hatred and suspicion on other grounds. The missionaries, he said, were there as advance agents for the British and the French; only by ridding the country of the Christians, could the Baganda kingdom survive.

One day after returning from a hunt, the King sent for a page named Denis Sebuggwawo. Denis was nowhere to be found. When, ultimately he turned up, he asserted that he had been studying religion at the house of a catechist. Mwanga picked up his copper-headed spear and ran it through the boy's body. This act of violence unleashed the madness of the ill and evil man. He raged across his palace compound. The first Christian whom he encountered was his treasurer, a Protestant convert. Mwanga hacked off both this man's arms, first at the elbow and then at the shoulder. Leaving the treasurer expiring on the courtyard ground, Mwanga went from hall to hall, seizing such Christians as he could find.

By his orders, guards were set around the palace compound; camp fires were lighted; no one could leave or enter, and the sorcerers danced in frenzy throughout the night.

Father Lourdel tried to gain admittance to the compound but was repulsed. Charles Lwanga, within the palace, spent the night in giving final instructions and in baptizing his best catechumens.

Before dawn the signal drums beat across the jungles and valleys, summoning to the palace the native chieftains, fathers of the rebellious pages. Once seated in council, they were surrounded by Mwanga's guard, and Mwanga came before them. Foam of frenzy was on his lips. He shouted shrill reproaches at the chieftains for their sons' resistance to his royal will. Frightened by his rage, perhaps terrorized by spears of the guardsmen, the fathers consented to the punishment of their children—by death.

The palace pages were summoned. The Christians were ordered to stand by the palisade. Led by Charles Lwanga, the pages voluntarily assembled there—fifteen in number. They ranged in age from Lwanga, who was twenty-five, to Kizito, who was thirteen. The death sentence was pronounced, and the victims securely trussed. Father Lourdel stood in an adjoining courtyard, but was not permitted to enter the palace compound or to speak to his friends. As they passed him, on their way out, he could only look into their eyes, over the shoulders of the guard.

The chosen place of execution was Namugongo, forty miles away. The victims were marched there on foot, but so tightly were they tied that the journey took several days. There were ceremonial halts, as well, and one of the boys was burned alive on the way. When the party arrived at Namugongo, there was a delay of several days while material was gathered for a vast pyre, and mats of reed were woven, into which the victims were rolled like living fagots. During this delay numerous efforts were made to secure renunciations from the boys. In the case of Mbaga Tuzinde, whose own father was the head of the executioners, every promise was made to induce him to desert his companions. But there were no apostates among those truly Christian youths: the full company was there when the pyre was ready to be lighted.

Amid the beat of tom-toms, in the circle of the dancing sorcerers, the pyre rose like a monster bush; and in its midst, wrapped in

the mats of dried reeds, were the still-living martyrs. The brand was applied, and the flame leaped high as a hill; a column of black smoke drifted over the treetops. From time to time the executioners would stir the fire with long poles, turning over a half-charred body. Finally, after more than a day of burning, there were only ashes left.

Other martyrs, both Catholic and Protestant, perished in the months that followed. The British sent troops to avenge the death of Bishop Harrington of the Church of England. The Mohammedans revolted. Twice Mwanga was driven from the kingdom as the fortunes of civil war turned. Ironically, he sought refuge with missionaries in neighboring countries. Finally the British would put up with his madness no longer; he was taken to the Seychelles, and died there miserably at the age of thirty-four.

Following tradition, the ashes of the martyrs that the executioners scattered to the winds and the streams became a contagion and a blessing to Uganda. In 1887, only two years after the execution of the pages, the Catholic community had increased from two hundred to five hundred and forty-two, and the catechumens from eight hundred to three thousand. Now there are over half a million Catholics; a hundred and fifty thousand catechumens; over a hundred churches and twenty-seven hundred chapels; three seminaries, with over a hundred native students; thirteen hundred elementary schools, with sixty thousand students; sixty Catholic hospitals. From beginning to end, this intense Catholic life is inspired by the memory and example of the Uganda martyrs, of whom twenty-two were canonized by Pope Benedict XV, on June 6, 1918.

At the principal center of the White Fathers, at Villa Maria, I met four old Catholic chiefs, two of whom had been baptized by Père Lourdel. One of these—whose face was strikingly noble—had been sent to Rome to testify during the process of canonization of the Uganda martyrs. It is worthy of note that, of the forty-two native chiefs now in Uganda, sixteen are Catholic.

Before speaking of Villa Maria, I must mention the interesting journey which I made to it from Kampala.

I began the day by saying Mass in the giant church on Rubaga Hill, built with a million and a half bricks, prepared in kilns operated by the White Fathers and carried to the structure, everyone

of the million and a half, by the Christians themselves. Even Chief Justice Stanislaus Mugwanya, a fervent Catholic, participated in what, in the course of the years, assumed the air of a sacred rite.

As I unvested after Mass, one of the priests approached me. "I have three young converts to baptize," he said. "Should you like to perform the ceremony?"

Most certainly I should; and so I poured the waters on Anna Maria, Adolph, and Peter, while a group of their ragged school companions knelt about them in a circle. The three converts were from the parish school and, as I was told, the ragged companions were the ones who had aroused their interest in the Church.

With Father Robillard, a Canadian and Secretary of Education in the mission, I began the journey to Villa Maria. In this single day we covered a course of one hundred and twenty miles and visited mission stations serving eighty thousand Catholics. The feat could hardly be duplicated in any other place in Africa. Here is an outline of the one day:

Kampala: Station of 14,000 Catholics. Mass and baptisms as mentioned. Visit to schools containing 800 children; to hospital of 40 beds, with its special maternity ward and trained midwife.

Kisube: 4,000 Catholics. Station important for Saint Mary's College conducted by Canadian Brothers of Ploermel. Were greeted by a fife-and-drum corps and had to make speeches. Visited hospital and special maternity home with trained midwife. Saw technical school with 150 boys very proficient in carpentry, iron, shoe-making. Boys operate also a tile-and-brick works making 800 tiles and 3,000 bricks per day.

Entebbe: British Government seat, with 8,000 Catholics. Visited convent of the Reparatrice Sisters, who in their perpetual enclosure pray for Uganda and give the nation an example of the importance of prayer. (When the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, was at Entebbe, the Sisters sent him polite greetings and explained that they could not leave their cloister to participate in the reception. What was their surprise to have him call on them next day, and regale them with his impressions of Africa!)

Katende: An attractive station caring for 10,000 Catholics.

Mitala Maria: Beautiful station of 12,000, in neighborhood almost entirely Catholic. Natives gave 35,000 shillings for the building of

the church. Three members of the native Brotherhood—the Sons of Saint Caroli Muanga—conduct a school here. Visited also the Sisters' school; a dispensary; and maternity ward served by a trained midwife.

Nkazi: New station of 8,000, cut off from Mitala Maria, with a church under erection. The Bishop himself directs the building, from architect's plans; and Brother constructors direct the work.

Bukulule: Station of 9,000 Catholics, cut from Villa Maria, with work still in progress.

Villa Maria: A world in itself, with 18,000 Catholics. Now the main dynamo of the White Fathers in Uganda. We shall save the details for the next chapter.

I must comment here, however, on one item which gets careful attention at Villa Maria as well as throughout the missions of Uganda; namely, the maternity work. Villa Maria has a one-hundred-bed hospital, and also a group of native huts on the hospital compound, so arranged that patients who come from a distance may have members of their family near them. Especially attractive was the maternity section, where a smart-looking and well-trained young midwife was in charge, caring for almost a score of mothers. There were also two private rooms for chiefs' wives. This hospital averages two hundred births a year, with seldom an accident; and a similar story is true of almost every central mission station in the country.

What an advance over the past this represents; parts of East Africa once had the notorious record of six hundred deaths per thousand births.

Cardinal Hinsley relates having been kept awake most of the night in a native village by the horrible shrieks of a woman, shrieks which toward morning lowered to plaintive moans and then ceased. "What of that woman?" he asked at breakfast.

"Oh, she is dead," was the reply. "She was having difficulties in labor, and the pagan midwife said it was the demons holding the child back. She jumped on the woman to force birth, despite the demons, but the woman died."

The principal contribution for this work is made by the Franciscan Sisters who conduct the Nsambya Maternity Training School, at Kampala. Each candidate must have gone through the

elementary vernacular school and have the recommendation of a missionary who knows her. The course is two years, of fifty lectures a year by Doctor Lang and his wife, both graduates of Edinburgh University. Each young woman who finishes the maternity course must have the experience of twenty cases under proper supervision, and may then take the examination at the Government Hospital. A great number of the missions, including Villa Maria, have registered midwives trained by Doctor Lang at Nsambya.

"Very interesting," said Père Domin, who accompanied me, "is the fact that a large number of these children are given names of Uganda martyrs. The countryside teems with youngsters called Matthias, Caroli, and the like."

VI

Men in White

CARDINAL HINSLEY, when in Africa, characterized Archbishop Streicher as one of the eminent figures among the Church's leaders on the Dark Continent. Archbishop Streicher belongs with a dozen or so really outstanding prelates who have left their mark on the Church in Asia and Africa during the past generation.

Like most great men, he is very simple. Spare and small of build, he reminded me of Archbishop Benziger of India. He is much like him, also, in his severity with himself, in his emphasis on discipline coupled with kindness toward the individual, in his far-sightedness in resolving the many local problems of the apostolate.

"We White Fathers," the Archbishop explained with a quiet smile, "take an almost fierce pride in the fact that, in no matter what corner of the African bush we find ourselves, we follow the same daily rule. The Englishman in Africa puts on his dinner jacket for his evening meal wherever he lives in the jungle, and he knows what he is doing. He is holding to a hard, painfully acquired technique, a curriculum, that has been proved the one way by which a white man can resist being broken by a climate in which he was never meant to live, or by the dangerous boredom of outpost life. But the Englishman has merely taken a leaf from the book of the well-trained missionary. Sir Ascott Bell, who is one of the most respected of British administrators in Africa, expressed once his special admiration for the disciplined organization among the White Fathers everywhere in Africa."

The way of life that his great prototype, Cardinal Lavigerie, prescribed for his spiritual sons, is no easy one. Its wisdom is attested by the great successes of the White Fathers throughout Africa.

Cardinal Lavigerie was born in 1825, in the part of southwest France called the Landes, where the Basque mountains descend to the plains and the sea. He entered the seminary, with no greater ambition than to become a country curate. He took his doctorates

at the Sorbonne, and was an instructor there in 1863. Then he was made Bishop of Nancy, successor to Bishop Darboy, who was moved to Paris. But the times were turbulent, and Bishop Darboy was later murdered by the Paris Commune. Indeed, it seemed none too safe to be a bishop in France: Bishop Affre, who had made Lavigerie a subdeacon, was killed on the Paris barricades in 1848; and Bishop Sibour, who had ordained him a priest, was murdered by a dismissed priest. Lavigerie escaped such experiences, and at the age of forty was made Archbishop of Algiers.

The French had ruled Algiers for only a few years. The temper of the Arabs was truculent, and the French Government frowned on the idea of any missionary effort among them. To be Bishop of Algiers meant merely to care for the French officials and settlers. The Arabic language was not taught in the seminary. But Archbishop Lavigerie saw things in a different light. A terrible famine and a cholera epidemic placed two thousand native children in his care. Orphanages had to be built for them, and he organized a native work, whether the Government approved or not. Seven seminary students volunteered to help; a Jesuit and a Sulpician opened a special novitiate for them; and the Society of African Missioners came into being, the Society known with respect and love as the White Fathers.

Pope Leo XIII had great confidence in Lavigerie and pressed him with honors. He was made Archbishop of Carthage and Hippo—Primate of Africa—Cardinal. The problem of slavery, its injustice and cruelty, obsessed the Cardinal, and he traveled throughout Europe arousing the public conscience, just as Wilberforce and Livingstone did in the Protestant world. Later, at Pope Leo's request, he widened the White Fathers' horizon from the Arab lands to include all Africa. His congregation, which had already won its first martyrs among the Tuaregs of the Sahara, then sent mission bands into the uncharted wilderness of Central Africa.

Cardinal Lavigerie's other great service to the Church was his work as peacemaker in France. For years any orderly Catholic life in the Third Republic was impossible, because many of the French bishops, who were royalists or Bonapartists, refused to recognize the new regime. Hostility bred hostility, and the abyss between French conservative and liberal became ever deeper. Cardinal Lavi-

gerie, in 1890, was the first Catholic prelate to accept the Republic. His act formed a bridge over which millions could follow, and France postponed its civil war for fifty years.

Cardinal Lavigerie was one of the really great figures of the nineteenth century. His true monument is his congregation. As some one has written: "He loved Christ and he loved Africa—and to bring them together, he founded the White Fathers."

Two generations later, the principal concern of his spiritual son, Archbishop Streicher, was the development of a native-born personnel in the Church. The Archbishop has been progressive, yet cautious. He says:

"If a Catholic layman can govern people satisfactorily, as a native chief, properly chosen and properly prepared individuals should have no difficulty assuming the dignity of the priesthood. And if we can supply from our ranks the Supreme Justice of the country, as has become the traditional privilege of the Catholics in Uganda, there is no reason why one of the more gifted among the native clergy cannot rule as a bishop. On the other hand, what we build must be well built. We ordained our first two priests in 1913, and those two represented the sole survivors of two hundred and eighty candidates whom we had sought to form in the course of twenty years. We continue to eliminate the heavy majority of those who begin the course. Indeed, this is the story throughout Africa and in many other parts of the mission world."

I saw the Archbishop's candidates in the major seminary at Katigondo and in the minor seminary at Bugalasa. One Sunday afternoon I tucked myself in a corner of the Katigondo chapel and listened to two hundred of those aspirants sing Vespers. The plain chant was rendered almost tenderly, with an easy precision and a long fade-away which seemed to soften almost to a sigh. Particularly beautiful was the "*Christus vincit*" by the minor seminary choir. There was an air of worthiness about the entire ceremony.

During my brief stay at the seminary, I was especially caught by the quiet suppleness of these boys as I chanced upon them and asked them questions. They were not abashed, nor were they bold and forward. There is a high natural nobility about these people that is reflecting itself in their clergy.

Villa Maria is a little city with flowering hedges to mark the roadways. Leo XIII Avenue is the approach to the church. My most interesting find in this White Fathers' center was the Buanda (meaning "the source"), the motherhouse of the Banna Bikila, which in English means the Daughters of Mary. This is, I should say, the most developed religious community to date in native Africa. It counts some three hundred members and is the nearest thing yet to a body of African religious women standing on its own feet.

But Mother Mechtilde, who quietly assayed us as we entered, is still the power there, and she is not African. She is a business-like individual from Holland, who in the first decade of the century began the formation of this body. Today she no longer holds any position, but of course she continues to be the guide. Yet the community really functions under its own power.

The Banna Bikila have five years of pre-postulancy, during which they complete their schooling, a number attending normal school. Then there are six months of postulancy, two years of novitiate, five years of annual vows, six years of triennial vows; and finally, after eighteen and a half years, there are the perpetual vows. The first perpetual vows were made in 1934. The community now has a complete government of African members, including an African Mother General, a council of five, a general bursar, and local superiors over each of the smaller houses.

"Does the administration provide many woes?" I asked Mother Mechtilde.

"Not as a whole. Our troubles are not where you would expect them to be. It is not so very difficult to find a Mother General, for in a group of this size there are bound to be a few outstanding individuals. Nor do we have problems from the rank and file. Our greatest task is finding enough local superiors, Sisters with the gifts to govern a convent of six or eight nuns and to direct a school. One leader out of every six or eight women religious is almost too high a percentage to expect, at least at this stage in the development of Uganda."

The high spot of my stay in Uganda was my day in a one-hundred-per-cent-African parish. I celebrated the Sunday Solemn Mass at Villa Maria with a congregation of three thousand in the

church. Three priests assisted in giving Communion to five hundred. Père Robillard and I then set off for Narozari, one of the eleven parishes which were in charge of African pastors. Most of those parishes have since been included in the Vicariate of Masaka, over which Bishop Kiwanuka rules.

The road was alive with people returning from Mass. The styles would not be *chic* enough for Paris, but the quality of the clothes was good. Constantly there were little droll sights to remind us that Baganda still have the simplicity of plantation Negroes in our deepest South. Everything and anything was carried on the head: one enormous woman ambled along with a beer bottle poised there; another, in a flaming red dress, had her red umbrella closed and resting on her top story. All had sparkling smiles and warm greetings for us.

Narozari is a parish of twelve thousand Catholics who are in almost complete possession of a whole countryside. Father Timothy is the pastor, Father Basil is first curate, Father John, second curate; and a young man whose name I missed is the humble third curate. There is a convent of the Daughters of Mary, with six Sisters, who conduct a school of six hundred Narozari pickaninnies. Thus all are black and thoroughly at home; there is not a shred of anything foreign even on the horizon here. We arrived after the last Mass and were greeted by the cheers of two thousand jovial black folk as they poured out of their large brick edifice.

Father Timothy took charge of us, and soon we were within the homes of neighborhood Catholics who seemed genuinely delighted to have visitors. Zachary, a right-hand man in the parish, met us with shouts and hand-clapping. His home, like those of his neighbors, is a square house, the next step in advance of the local round hut, and in his parlor the whole family gathered about us while we sat for a few minutes. At Michael's, next door, it was the same. He has an attractive wife and a half dozen children, two of whom, like himself, are named after angels—Gabriel and Raphael. It was well that we went to no more than two families, for each head of the household presented me with a live hen, the feet tied together and the poor bird clucking and fluttering nervously. Thus I returned to the rectory with a hen in each hand.

Father Timothy's parish house has no luxury about it, but of

course, for the African bush, it is regarded as quite substantial. At table the pastor seated me at his right. I confess I began the meal in trepidation and dared not really taste the food, lest I should find it too difficult to proceed, but all went well.

We began with boiled and mashed unripe banana, a vegetable which suggested a similar vegetable at home, boiled squash. It was served in banana leaves set in a basket. The banana, I was told, is the principal staple in Uganda, much as spaghetti is in Italy or rice in China. The Great Lakes region of Africa is a banana country, with over a hundred species, some of which fit in the vegetable class, while others, more delicate, pass as fruit.

The next dish was meat served with other vegetables. Then came an egg dish resembling omelet, which was our dessert. For beverages there was a homemade beer, rather pitiful in its strength—or in its weakness—and banana juice which was almost sickishly sweet. All the food had the odor and taste of a wood fire, for everything was prepared over wood. The hospitality was warm and generous. May African pastors multiply!

"What is it the missionary has given these people that they didn't have before he came?" I suddenly asked Father Robillard as we drove along.

He glanced at me quickly, as if to divine the humor in which I spoke. "Many people in Africa ask that question rather cynically," he said. "I think very few, either Africans or Europeans, really know the answer. Certainly it is not Western ways, because we White Fathers have tried very hard not to give them more than a minimum of these. War might some day drive the lot of us from the continent, and a varnish of Western ways will then count for little.

"Besides, these Africans really do not want our ways. They desire desperately to be taught to read and write, and they want a few of our tools. But they do not wish to be like us. Over the line in Tanganyika they have an expression for our accomplishments: '*Lufu duhu*,' which means 'All but death.' That is, they say the white man can conquer all but death, can overcome everything except the one thing which really changes everything.

"They want to be African. If, in bringing the Faith into this valley, we have made them any less African than the Faith makes

a man in France any less a Frenchman, we have made a mistake. As a matter of fact, we are quite sure that we have not done this. In this parish of Narozari, the missionary has already come and gone. What has he left behind?

"Many sophisticated Westerners would find it hard to see what we have left, quite as if we called on them to admire a sunset, appreciate a poem, or enjoy a painting. The men in this valley now have a knowledge of God as He is, of His love for men, and of the true way for men to worship Him. They have learned in a practical way such Christian principles as the fundamental equality of all men, what every man owes his neighbor in honesty and justice, what every man should give his neighbor in brotherhood and charity. They have learned the dignity and beauty of monogamic family life, and the nobility of labor. This countryside—which, like all Africa, has behind it the dark specter of slavery—has learned that good men may do humble tasks without humiliation.

"I don't think Zachary and Michael, whom we called on today, figure that to be civilized means merely to have added conveniences and multiplied pleasures. The missionaries have drummed it into these people that their goal in life must be the dignity and happy independence which a man acquires by hard and continuous effort. Christianity is good sense applied to time and to eternity. I'd say that the missionaries' greatest gift to Narozari is the gift of transcendent good sense. Let's hope that the folk of Narozari and their African spiritual guides will know how to guard their possession."

During the days that followed, I thought often of Narozari and of our reflections. I crossed Lake Victoria Nyanza to Mwanza in Tanganyika, and went on to Tabora and then to Ujiji. Here is the country made notorious by the Arab slavers of the nineteenth century. The slave trails from the coast led to Tabora, where there was a great slave market. The trail forked at Tabora, one branch turning toward Lake Victoria Nyanza, another continuing to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. Across this lake the more enterprising of the slavers brought choice human specimens from the heart of what is now the Belgian Congo, in the center of the Dark Continent.

The White Fathers entered the country along those slave trails. Their first dead were buried at Tabora. Where the trail forked, their pioneer missionaries in time likewise separated, moving in both

directions. Cardinal Lavigerie's giant figure stalked across continental Europe and won support for the anti-slavery movement, quite as Livingstone and Stanley, who met under the mango tree at Ujiji, helped rouse the English-speaking world.

But, though less spectacular than the mere abolition of gross evils, such as slavery, much more important was the positive program of enduring construction, carried on by the missions of Africa and typified in such places as Narozari. Christianity is not merely a medicine, a salve for open wounds. It is a life, a beautiful and sublime life, that is meant to be the lasting possession of all peoples.

VII

The Congo

AT UJJI I saw my first victim of sleeping sickness. The Sisters had placed him on a cot in the shade outside their small hospital, and his fixed, glassy stare met me as I approached. He was a young man of about twenty, who was at an advanced stage, tremulous from head to foot, and no longer possessing the use of his senses.

He was in this hopeless condition because he had not been caught early enough in the course of his disease. By injections administered in time, a cure can now be effected. At Tabora, for instance, I met Sister Saint Longinus who, after thirty years at Ushirambo, had contracted sleeping sickness but was recovering from it. Two of the White Fathers there were also victims of the disease, but one was responding well to the treatment, while the other suffered greatly from the injections, which in his case reacted badly.

The fighting of the disease in Central Africa involves examining tens of thousands of natives. In the Congo, native helpers working under the missionaries have been trained in the use of the microscope, and are paid for their services. Besides their fixed salary, they are given the incentive of bonuses and fines: for each case they discover through the blood test, they receive a bonus of two francs; for each case they miss, they are fined ten francs.

Despite its sinister baggage of dread climate, dread diseases, and dread animals, Central Africa wore an air of gentle loveliness the afternoon that the ferry bore me across the lake from Tanganyika to the Belgian Congo. As the day prepared to close, I felt breathless with the hush that lay on the world, exhilarated by the first cool touch of the Congo's evening breezes, deeply stirred at the prospect of entering this new and quite different region of Africa.

From the Great Lakes there are two routes across Africa. One is out through western Uganda, by a long jungle trail to Stanleyville, and a thousand miles on the Congo River to Leopoldville. The other is through Tanganyika, across Lake Tanganyika, over a short

rail shuttle to the Congo River, and thence south to Elizabethville. The main communication route of Belgium's colony runs from Elizabethville through Port Francqui to Leopoldville, the capital, and passes through very interesting mission country. This route was my choice.

Neither route touches directly the Belgian mandate of Ruanda-Urundi, the miracle country of modern missions. That region to a great degree belongs physically, and because of the intelligence of its peoples, with Uganda.

The Great Lakes of Africa lie along the backbone of a massive mountain range. The Albertine Rift, a huge trench some thirty miles wide, extends from the Nile River south to the Zambesi; and on either side of it rises an escarpment about three thousand feet high. In western Uganda, on the heights above this escarpment, are found some of the strangest physical phenomena of the globe. There, it seems quite certain, are Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. The highest peak is Mount Ruwenzori—16,800 feet—its flanks heavy with glaciers, its head and shoulders adorned with virginal snow. In the neighborhood is a weird chain of volcanoes, with many peaks from ten to fifteen thousand feet high and hundreds of volcanic cones. One of the volcanoes exploded as late as 1938, and sent a flow of lava twenty-five miles long hissing toward Lake Kivu, eliminating the village of Sake in the process.

In this region are great forests of mahogany trees, rife with hordes of baboons. There are elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards, many of which roam in altitudes as high as thirteen thousand feet. There live the last gorillas left on earth. In the mist-drenched jungle are Pygmies, those mystifying little men barely three and a half feet high, with a natural dignity, grace, and charm about them which make us think of forest gnomes. They are skilful hunters who can actually slip under the body of an elephant and drive a spear into his heart. They live on meat and green food, wild fruits and nuts, tree seeds, roots, wild yams. Honey is their sweet, and they love it dearly; each family has certain hives in hollow trees which it watches as its own.

Moving south from this astonishing Ruwenzori country, which both the British and the Belgians, each on their own side of the border, have established as a sanctuary, we come to the African

Switzerland, Ruanda-Urundi. This is not wild jungle abandoned to the Pygmy: with the exception of Egypt, it is the most thickly populated area in Africa. With five million inhabitants in a little over twenty thousand square miles, crops must be grown up to the very tops of the volcanoes. As late as 1929, twenty thousand natives died here from famine, not because food could not be raised, but because improvidence and native customs so disposed matters that it was not raised. The Belgians took hold with a will and, though the treatment they administered was severe, they have removed the peril. So long as their strong hand prevails, the recurrence of famine need not be feared.

Not that the people are stupid, or languid, or steeped in vice. They fit their country. This land is vigorous with its gorgeous mountain scenery, its charging rivers vibrant with thundering white rapids, its open vastness; but all too lean in the absence of trees, a detail which is being remedied by a law prescribing the compulsory planting by each tax payer of a fifth of an acre of new trees. There are two distinct stocks. Ninety per cent of the population are the plebeian Bantu tribe, the Wahutu, who are agriculturists. The remainder are the princely people of Ethiopian origin, the Watussi, dignified giants over six feet tall, sleek and slender as deer. They are cattle breeders and own a million head of cattle. Though only a minority, these are the rulers of Ruanda-Urundi. A king recognized by Belgium governs each people and traces back his sovereignty four hundred years. Thanks to the Watussi, the mountain fastnesses of this area were protected against the Arabs, and no Watussi or Wahutu was ever carried abroad into slavery.

Because they were imperiled by the slaver, it is easy to understand why these people were so xenophobic and why the first White Fathers to attempt to enter Urundi, in 1879 (two priests and a Brother), were put to death. A mission foundation was finally made in 1892, but for years it was a matter of living behind a barricade and slowly breaking down opposition. Today Ruanda-Urundi has half a million Catholics and neophytes, with two hundred foreign priests and Sisters who struggle desperately to keep up with the calls. As already mentioned, the adult baptisms of forty thousand a year represent the high-water mark of the mission world.

"We no longer need hunt for them," stated Bishop Classe almost

ruefully, on one occasion; "it is they who stalk us from dawn to darkness." Happily, a splendid native clergy is being developed to relieve the pressure. The clergy include much Watussi stock, with a few from the actual ruling families.

Compared with Ruanda-Urundi, the mission field on the west bank of Lake Tanganyika, where my steamer stopped, seemed a quiet eddy off the main stream. In reality this is not so, since in every part of the Congo there is a strong movement toward the Church. The annual harvest is seventy thousand adult baptisms. The Congo is divided into twenty-one mission territories, not all of which are equally successful, since conditions in the different parts vary greatly. Every corner of the Congo, however, is being vigorously attacked, for the Congo missions represent a national Catholic crusade on the part of the six million Catholics of the little Belgian nation.

"Belgium's leaders make no mystery of the self-interest in their policy," said a sensible young White Father at Albertville. "They admit frankly that they look forward to more money in their coffers through the spiritual, mental, and physical development of the natives. Nevertheless, their bitterest rivals must admit the absence of any inhumanity in a program which envisions an essential task for government, business, and the Church in the improvement of the Congo Negro."

Until recently, a special problem in the Congo has been the inaccessibility of many tribes. The Congo is vast, its 918,000 square miles covering an area one third the size of the entire United States. In this territory are but ten million people, for the most part gathered in little enclaves with great distances between them. Thus each missionary group has an area the equivalent of New York State, and a population sometimes less than one hundred thousand. The Congo River forms a semi-circular arc within this, its realm, curling up like a serpent. Laid out in a straight line, it would extend from our Atlantic to our Pacific coast, for it is twenty-nine hundred miles long. The life of most of the people is bound up in the river or its branches. For this reason the mission centers are found the entire length of the river and its offshoots, with hundreds of outposts in the back country.

After a journey of a hundred and fifty miles from Albertville

to Kabalo, I boarded the "Prince Leopold" for a five-day ride up the river to Elizabethville via Bukama. Thus I fell into the hands of Captain Van Renterghen and his wife, who was the ship's chief steward. The captain was a massive figure, but in poor health through malaria. He kept his post only because the company had begged him to stay and cover this difficult route.

"This ship has had fourteen captains in seven years," his wife confided. "*Monsieur le Capitaine* knows the river well and loves it like a brother. But I must take him home to Belgium soon, for the malaria is making him old."

What a woman to find on a Congo steamer, I immediately concluded. She was made for a pretty little cottage along a canal outside Antwerp; instead, she turned this Congo steamer into her cottage, and made us all feel that we were her guests at home in Belgium. It was a nostalgic experience, that ride on the Congo. The vessel moved placidly from stop to stop, maneuvering to one bank and then to another, its arrival at each village an event for black and white. *Monsieur le Capitaine* stood on the bridge for each landing, called to this one and that ashore, directed black boys, who worked as smoothly as velvet, went to the quay to measure the firewood before it was borne aboard, signed the papers, tickled the white babies' chins, had a word with a planter or functionary, and then mounted his bridge again for the departure. Madame Chief Steward on the deck or from a window likewise did her waving, bantered with this group or that on the quay, went ashore to exchange a bit of gossip with Madame A or Mademoiselle B, passed the time of day with a missionary or some mission Sisters, examined her new supplies, saw to it that the boys took care of her arriving or departing passengers, had an occasional kiss for some lady who was appearing from or disappearing into the jungle and who thus was greeting or saying farewell to this shuttle of life, the river steamer. I never tired watching.

Meanwhile, life aboard wore a happy and hopeful countenance, for many of the passengers were Belgians returning to their homeland, and everybody entered into their good fortune. There was Adjutant Pieters, who held a military post in Ruanda; there was Madame Pierre, a young woman whose husband was an official and was sending her to get strong again in Bruges; there was Monsieur

LeBlanc, who had completed four years as an engineer and would be rewarded for his exile with an excellent post in Brussels. "It is these I am mad to see," said the adjutant apart, as he showed me a worn photo of two children. "It drives me wild to be separated so long from them." "This is why I am so happy;" explained Madame Pierre another day, "my mother is caring for Thérèse, my tiny little three-year-old." And she likewise showed me a photo of her child. "My wife has been very patient," observed Monsieur LeBlanc, half talking to me, half thinking to himself.

"Yes," observed the captain as we sat on the bridge one afternoon, "a cruel thing in the Congo is the separation of these simple home folk from their loved ones. In the primitive days gone by, we had a different race of whites in these parts, rootless men who seemed to have snuffed out their affections and to have cut all home ties. But since World War I, Belgium has sent some of its best stock out here. These treat the native better, they understand the missioner better, they make Congo life happier—but they do much more longing for home."

All aboard were European save one, an Adventist missionary from Flint, Michigan. His name was W. Royce Vail and he seemed hurt because so often the Belgians, particularly the Belgian priests, were short with him. There was little I could do except to be pleasant with him myself and to assure him that they had nothing against him personally. Protestant missionaries are strong in the Congo, strong in their desire to perpetuate the tragedy of division which we have inherited from the Reformation. There are twenty-six sects in the Congo alone.

I left Vail with an admiration for him. "What a pity," I found myself saying, "what a humiliating handicap for Christianity, to have to face a world that could so well use its message, wearing a coat that looks like grandmother's patched quilt."

The heavy jungle growth of the regions nearer the equator began to give way to savannah country. The villages were set picturesquely among palm groves, and there were great trees on the banks hung with silver lianas, but behind them was grass land on which we saw herds of thousands of antelope and other game, a reproduction of East Africa's abundant reserves. When Adjutant Pieters shot at an antelope, the concussion shook the quiet scene

like thunder, and from the trees rose great flocks of beautiful egrets, pelicans, and other feathered folk.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, the captain called us to the bridge to show us a herd of forty elephants, majestic animals that had gotten our scent and that trumpeted and flapped their ears querulously in our direction. It is rare now, the captain explained, to see elephant herds along the Congo, or indeed anywhere in Africa outside the reserves. Celebrated herds of five hundred and more can be found from the Sudan as far south as Mozambique and southern Angola, but great inroads have been made on their numbers. They belong among the giants of yesterday, to an age before men began measuring the earth or its possessions. Today we talk of free peoples, but have little sympathy for free animals when this would suppose the freedom of a continent.

VIII

Copper and Black Ivory

IN ELIZABETHVILLE, Père Coussement showed me his "movie" theater and his bar, where he sold hundreds of cases of beer. "My natives are going to drink beer," he explained, "so I am going to see to it that they drink in good company and end the evening properly."

This was the famed Katanga; Katanga, the southernmost province of the Congo, twenty times the size of Belgium, once little inhabited by natives because they found its highlands cold and its soil not too responsive; Katanga, depository of some of the world's richest copper mines, rivals to Anaconda; Katanga, possessor of many other precious mines of iron, tin, radium, and minor metals. And this was Katanga, one of the largest industrial centers of Africa, site of some of the largest of the notorious labor camps against which men have so inveighed, scene of some of the most successful experiments in the care and development of African workers. No picture of Africa is complete without a glimpse of this truly astonishing phenomenon, the transfer of the black from his world of forest and field and wild game to a world of metals and machines and urban existence. Elizabethville is the capital of this province.

"It is devastating," said Père Coussement frankly, "but it is a fact, a gaunt reality. We cannot hold back the deluge nor can we stop the modern march of Africa where such wealth in ore lies. For the missionary, then, there is the tremendous and impelling task of helping to guide and form the black man, to save him from disintegration. We have fixed for ourselves the slogan, 'Keep close to the native!' We plan to be beside him every moment that he is not eating, sleeping, or working.

"Happily for the individual African, he is at a tremendous premium. If the continent teemed with hundreds of millions of humans, as does Asia, there would probably be a pitiful waste of life. Instead, here in Katanga the bottleneck of all grandiose schemes

is the native manpower. To calloused men, the black is as precious as the copper itself, and on all sides has gone up the cry, 'Treat him tenderly!' As a matter of fact, the *Union Minière*, the company holding the vast concessions here in Katanga, is governed by Christian gentlemen who do not wish to stain their lives by sordid deeds of blood, and every effort is exerted to treat the African properly. You will see."

Elizabethville is a small and new but beautiful city, with wide avenues and an attractive foreign quarter. It is the center of the corporation exploiting Katanga. Four great development companies, it may be mentioned, are accountable for the tremendous economic activities of the Congo, where almost \$750,000,000 in investments have been placed. Copper, diamonds, gold, and oil palm are the colony's great exports, and here in Katanga copper is king. The *Union Minière* employs some twenty-five hundred Belgians and over seventeen thousand Africans. We are not particularly interested in their business enterprise; but it is extremely interesting, and of vital importance to the future of Africa's peoples, to see how these seventeen thousand children of nature have entered into the modern life of the Katanga mines.

Doctor Mottouille, the company's vice-president for personnel, gets credit for the present successful technique that governs the handling of the natives. He is a stout, energetic individual who is devoted both to charts and graphs and to pulsing human values. He seemed the right man for this task.

"In 1927," he told us, "native labor figured as twenty-five per cent of the cost of producing our copper. Men were recruited from far down in South Africa, and from as far north as the Nile Valley. Our immense personnel organization represented a cost of ten thousand francs per laborer, merely to set the men down here on the grounds. The personnel staff did all the recruiting. The heads of departments sent a call for a hundred men and cared nothing how they were secured. If fifty of the hundred were dead in a month, the department heads merely called for fifty more.

"My first step was to introduce a system of fines, by which each department head had to pay two thousand francs from department funds for every death up to twenty per cent of his quota for the year, and five thousand francs for every death when the twenty

per cent mark was exceeded. This single move has worked wonders. Now the heads show great interest in their men and inquire at the hospitals as to their condition.

"The next point of emphasis was an attempt to hold our men, to make them establish families here, keep from evil, raise children, and lead quiet, healthy lives. It goes without saying that the religious factor emphasized by the missionaries has proved a great asset on this score. The missionaries are not interested in our copper, but they are interested in these men's welfare, and so we are both happier for their activity. We now have sixty-four per cent married men, and there is an average of seventy children per hundred wives per year."

But this was not to be merely a desk lecture. Doctor Mottoulle outlined his plan: first, I was to visit a mine and see the men at work; secondly, I was to see them at their skilled tasks in the various plants; thirdly, I was to see their camps; and fourthly, I would have a glimpse at the medical and educational institutions for their families. I may say immediately that the experience disabused me of the idea that Africa is solely a land of the primitive. It would be wrong to come to Africa and not see the native in industry.

In the gay Katanga sunshine next morning, Doctor Mottoulle drove Père Gregoire of the Benedictines and me to the Kipushi mine, twenty miles outside Elizabethville.

"This is the richest copper mine in the world," explained the doctor as we arrived. "The yield is a minimum of fifteen per cent and often approaches thirty per cent per ton. It is only three hundred yards from the Rhodesian border and, curiously, the deposit appears to stop at the border line. A century ago natives took copper off the surface here, but now we are working in galleries as deep as four hundred and forty feet below ground. Down we go!"

And down we went. A gate clanged and the mine cage, operated by a black, dropped into the heart of the earth there in the heart of the African continent.

"There is one white man to every ten blacks down here," said the doctor as we left the cage. "We have a strong and intelligent body of Africans who know all the routines but who lack one thing; namely, the miner's sense. For example, if a black walks along the gallery and sees a fragment of rock cracking off the

roof, he has no idea of the danger involved and of the necessity of reporting it. This is a gift that we hope to develop in these men's sons."

The mine is well aerated, and has an extensive pumping system for removing the water which enters at the rate of a thousand cubic yards per hour. "The natural water level is one hundred and sixty feet above this gallery," explained Mottouille. "These men would drown, were it not for the pumps. They'll worry themselves sick if a witch doctor gives them an unlucky portent, but they never dream of fussing about their danger here."

No, there was no worry there. We stood in admiration as those sons of the jungle loaded and sent to the surface the cars that carried up a thousand tons of ore each day.

At this Kipushi mine, again in the Lubumbashi Valley, and later at the plants about Jadotville, we visited the enormous labor camps. At Kipushi there are forty acres of farm land set off in plots for the women to cultivate. Each family has its ménage and all that is needed for normal native life.

"There is no food problem," said the doctor, "for the company supplies all the rations as part of the salary. In a typical camp we distribute fifty ton of food per week. There are some curious items; as, for instance, locusts and white ants. White ants are about the size of our house fly at home and are highly prized when served fried. We purchased over ten ton of white ants for the natives last year."

Interesting at Jadotville, which is a giant installation second in importance only to the plants about Elizabethville, was the skill displayed by the Negro at his tasks. In the Panda concentration and reduction plant, Negroes are twenty to one in relation to the whites. In the electrolytic plant, there are eleven whites and eighty blacks. Blacks operated great machines, petted great pots of metal with the gentleness of a cat playing with its young, worked slide rules or micrometer gauges, directed processings quite as did the experts from Europe.

"Are the natives hard to train?" we asked the engineer.

"No, though they have a long road to travel when they come," he replied. "They begin with a woeful absence of all responsibility, but soon tend in their newborn earnestness to go to the other

extreme. For instance, some months ago I started fifty men in the reduction plant by giving each a shovel the first day, but I gave no word as to what to do with it at the end of work. Next day hardly ten reported with shovels. I administered severe punishments for the lost shovels. Then soon after, as I stood watching the men firing, one fellow let his shovel slip and it flew into the furnace. Imagine my horror when I saw the man follow like a flash after it! He recovered his shovel, but was so severely burned that we had to send him to a bed in the hospital."

The company schools are well organized and the company hospitals are excellent, as might be expected. Of special delight to watch are the fat little *totos* whom the Sisters and their helpers care for in the highly organized centers of the O.P.E.N., which in English we should call the Work for the Protection of the Black Child. This is an organization throughout the Congo, modeled on the "drop of milk" societies of Belgium and France.

We arrived at the children's mess just as the women were bringing their youngsters for the noonday meal. All the children were between two and five years of age, and it was a problem in itself to keep them in line until enough were on hand to toddle into the hall in formation. The mother of each child held it at its place like a racing colt at the starting post. At last the Sister gave a signal, and all began simultaneously to beat a clap with their hands. Sister, clapping her own hands, took her place at the head and led the little army into the building.

"They enter clapping their hands to keep the walls clean," explained the engineer. "Notice that the mothers must stay outside." True enough, the door was closed, once this new version of the Pied Piper had gotten her charges inside, and the mothers crowded to the windows to watch their little ones from afar. "It is positively astounding how dangerously ignorant the natives are as to what is proper nourishment for their children. In the beginning we found the youngsters undernourished because of carelessness or superstition, and sometimes wrongly nourished with cereals that bloated their little stomachs and did them permanent harm."

We had the "open sesame" that admitted us inside, where we could watch the children shovel down their food under the direction of two Sisters and a squad of trained black girls. One child

did not eat, so Sister took his temperature and led him off to the infirmary. When the edibles had disappeared, the Sister in charge called for a song, and again with hand-clapping the procession formed and moved out to the waiting mothers. At the exit one youngster issued forth bawling lustily, and its mother picked it up and strode off in evident high dudgeon. I tried to think of the picturesque language this lady probably used in telling herself what she thought of this strange system which forced her child to eat in a mess. However, her husband would be fined if she failed to report with the child, and so we could be sure that she would be back for the next meal.

From the viewpoint of health, the *Union Minière's* sanitary brain-trusters were working wonders. For example, the mortality among children below two years of age had been reduced to sixteen per thousand, the engineer recounted proudly. The program of the *Union* was as follows:

- 1) Every man who could find a wife was required to set up a ménage in a company home.

- 2) The women were forced to go to the company hospitals for each childbirth.

- 3) The O.P.E.N. took charge of the child immediately upon birth, and from the age of one day to one year it must be brought daily to the hospital to be washed and weighed. Special attention was given to the mother's food while she had the infant at breast.

- 4) The child from one year to two years must be brought to the hospital twice a week, and it must take one meal daily at the children's mess.

- 5) The child from two years to five years must be brought to the hospital once a month, and it must take two meals daily at the children's mess.

- 6) Boys from five to fourteen years of age must take three meals daily at the boys' mess. All boys are given five years of schooling, and the more intelligent are then continued for training as clerks or for special crafts; while the others are given work for adolescents, at one or two francs a day.

- 7) Girls from five to fourteen eat three meals daily in the girls' mess. They are given some schooling but principally other training.

8) The more intelligent older boys are given apprenticeships, and the others, ordinary occupations.

9) Adolescent girls are taught needlework and other useful accomplishments, to keep them occupied until marriage.

Every camp has a chapel and a Catholic missionary as chaplain, though his official task is director of the schools. "How does the Negro find this life?" I asked one of the missionaries.

He smiled. "It goes without saying that he finds the *Union Minière* camp life a strain. He prefers the careless freedom of his native village. But, like the small boy who goes through the agony of school in order to show Dad a favorable report card at the end of the year, these men stay at it in order to go back home with that first pair of pants. Once bitten by the bug of what we may call progress (though the African never considers it such), the native continues to submit to the discipline here, and to force his wife to remain with him. His children will never have the primitive yearnings of their parents."

"Is this life good for the African?"

The young priest shrugged his shoulders disquietedly. "It is too bad that anyone ever thought of taking anything out of the ground, or of building a plant or a furnace, anywhere in Africa! But the idea, like Eris's golden apple, *de facto* has fallen among men, and we must do our best to minimize the harm from it."

IX

Africa au Naturel

KING LEOPOLD II early saw that tiny Belgium in the immense Congo was like the little boy with the big red apple. Someone was going to try to take the Congo away from Belgium if that could be done. Leopold believed that missionaries could help the Congo peoples immensely, but he was anxious that they be missionaries from Belgium. Hence he gave his patronage to the Scheut (pronounce it "skirt") Fathers, so called after a little suburb of Brussels where those missionaries have their central house.

The Scheut Fathers arrived in the western Congo shortly after the White Fathers appeared in the east, and they have borne the burdens of the day and the heats. Their Upper Kasai mission is one of the really impressive developments in the Congo. Bishop Declercq, the Scheut leader in Upper Kasai, was very informing as we sat in a circle of missionaries at Luluabourg.

"You have left behind Elizabethville and the labor camps," he said. "We shall show you the Congo *au naturel*, for here we still have tribes which have taken on none of the trappings of the white man.

"Few people know that the Government is only now subjugating parts of the Congo. The technique is as painless as possible but represents a practical realism. Each province has been divided into sections. Roads which, while serving all purposes, are really military roads, are built through every region. Military occupation then takes place among the isolated tribes, and parleys are instituted. The tribes are informed that they must move their villages to within a certain number of kilometers of an established road, or must build a road from the main highway to their neighborhood. Thus every group of people becomes accessible.

"A small head tax is then instituted. Since the natives have never possessed money, they usually pay the tax by rendering a certain number of days' work each year. This work may be for road repairs or for constructing some such project as a market place.

One of the first institutions introduced among the primitives is a market day. At spots prepared for the purpose, merchants are encouraged to bring wares for exchange, and eventually for purchase; the market day occurs every ten days, five days, or three days, according to conditions.

"It is hard to see what can be sold to native wild men, but little by little, unfortunately, their wants increase. Clothes, for instance, are at the beginning merely a matter of curiosity. A naked man will exchange a quantity of produce for a straw hat. A woman will see another woman wearing garments and will gather mice, locusts, or white ants to trade for a piece of cloth. Her neighbors will laugh at her, but will remark that the cloth is pretty, just the same. And thus cupidity is born. The most practical result of market day is the realization on the part of these people of the forest that, if they want anything, they must have the means to buy it, and thus they are prompted to begin to work."

Although the Congo-Kasai Province is still in its early development, there is no longer any danger there for the white man. Administrators and their wives live at isolated points and rarely encounter trouble.

"Not since the revolt of 1895 has there been trouble in this region," explained the Bishop. "I and another Father were here at the time, and we were forced to flee with the five Sisters and the other whites in the region. We gathered a band of loyal blacks, which brought our total number to eight hundred under the leadership of a Government agent. The entire party was in grave danger for several days. I recall the agent telling me after we had escaped: 'I had one bullet put aside for each of the five Sisters, and one for each of the other women. If all hope were lost, I would have seen to it that none of our women fell to the rebels alive.'"

The Mother Superior whom I met in the Luluabourg convent was one of this group of five. In the nineteenth century, the Luluabourg mission was declared a sanctuary for slaves, any slave fleeing there being freed by the very circumstance. To avoid ill feelings, the mission always gave a small recompense to the refugee's master. Bishop Declercq explained that some ten thousand slaves were thus liberated.

"Does slavery exist anywhere in the Congo today?" I asked.

"I reply by asking if murder exists in America," answered the old prelate. "The answer in both cases is in the affirmative, but slavery in the Congo, like murder in America, is a grave crime carrying a heavy punishment when discovered. There is no slave traffic. But in many countries of Africa today, there are forms of domestic slavery which will be eradicated but slowly."

Hemptinne-St. Benoit, not far from Luluabourg, is the largest mission station in Upper Kasai. It has thirty thousand faithful. Most interesting to me, at Hemptinne and its neighborhood, were not priests, Sisters, or African natives, but a small group of Belgian doctors. They were as zealous apostles as can be found in Africa. The Congo counts a score or so of Catholic doctors from Belgium who, if they are like Doctor Cochaux, Doctor Hemeryck, and Doctor Molnar, are excellent indeed. The Government provides ninety thousand francs salary per year to each doctor, and fifty thousand francs for medicine; but the homes and other supplies are furnished by the missionaries.

Doctor Cochaux, a graduate of the University of Brussels in 1929, is a thoroughly enthusiastic young blood with a generous gift of the *joie de vivre*. He handles two hundred dispensary cases each morning and covers calls over a route of eighty neighboring villages in the afternoon. When I met him he had just completed the examination of twenty-one thousand natives for sleeping sickness and had the good record of possessing only thirty-five cases in the area.

Doctor Molnar, who has the companionship of a very sensible lady who is his wife, won my regard by removing two jiggers from my feet. Jiggers are tiny African parasites that burrow under the skin of the toes and then proceed to grow. In my case they had not yet become annoying, since each was but the size of a pea. I was in distinguished company as a jigger victim, for King Albert of Belgium also had had one burrow into his foot. The doctor who removed the parasite, placed it on the palm of His Majesty's hand, much to the King's delight. He is said to have exclaimed: "Oh, how wonderful! You must put it in alcohol for me to bring home to show to the Queen."

Doctor Hemeryck, when leaving to begin his work among the Batetele, a difficult people, was told by Bishop Declercq, "Never

forget, Doctor, that with your medicine you are to open the way for the missionary to the Batetele."

He has not forgotten. He speaks always of "our people," "our converts," "our catechumens." His fiancée came by plane to the Congo, but died at childbirth. He now works near her grave, as devoted to his vocation as any missionary.

But this stop at Hemptinne was a mere moment. Bishop Declercq had arranged that Père van Oost was to accompany me on an expedition to the wildest tribes of the Upper Kasai, which means some of the most savage in the Congo. We drove out over the dirt roads through seemingly endless forests, until at noon we were in the country of the unclothed.

"A gentleman's dinner shirt would supply all the cloth needed by any thousand of these folk," said a rather flippant Government employee whom we met as we passed the Lulua River ferry.

"The first thing the missionary or the good Government employee learns," Father van Oost explained, "is to treat these poor people in such manner that we seem to take their condition for granted. The tribes who live deep in the jungle maintain faithfully their moral laws, or their taboos, however low and coarse these may be. We know that, where Christian standards of life have been properly established, the Africans are very earnest in being faithful to them. But among great numbers of tribes who have been shaken from their old bases and have not been affixed to Christian standards, conditions are often quite lamentable. Unfortunately, it is not so much the whites who destroy directly the old standards, as neighboring tribes who pride themselves on being better evolved and who ridicule their more lowly confreres. The outside world has no idea what seething puzzlement and discontent have swept through the black man's Africa in the last generation or two."

The Lulua River district is quite populous. The women do the work, and so we found them in the road gangs, in the fields languidly leaning on their tools, in caravans carrying great bundles of grass on their heads. The newcomer quickly loses the notion that women among these so-called ignorant peoples are stupid, moronic creatures like moon-eyed cattle. I noted one young lady sitting before her house, smoking her calabash pipe, every now and then spitting a long, vigorous spit off into space. She may not

have clothing, I concluded, but she has a mind of her own, and probably makes herself very much heard from when her husband crosses her.

At Luisa we met the assistant district commissioner, Monsieur Marchand, who offered to accompany us to Tulume, the largest village of the Basala Mpasu.

"These people were subjugated between 1924 and 1929," explained Marchand, as we rode. "They are notorious cannibals. In the past they fattened their slaves systematically and then slew them, but we *think* we have done away with all that. Even yet, however, life is very cheap among them; they will kill for a trifle. For a recent month we have record of fifty-two murders here; and there were certainly many more in the bush, about which we got no report."

"The white man is safe among them today," said Father van Oost, taking up the theme, "but in years gone by this was ticklish country. In 1907 a white named Schoppe was eaten by the Basala. In 1915 a caravan of twenty-two whites passed through here and was attacked, eighteen men being captured and eaten. The breasts and hips are regarded as the best morsels, but the flesh of the white as a whole is considered choice and tender."

As we drove away from Luisa, through the heavy forest, life on the road was almost as active as on a city street. There was the tactic of the Belgians applied to the Basala, who thus had been forced to establish themselves near the highway. The populace stared at us calmly. Physically the men seemed fit subjects for museum bronzes, with long arms, long legs, rotund muscles, and something even of beauty in their figures. There were barbarism and vitality about them, there was a certain steeliness in their glance that was cold and cruel, and yet, withal, there was a measure of brooding earnestness and somber dignity.

We stopped for a moment at a village, and immediately a group of young men approached. The leader addressed me in a strong ringing voice, but of course I could only refer him to Father van Oost. Again he spoke his words loudly, almost sharply, and Father van Oost flung back sharp words in reply.

"What is it all about?" I asked the priest, almost breathlessly.

"The fellow's question was, 'When can we expect to have a

catechist?' I replied by asking a question of my own, 'But do you still eat men here?' 'No, no,' cried the young man and his companions as well; 'our fathers did, but we do not!'

"You perceive the mentality here. These youngsters see Christianity somewhat as the veil of respectability by which to wipe out what the new generation now looks back on in shame. Of course, we must be almost harsh with them under these circumstances. We can permit none to become Christian unless they give promise of leading truly Christian lives."

Tulume, the largest village of the Basala Mpasu, has an estimated twelve thousand souls. Once behind the palisade, we saw the remarkable sight of endless clusters of huts under the forest and banana trees. We drove to the center of the settlement, where a stockade surrounded the chief's quarters. His wives were peeping through the slits between the poles as our car stopped. A crowd gathered immediately, and we enjoyed the possible implications in the remark of one of the men.

Shrewdly studying Father van Oost, this black said, "That fellow is already quite old."

The village was clean and well ordered. One man let me crawl into his small house. Among these people the house is conceived as little more than an animal's nest. I could scarcely squeeze through the door on my hands and knees. There was a small supply section at the entrance, and then a cubicle hardly five feet by four, containing no light and no window. The little building was strongly made of neatly molded red earth, with a thatch roof and a little door of split bamboo.

The two catechists who were stationed at the village made a splendid impression on us. They were hardly older than college boys at home. Father van Oost explained that they had journeyed over one hundred and fifty miles from Thielen to Hemptinne, to offer their services. To test them, the Bishop had proposed that they come here among the cannibals, and they had immediately accepted. They already had sixty boys in their school, and the priest in charge was very pleased with the interest they were awakening. Dominic, the older, was a hardy type with a flash of daring about him which marked him as a born pioneer. Francis was quieter, but evidently steady and determined. I suggested to

Father van Oost that he ask Dominic how much salary he was receiving.

"The Father hasn't told me yet," he replied through the priest, "but I don't care much. Probably I shall get twenty francs every three months."

"How can a mission fail, with fellows like that?" commented Father van Oost. "We have the enormous figure of three thousand catechists in the territory, and the best of them receive not over eighty francs per month. During times of prosperity the commercial companies offer these men as high as five hundred francs per month, but to their credit they have remained at their posts. Here in the Congo we have had to adopt a policy different from that of the White Fathers, who build strong centers and radiate slowly from them. Here it has been a matter of placing a representative in every village as quickly as possible. Many of our catechists have been quite uncultured, but all of them have shown remarkable zeal."

At this juncture the chief appeared. He swung along lithely, wearing a blue striped shirt and a pair of dark trousers, though his feet were bare. He had small hard features, a well-set jaw, blood-shot eyes; he suggested a candidate for the middle-weight boxing title, except for the suggestion of dissipation in the eyes. He shook hands affably with all of us.

"I hope you are treating our catechists well," Father van Oost said after a while.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have seventeen sectional heads, and I have told all of them that the Christian teachers are not to be molested."

Father van Oost put a cigarette into Sir Chief's mouth, and the dark face was transformed with a smile.

At Mboi next day we were less than forty miles from the Angola frontier. At the administrator's post, we found a new front lawn being dressed by prisoners from the neighboring jail, and were given a warm welcome by the group of officials, including Mr. Serron, a thoughtful type who had just returned from three months of subjugation work among the Balolo.

"They are even more handsome than the Basala Mpasu," he explained. "I believe they are now thoroughly in line, the last tribe

of Congo-Kasai Province to be brought around. A year ago two messengers went to the Balolo and were eaten. I led a body of fifty men and we were fired upon. Our path had been obstructed by traps of poisoned arrows. We were prepared for these and had antitetanus serum with us, since the poison is rotted animal entrails and dung. When we first asked for the chief, we were given a 'straw man,' as is so often the case, but finally we got the right man and made him responsible."

Reputedly the most savage in all this region are the Babingi people, among whom we soon were passing. We found Ndekeshia, the mission center, roaring with life. Two villages of huts lodging eleven hundred Babingi were crowded about the mission.

"This is our current class of candidates for baptism," explained Father de Brandt. "At Christmas they will be received, and then they will burn these villages and return home. Their successors will build fresh huts."

Father de Brandt went on to tell me that the Babingi are a strange, isolated people, the lowest in the region. They kill on the least provocation, and have such unpleasant habits as burying their extremely old people alive. They have a quite moral sex life. Physically they are unclean, thin, and weak. They suffer a heavy infant mortality.

A sight of rare charm was Sister Maurilla, who has been in the Congo since 1897, conducting school for two hundred Babingi young women. Her pupils live in crude huts about a square enclosure. As we approached, she was directing them in the cleaning of their quarters. I noticed that a number of the girls had infants tied to their backs, and in my innocence I remarked to this sweet old nun, "Some of your young women are married."

"No," she answered, not the least nonplused. "They are not married; they have merely followed certain pagan customs. But their children, God willing, will not have offspring until they have received the Sacrament of Matrimony. My Babingi girls are wonderfully quick to learn and earnestly faithful to the lessons they receive here."

"Sister Maurilla is constantly defending her Babingi," said Father de Brandt with a laugh. "As a matter of fact, she is almost alone in possessing the power to gain their confidence and to form

them to Christian habits. She is adored by them and is one of the few persons here at the center whom they will obey. She is trying hard to impart her secret to the younger Sisters who are stationed with her."

By this time half a dozen of these hundreds of ungarbed creatures were gathered about Sister Maurilla, grasping her hands and arms affectionately, ignoring the rest of us.

"Father de Brandt is exaggerating," said the Sister. "It is merely a case of trying to understand them; they have a reason for everything they do. In teaching them, we must give them Christian habits, but they must be allowed to remain always African. I show them how to sweep the floor, to put things in place, to cook cleanly, to be good to their husbands. I am sure that they will put in their children's hearts a love for Jesus Christ, who died for them as Africans and who does not care if they never leave their life in the forests. Slowly the Babingi will begin to go to school, but"—and she ended almost fiercely—"I hope those who teach them know how to open up the Babingi hearts, and do not ruin them by merely putting stupid things in their heads!"

Many university professors who spend lives studying the secrets of the heart of man and seeking the substance of things enduring, might journey to Ndekeshia and sit humbly at the feet of Sister Maurilla.

A choice memory of the Upper Kasai is Father Segherts, dean of the missionaries. He had been thirty-five years in the Congo, at the time of my visit, was blind and almost stone deaf. They took me to him as he sat quietly in the shade. A missionary leaned over and shouted in his ear, "A young American priest to see you."

No change came over the tranquil face, but quietly he reached up his hand for mine. Then silence. Then an unhurried voice, half talking to himself:

"They want me to go back to Belgium. But why? I have garnered wheat all my life in the Congo. Now I have bound my last sheaf, and I should like to lie down and sleep here by my field of grain. I want them to leave me here where I have labored, until God takes my hand and leads me away."

"Of course we will not send you away," said the priest at my side. There was a gleam of affection in his eye.

X

Wings over Africa

A GOOD lady in Port Francqui gave me half a loaf of delicious French bread, and I was able to buy some slices of ham and a bottle of Belgian beer at the supply depot. They were my lunch as the airplane carried me to Leopoldville. The beer was warm, the ham sandwiches hard to manipulate in the jumpy plane. Air travel in the Congo is no matter of luxury.

The Congo's giant forests were the principal sight from the sky, with here and there a clearing and a native village, and almost always somewhere in the panorama a winding river. The atmosphere was scintillatingly clear in the early morning; but as the day advanced, wisps of cloud appeared and then small storms, each occupying an area of but ten to twenty square miles. Each suggested a giant, fine-spray shower bath, pelting its rain concentratedly on a tiny area below, while the sun shone placidly all about it. A Central Africa flyer can encounter as many as a score of these storms in a day.

Suddenly we were above Stanley Pool; saw Brazzaville and the French Congo on one bank; and dropped down to Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo. United with it is Kinshasa, the native city. The latter, naturally, is the larger of the two settlements.

Leopoldville brings into the Congo picture an august figure who has been one of the strongest factors in the development of the Faith in the Congo. The gentleman is Archbishop Dellepiane, Apostolic Delegate to the Congo, the special right arm of the Holy Father in this part of the world. Everywhere in the Congo, missionaries spoke of the love which the natives have for the Pope.

"Our African easily understands the Pope," said one missionary, "and feels proud to have a big chief. He is glad to be shown the names of over two hundred and sixty Popes, going away back to Saint Peter. This gives the poor beggar, who has himself practically no record of a past, the sense of belonging to a body of hoary

greatness. The idea that God has a Vicar on earth seems eminently reasonable to him and pleases him immensely."

This particular representative of the Pope at Leopoldville is a gracious, smiling man with a round face which beams easily, and with an energy which carried him into every corner of the Congo, often by airplane, before he was in the country a year. The blacks in the Upper Kasai told Bishop Declercq that when the *boulamatadi* (This is their name for the high Government officials—literally it means "rock-breakers," and has its origin from the early days of railroad construction when the whites split the rocks with dynamite.)—when the *boulamatadi* came, they were grave and said little; but when the representative of the Pope came, he spoke to everybody and smiled so wonderfully that everyone knew what he said, even though he did not talk their language.

It is characteristic of Archbishop Dellepiane that I was hardly seated with him in the cool defiles of his Delegation Residence, before he launched upon an enthusiastic description of the work of the Church in the Congo.

"Two things stand out very strongly here," he said. "One is the marvelous love of the missionaries for the Holy See. All nations have some of this in their blood, but the Belgians have it particularly strongly. The second interesting phenomenon is the extraordinary devotion of even the humblest blacks to the Holy Father. Of course this originates with the missionaries, but evidently it finds a quickly responsive chord within the Africans themselves. I am the principal immediate recipient of this strong loyalty, and hence my life here, while it has its problems, is one long series of happy triumphs. They call me 'He who has the face of the Pope,' and the receptions they give me are astonishing.

"Recently, for instance, I visited Stanleyville. Newly converted savages came for miles in their tree-trunk canoes, shouting, '*Viva!*' At Lake Albert I was carried for a mile and a half on a chair arranged for sixty porters and the Bishop himself insisted on being one of the carriers with his blacks. At Bikoro the people came as much as nine days' march, and brought gifts of bulls, cows, goats, hens, skins, eggs, vegetables. It is so touching that often I feel like weeping."

For the Delegation Residence, the Belgian Government gave not

merely a territorial concession, as is ordinarily done, but also a grant of ownership of the land to the Holy See—the first instance of its kind in the colony. The building is the most imposing in Leopoldville and is remarkable because it is the work of black craftsmen. A Christian Brother and an architect of the Public Works Department prepared the plans, and a European foreman supervised, but the very able execution came from Negroes.

"These artisans, masons, wood-workers, and others," said a man in the city, "have parents still living as savages in the Congo bush. We give credit for such achievements to the vocational schools, which the missionaries conduct here and in many centers throughout the Congo."

I repeated this remark to His Excellency. "Yes," he asserted in corroboration, "our technical schools represent a contribution to the main stream of life in the colony. We have all too few of them. A thirst for study has captured the entire Congo, and it is actually necessary for us to keep down the enthusiasm. Whatever these people learn must serve not their pride, but the good of their bodies, minds, and souls. We have need now for modest intermediate schools, both for the crafts and for the small professions such as clerks, typists, sanitary agents, and the like."

For the mission school system, the Congo Government provides, it is true, substantial subsidies. But the fact remains that, through use of the missionaries, it receives the most for the least, in a material as well as in a cultural and spiritual way. In the Congo budget for 1931, for instance, 12,000,000 francs are allotted for special Government-conducted schools to care for five thousand students. To private school subsidies, which are almost exclusively mission schools, 10,259,272 francs are allotted to provide for two hundred thousand students. Catholic missions support without subsidy such special schools as its seminaries.

How beautiful these seminaries are, I was able to see for myself. There are four regional major seminaries planned for the Congo, though they are not yet in full development. The first priests were ordained during the nineteen-thirties, but they represent the culmination of decades of preliminary labor. At Mayidi in the great Jesuit field, a short distance from Leopoldville, a wealthy Belgian has constructed a major seminary that will accommodate eighty

students. Some five million bricks were required for the stately walls, which rise on an eminence commanding a splendid panorama.

At the preparatory seminary of Lemfu, I had closer contact with typical young men who are to be the Congo's future Levites. They are an attractive lot. The Jesuits do not spoil them, for their quarters are quite primitive, and they continue to roll themselves in their mats and sleep on the floor as at home. They seem far removed from us as they sit munching their manioc bread for breakfast, wrapped as it is in greens that make it look like a head of cabbage. But when they sit before a professor in a classroom, we quickly discover that they are endowed with the same gifts which are the common possession of humans the world over. Bishop Verwimp, the Vicar of Kisantu, who taught for years in Belgium, explains that they compare well with European boys. "The best students here," he notes, "would make good medium students in Europe, and would be far ahead of our European laggards. The best in Europe have a heavy advantage over these boys in their environment, in the background and traditions which they bring with them to school from their homes and their communities."

How true this last statement! Joseph Mayunda, a boy in the major seminary at Kisantu, has a mother now a saintly woman in the Kisantu parish, who relates that, when she was a child, she saw her mother killed before her eyes by a group of savages, and then eaten. She, little animal that she still was, cried because they would not give her some of the meat, and they contented her by cutting a finger from one of her mother's hands for her to suck.

The father of one of the seminarians from Bondo has a hundred wives, which merely means that he is a pagan of wealth. Another seminarian wrote to his Bishop that, since his father had died recently, he had inherited the ownership of his father's two wives. The Bishop hastened to inquire what he meant. The seminarian wrote back quite complacently: "I understand that I merely own them. Since I am a Christian and hope one day to be a priest, I shall dispose of them."

The Bishop explained to me that strange twists are given to our traditional Bible stories, as a result of the African way of life. In a neighboring parish, Sister was describing to the children the

desolation of the Nativity scene, with the Christ Child born in a stable. "But who ate the big cow Jesus got?" asked one little girl. It was the riches, not the poverty, of Bethlehem that caught her attention.

In a Latin class for younger students, it was notable that no one in the class had ever seen an anchor or could describe one, though one said he thought it was like a pick. But put these Africans up against academic studies, and they do not do badly. Bishop Verwimp took me to visit a beginners' class in philosophy.

"Thomas Bikiro," said the professor, quite as if he occupied his old chair at the University of Louvain, "what is the *formale quo* of an object?"

Thomas rose. "It is the special point of view."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, Brother Edmund, who runs the farm, and I stand before a coconut palm. We both see the tree. But I am interested in the fruit, and Brother is interested in the leaves to make a roof for a building."

"There are unplumbed depths in the African," said one of the Jesuits in a thoughtful mood, "of which most of us do not dream. Take, for instance, the question of labor. Many will tell you the Negro is lazy. They will tell you to watch the Negroes in the road gangs. Of course they loll; so did we Belgians when the Germans gave us work assignments. But tell these blacks of an animal to be caught by a trench trap, and they will sweat and struggle for hours to hollow out several cubic yards of soil. Put them on the trail of an antelope, and they will follow it for days until they fall from exhaustion. Why should they work? Food and all else they need are within easy reach. For their head tax in this region, they can take a number of their chickens or goats and 'buy francs,' as they say. The key to everything is to develop interests in them which will give them the impulse to use the energy that is in them."

The missionary in the Congo, quite as men seeking to do good anywhere else in the world, will be unwise if he looks for a return of gratitude. But, as a matter of fact, he receives a certain degree of recognition for his devotion. At Kinshasa one day I visited the insane asylum, conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Of all works, that for the insane is most bereft of any possibility

of return: the poor victims themselves know nothing of what is done for them, while the victim's families usually shun in horror both the institution and all who have a part in the care of their afflicted ones.

A slip of a Sister had charge of the insane hospital with its eighty inmates. Accompanied by an armed guard, she served dinner to the patients of the violent ward, who were enclosed in their cells. She opened the tiny window of one cell and placed within a plate of food. As her hand put the dish on the sill, the powerful wretch inside sprang like a villainous panther, not at the dish, but at the hand. Had he succeeded in clutching it, he would have torn and crushed and bitten it cruelly. The guard gave a cry and brought up his gun, but the calm little Sister merely drew back her arm just as the insane man was about to grip it.

"Be quiet, Antoine," she said softly.

"She is very brave!" I observed to the guard.

"M'm," corrected the soldier, "she is very good."

It is the cachet of goodness marking the missionaries of the Congo that opens the way to souls.

XI

The Africa of Fiction

A FEW minutes' ride across Stanley Pool from Leopoldville took me out of Belgian territory and into French, to Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa. At the mission, beautifully situated above the cool surface of Stanley Pool, a young priest showed me with pride the stone statue, in heroic size, of Bishop Augouard. The statue was erected by public subscription in 1926.

"There's a man for you!" the priest exclaimed.

"In 1890 when he was named Bishop, human flesh was sold in the neighborhood market places, and a slave was worth what he would bring under the butcher's knife. His Excellency was known all over France as the 'Bishop of the Cannibals' and the 'Beefstew of the Bonjos'!"

Bishop Augouard was one of the colorful figures of modern times in Central Africa. Born of a family in Poitiers that sought to give him an education, he was expelled from the local college because of his pranks. He had a quick mind, but was more interested in action than in books. For a couple of months, as a young man, he was a Papal Zouave. He had an almost tender piety, but also a boisterous, explosive character with a stubborn streak, which would not allow him to yield.

"He was like the great Marshal Lyautey," a French admirer said of him, "in that he had to feel himself wholeheartedly understood, loved, and followed. 'I find it necessary that people swallow me!' he used to say."

The first mission center in the interior was not at Brazzaville, for that city did not yet exist. Père Augouard set himself up at Linzolo a year before the arrival of De Brazza, the pioneer who was for the French what Stanley was for Leopold of Belgium. There was bad feeling between black and white, and the missionary arranged a great palaver intended to establish friendly relations. The palaver ended with a curious ceremony during which war was buried alive: two guns, one of metal, one of stone, were placed in the

earth and interred, except for the tops of their barrels, which remained exposed above the ground. Those guns are still to be seen at Linzolo, which is in the neighborhood of Brazzaville.

When Père Augouard started to build a mission house, the natives ridiculed him because, after he had erected the walls, he cut holes in them and filled the holes—with windows and doors! Unfriendly natives attacked the supply trains, and both missionaries and civilians suffered famine as a result. This suffering was augmented by drought and by disease. The mission had a little boat, but it was useful only on inland waters; it could not get to the seacoast, because great rapids near the mouth of the river prevented. All supplies had to be brought in by safari; and in case of a blockade, the little settlement was deprived of both food and medicine. When Sisters of Saint Joseph of Cluny arrived, in 1892, they were transported from the coast by hammock.

De Brazza was friendly with the newly consecrated Bishop, but he thought Moslemism was better suited than Christianity for the black Africans. "He was a Christian," one of the missionaries wrote, "but one on whose Christianity Rousseau had trespassed."

Brazzaville grew, but there remained in the environs the terrible peril of the anthropophagites. Man-hunting flourished among the natives, and its practices were horrible. There was the custom of selling in the market place the various parts of the human body while the victim was still alive, the parts being marked off with white chalk. The daring of the man-hunters, and their disdain for the guns of the white men, earned them the name of "human hyenas." They boarded boats on the river, and captured both whites and blacks. A mission Brother was killed by them; and two mission priests escaped only after one had had arrows shot through his clothing. But one priest declared that the saddest of his experiences was to be forced to leave the market place without buying all the slaves on sale, because he had money enough for only a limited number of them.

After a score of years of missionary effort, imperceptibly at first and then as a strong popular movement, a change developed in the people. Today cannibalism as a general practice has disappeared. French Equatorial Africa remains, however, one of the most backward of France's territories. It stretches for a thousand miles from

the Atlantic Ocean to Lake Chad, with an area of nine hundred thousand square miles. It is about a quarter the size of the United States, and has a population of three millions. With the Cameroons, it forms the transition ground from Central to West Africa.

Cameroons, with two hundred thousand square miles, was divided after World War I into two mandates, a quarter of the territory and three quarters of a million people going to the British, while the remaining territory and some two million blacks were placed under the French. Cameroons Mountain (which rises precipitously to 13,000 feet) and the greater part of the Cameroons Highlands are on the British side. A certain small area in them is one of the rainiest spots on earth, with an annual fall of over four hundred inches—or over thirty-three feet.

Along the coast of both countries are primeval forests which hoard some of the world's most precious woods. The trees are coated with rich mosses, tangled with lianas, so tightly woven together that the sun never penetrates. Farther back are park-like woodlands; then delightful savannahs of green grass, fresh as lettuce. Finally, around Lake Chad, are dry savannah and scrub-land, the beginning of the desert. Men and money have entered this area but, in French Equatorial Africa particularly, not many men and not much money. In the coast regions here, at least, is the backward Africa of the fiction books.

French missionaries have labored along the coast for a hundred years. I found the atmosphere of the ports of Pointe Noire, Port Gentil, and Libreville placid. The excitement of new foundations has passed; while progress is steady, it is not remarkable.

"Best proof that we need no sympathy here is found in our cemeteries," said Père Briault at Libreville, and he proceeded to demonstrate. "Sisters have been on the coast since 1849. Here is the grave of Mère Edouard Prat, who died in 1927, dean of all Africa. She was eighty-seven years of age, and sixty-three of those years were passed in the tropics. Sister Cyrille died in 1930, in the fiftieth year of her service. We have a Sister with us now who has been at her work over forty years."

But like many another missionary talking of local health conditions, he was whittling down the facts. Gabun and the Middle

Congo, as these coast areas are called, are among the worst areas in Africa for sleeping sickness.

Mounting the coast to the Cameroons, we landed at Duala. In modern times this portion of Africa was German, until the establishment of the French Mandate in 1918. The Hamburg firm of Woermann opened a branch in 1868 and began business. In 1890, when the first Catholic missionaries arrived from Germany, there were five black Catholics in the region. Today there are three hundred thousand, out of a total population of two million. If there had not been a shortage of mission personnel, the figure would be much higher, for the Cameroons are the scene of one of the great conversion movements in Africa, similar to that of Ruanda-Urundi.

"We are beside ourselves, trying to solve the problem of caring for our Catholics, not to speak of the new converts," said Père Chèvrat of the Holy Ghost Fathers. "In Duala we have now sixty-five thousand Catholics for seventeen priests, or four thousand per priest. To accentuate the problem, our people are very fervent and frequent the sacraments by thousands. I hear confessions during most of Friday, and am in the box every Saturday from seven in the morning until half past six in the evening. There is a native woman at the Sisters' convent who works until two o'clock every day, making the tens of thousands of hosts consumed every week. Our present prestige in the colony is enormous. Many do not enter the Church because it is too difficult for them, but they will refer to it as the 'big first.' This is the more remarkable because Protestantism was before us here and gained great numbers of the best stock of the Duala tribe."

The shortage of priests has brought about an extraordinary development in the Cameroons catechist army. There are over three thousand catechists in the colony. In each station is a catechist leader, and there are regional chiefs who make regular tours of inspection and survey the work of each locality.

"Our catechists may not seem well educated," said Père Martin, who was part of our evening circle as we talked, "but they know and can explain their religion better than can many a good Catholic lawyer or doctor of the Western world. Moreover, they have a genuine spirit of zeal. Peter, our table boy here this evening, for

instance, has converted over five hundred. He has two sons and a daughter, and hopes that one of his sons will be a priest. Peter!" Père Martin called to the African, "this priest who is visiting us has been to Rome and has been to the Holy Land."

"To *Rome* and to the *Holy Land*!" the Negro said, staring at me in astonishment. "Have you said Mass at the Holy Sepulcher, Father? Have you said Mass in Bethlehem?"

"Yes, Peter."

"My, Father! You would make a very good missionary here, Father, because you could say to the black folk: 'I have *seen* Jerusalem; I have *seen* Bethlehem.' You would make a very good missionary here, Father."

In Peter's endearing grimaces and postures was the counterpart of the American plantation darky; an ocean separated them, but they were still brothers.

"These catechists are very much loved by the people," remarked Père Chevrat. "Recently a head catechist, Andreas Mbangé, died at the age of sixty-two, after forty-two years of teaching. He was deeply respected as a saintly old man. Some seven thousand turned out for his funeral."

Outstanding also in the Cameroons is the careful premarital training of all young women, a training labeled by the natives with the curious name of *sixta*. Every young man wants his bride-to-be to get the *sixta*, which is in reality a preparation to maintain a Christian household. The name is believed to be a corruption of the German "*Schwester*," and thus refers to the training period spent with the Sisters.

Unless World War II brings to the Cameroons an anti-Christian government, here is a Christian land in the making. The country is at present plagued with labor troubles, for plantations are too numerous for the population. Very wisely, Governor Boisson in 1938 forbade any further concessions. Moreover, he made it clear that he sees the future of the Cameroons in the strengthening of private enterprise among the blacks. In Nigeria and on the Gold Coast, marked prosperity has come through the small native farmer, and not through European plantation owners.

"The key to our problem," states the Governor, "is the strong repugnance of the native to being a salaried worker or employed

farmer. One may say that the native is opposed by instinct to this form of utilization of man by man. A peasant in every fiber of his being, he wants to cultivate the soil on his own account, and to exploit its possibilities to his own personal profit."

Among those who seek to fix the destiny of Africa, there is a tremendous conflict as to whether it is to be a white man's or a black man's continent. At present it holds but one hundred and forty-five million people. On the basis of its habitable areas, as compared with those of other continents, it is capable of supporting between one and two billion. Shall the white man take over at least a portion? A total of three tenths of the continent is considered as possible for white settlement. South Africa has already been claimed by the white man, though the black is still in the majority. General Smuts has put forward the idea of settling the highlands, from Kenya to South Africa, with Europeans, "to establish in the heart of the African continent, and as a bulwark of its future civilization, another white dominion."

The missionary is not interested in political schemes, but social Christianity requires a thought of social justice. World needs may bring whites by millions to the Dark Continent, but of fundamental importance are the rights of the millions of blacks now in possession of the land. The exploiter of Africa speaks callously of "black brawn and white brains." The few years of opportunity enjoyed by the African have proved that, so far as his own happiness and welfare are concerned, he himself can supply in very great measure the brains for the harnessing of his brawn.

XII

Kings

THE GOLD COAST, the Ivory Coast, the Slave Coast, the White Man's Grave—such colorful names have given to West Africa an atmosphere of mystery and legend, which is partly unreal. Far more practical for us is it to think of West Africa in terms of Dakar, the main port between Europe and South America; or of the phenomenal cocoa industry of the Gold Coast; or of the extensive trade in palm oil and ground nuts of Nigeria. These have brought affluence to great areas and have produced an "evolved" African who, in many respects, reminds us of certain sections of India. The coastal regions of West Africa possess a cachet of sophistication, a boisterousness, and a vague uneasiness which characterize men who are no longer simple and not yet mature.

Among the many who have labored for the Church here, a trio of missionary pioneers hold captive my imagination.

The first is a French woman who has been raised to the altars, and who deserves a high place in mission annals, for she was the pioneer woman mission leader of modern times—Venerable Anne-Marie Javouhey. She was a girl of ten during the French Revolution and risked her life many times to fetch a priest to the dying. At the age of nineteen, she founded a community of nuns to care for the sick and the orphans and to teach the poor. They were the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Cluny. In 1819 she sent them overseas to West Africa, and in 1822 she followed them into that field. There were practically no priests in West Africa at the time, except at St. Louis and Gorie, near the present Dakar. And there were no Sisters, either in West Africa or in any pioneer field of the mission world. The medieval concept of nuns as exclusively spiritual holocausts, enclosed within the cloister to pray for mankind and for themselves, was then only in course of change. The communities for active works of charity and education were just

beginning to turn their eyes toward pagan fields. Mother Javouhey was among the bold initiators.

Conditions in West Africa at the time did not permit of great results. Rather, it was in French Guiana, on the northern coast of South America, that Mother Javouhey experienced outstanding success. There she founded settlements, directed freed slaves, opened a leper asylum, and fought the savage opposition of men like a man. In fact, Louis Philippe said of her, "*Madame Javouhey, c'est un grand homme!*"

The second in the missionary trio is Bishop Edward Barron of Philadelphia. He was a strange American accident in this West African scene, for to this day it has remained, except for a few American Divine Word priests, an exclusively European field. Bishop England of Charleston followed with interest the plan to establish in West Africa a colony for liberated American slaves. The result was the modern state of Liberia, the only territory on the African continent not subject to a European power. Bishop England suggested priests to care for the Catholic Negroes in this colony, and Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia gladly gave his Vicar General, Father Barron, who was accompanied by Father John Kelly and a layman, Denis Pindar. As it turned out, that was the first mission band from America to a pagan field, though it was not so planned at the time.

Father Barron (who later was consecrated Bishop, in Rome) covered the African coast from Liberia to the present Gold Coast Colony. Then he went to France to seek missionaries. In Paris he knelt at the shrine of Our Lady of Victories and prayed for priests. At the shrine, he met a Frenchman who had come that very day to pray for a mission field in Africa for his new missionary community. The conclusion of an agreement with this Frenchman was Bishop Barron's most practical accomplishment toward the conversion of Africa. When he reached Africa again, fever soon prostrated him and forced him to return to America, where he died a few years later while ministering to yellow-fever victims in Savannah, Georgia. We may call him Catholic America's first foreign missionary in a pagan field.

The Frenchman whom the Bishop encountered at Our Lady of Victories is the third of our trio—the greatest West African mis-

sion leader of our times, the Venerable Francis Libermann. He was the convert son of a Jewish rabbi. He became interested in Africa through two Creole seminarians in Paris—one from the island of Bourbon, one from Santo Domingo—who zealously talked of helping the ex-slaves. Libermann had fire and fiber. The little community he founded was united to the Society of the Holy Ghost, of which he later became the Superior General. There have been other worthy apostles of West Africa, such as Bishop Bresilhac, founder of the African Missionaries of Lyons, but Libermann looms above them all because of the major contribution which he inspired.

Most of West Africa is controlled by France and Great Britain. France has the larger territory—a million and a half square miles; but Great Britain the larger number of people—some thirty million, as against fourteen million under the French. Until the present war created unrest, all was peace through this vast area, each Government maintaining order by means of a few European troops and some native regiments. But the native leaders are not as dead as some textbooks would indicate. In Nigeria—a British colony of twenty-two million inhabitants—Lord Lugard built up a system of indirect rule which leaves the administration of local laws, education, and health in the hands of the chiefs. They dispose of from fifty to seventy per cent of the local tax money. Similar systems exist throughout West Africa. It is a region where strong native kings and chiefs have been the tradition.

Father Keenan at Benin City took me to see one of these rulers, Oba Eweke II. His kingdom, subjugated by the British in 1897, extended from the city of Lagos to the Niger River, and for three centuries its coast was a haunt for slavers from Europe and America. He has large but not very attractive grounds, and an unpretentious palace of red earth. The wall on either side of the portals has the only attempt at ornamentation, some clay bas-reliefs. The dozen or so palace pages who stood about the courtyard were entirely unclothed. "Thus they have no place to hide a knife," remarked Father Keenan.

We called on the Oba Eweke in his office (an innovation since slaver days!) and hence passed through the throne room and up a dark stairway. He received us quite casually, invited us to be

seated, and seated himself in a wicker chair behind a green-topped desk. He had the air of one who is seldom demonstrative. His raiment was that of an Indian Brahman, or rather of certain Indian Brahmans; for he was uncovered to the waist, and had a milk-white robe draped from waist to feet. He looked well preserved and well formed, his deep black skin oiled to a fine velvet, his close-cropped hair white but still full. About his neck was a very plain necklace, and on his wrists were plain coral bracelets. He carried a large white handkerchief, and as he talked he idly wiped the perspiration from his armpits.

My first question was not a happy choice; I asked him how many subjects he had. "I don't know," he answered glumly.

Father Keenan came to the rescue. "The Oba has over two million subjects," he said. "His kingdom extends traditionally throughout this whole region."

We shifted the subject to the remains of the three Portuguese churches which centuries ago stood here in Benin City. Evidences of these are found in pagan shrines built over the ruins. The Oba didn't know anything about them either, but this time through indifference. All of the rulers in Southern Nigeria (though not the Moslems of the north) are required to guarantee freedom for Christianity. The Alake of Abeokuta, whose palace we visited, is Anglican, while his son is a Catholic; the Oni of Ife, to whose palace we went also, spiritual head of the entire Yoruba people of Nigeria, is pagan like the gentleman on whom we now called. Men of this stamp have little regard for the Faith; it is merely something they are required to suffer.

There was more response when we spoke of the Oba's family. He dwelt at length on personal matters and, rising, led us to the wall to show us a large photograph. "This is one of my wives," he remarked. The picture showed a large touring car, in front of which he stood with a woman and several children. A servant was holding a great ornamented umbrella of honor over his head. How domestic he seemed! Yet a few years ago he was accused of putting a child to death for human sacrifice, and his ancestors have an ugly record of frightful cruelty. One of their refinements was execution by crucifixion.

Some weeks later, Bishop Steinmetz of Dahomey conducted me

to the "court" of another king, though a deposed one, this time in French territory. It was Agoliagbo, the descendant of Behanzin. The latter was one of the fiercest of West Africa's rulers, but was subjugated by the French in 1894. Behanzin had possessed skillful women troops, Amazons, who used Mausers and gave a good account of themselves against the French.

We drove from Whydah, the coast city once Dahomey's great center of fetishism, to Abomey, the ancient capital. The first point of interest was Behanzin's tomb, a circular house with a grass roof which reaches to within two feet of the ground. We crawled under this roof and, as at all these tombs of native rulers, found a group of former wives on guard in the sepulcher. This was a single room with plain white walls, in the center of which stood the coffin, draped with green silk. We then visited the palace grounds, of over sixty acres, and saw the palace wall with its great dry moat. At royal funerals, it used to be customary for hundreds of slaves to be killed, their blood spilled on the grave, their heads mounted on the wall, and their bodies thrown into the moat for the vultures. Now all is decay. What a different story Africa would present, if its rulers had built with enduring materials rather than with mud, for their ideas were in themselves as grandiose as those of many Oriental sovereigns.

The treat of the day was the visit to Agoliagbo. He was the rightful successor to Behanzin, but had never been permitted to take the throne. In his courtyard, as we arrived, were some fifty fetishers and dancers in colorful costumes. The old fellow, who received us in the open, was corpulent and tremulous but smiling and expansive. As we entered he advanced toward us, and then led me by the hand with true royal paternalism to a chair. He wore a peculiar silver-and-ivory lip rest which kept his mouth open and through which he breathed. His flowing robe was white with a tasteful design. When he seated himself, he dropped the robe from his shoulders and revealed great fat folds of flesh.

After the Bishop and the King had exchanged a few civilities, the order was sent out for beer. Three glasses were brought, and they were so thick with dust that the Bishop and I could see the earthy particles mount to the top of the liquid. Maintaining our composure, however, we accepted the proffered hospitality. As we

lifted our glasses, the major-domo, an enormous fellow, opened an umbrella and gave forth a grunting shout. The King's wives, who were squatting near by, bowed their heads to the ground. The umbrella hid His Majesty from us; the other folk turned their backs; and after a moment of theatrical silence, the King and his glass appeared again—the glass empty, for His Majesty had quaffed.

The conversation went on. One of the King's wives knelt near him, holding a silver spit bowl with a little earth in it, into which he expectorated from time to time. Another wife held his pipe, which he lighted after a while. A male attendant on his knees acted as liaison officer between the King and the Bishop, for direct conversation would have been improper. Bishop Steinmetz, incidentally, obeyed all the outward forms, but between exchanges he kept up a fire of sparkling French remarks to me in low voice.

All the while there was an engrossing backstage action. Some ten musicians played with small drums and an instrument which consisted of cowrie shells in baskets, while dancers tripped lightly; then a new orchestra with heavier drums arrived, and the whole tone heightened. A series of performers did their parts, bowed to the ground before the King, and threw dust in the air. The King called up one old man to tell us that his costume, with its leather cuirass and ornate bodice, was that of Behanzin's soldiers. Some of the women carried long daggers in ornate sheaths and wore rich silver arm and neck pieces. There was gravity and decorum about the dancing, hypnotic rhythm in the music, and evidence of keen pride in their profession on the part of all. The dance went on for hours, but at twilight the King escorted us from his courtyard.

Some weeks later at Navrongo, in the interior of the Gold Coast, near the borders of the French Sudan, among the Kasene people, Père Gagnon took me to call upon, not a king, but the principal local dignitary, Chief Awe. Père Gagnon described him as "*naturaliter Christianus*," a good man but impeded by too many wives.

"He has between sixty and a hundred," Père Gagnon explained rather vaguely. "But he has permitted all his children to become Catholics, and one is now a student for the priesthood. One of his daughters would like to enter our native Sisterhood."

At Chief Awe's dwelling the atmosphere was quite different

from that of the more important rulers who aspire to pomp and panoply. He maintained the cleanest African home I had visited. The structures, a series of huts, were of mud, but treated with a glazing that made them apparently as durable as metal or stone. On the walls were tracings in red, black, and other pigments.

I told George, the seminarian, that I should like to have a thoroughly good look at his home. Quite delighted, he presented me to his mother, who seemed one of the principal women of the family. She took me in tow, and led me first through a storehouse to a work hut. There were grindstones, and a woman sang a pretty little ditty as she ground millet.

"It is in praise of my mother," explained George. "The servant who grinds always praises the master's wife for whom she works."

In the next hut a woman deftly stirred native porridge and laughingly invited us to try it. In Chief Awe's hut we found a large and well-made bed, and many articles of clothing neatly hung on nails high on the wall. Next came George's hut and that of the other children of George's mother. This series of huts was one unity in a labyrinth of circles, from which we extricated ourselves only by the aid of George—who led us to the outer fringe of the village. Thus we had inspected the home of a secondary ruler, a chief subordinate to the King, a man of affluence though not of great power.

Sometimes the very highest man on the list is not the most powerful. This is the case among the Mossi people. Moro Naba Kom, who lives in Wagadugu in the French Sudan, and on whom I called with one of the local White Fathers, is head of four million Mossi, but the four provincial rulers under him have much more real power than he. (*Moro naba* means chief of the earth; *kom* means emperor.) Besides lacking power, this particular individual also lacked character, and his palace showed it.

Exteriorly the house was quite attractive, built in Arab style with a courtyard designed for salaams. Moro Naba Kom met us at the door, his huge body garbed in an ornamented black robe, and on his head a red cap decorated with gold embroidery. He shuffled ahead of us into his throne room, gave us a couple of chairs, and squatted nonchalantly on a step of the dais. The entire hall was unkempt, and the dais was littered with various objects, including

an alarm clock out of order and standing on its head. Above the dais was a punkah made of gingham cloth. Several pictures, among which was a painting of Kom himself, hung at rakish angles on the walls. A number of retainers sat about while we talked. They were dressed in plain wraps but wore copper bracelets and brass anklets. A curious manner of snapping their fingers whenever their big man rose, was evidently a warning they gave through habit to all persons in proximity to render him obeisance.

African kings, African chiefs—that night at Wagadugu they figured in the conversation. I mentioned in detail my visits to the Oba of Benin, King Agoliagbo at Abomey, Chief Awe of Navrongo, and now Moro Naba Kom.

"And in every case you saw signs of disintegration," observed a French civil employee who was present.

"Disintegration?" I repeated, perplexed.

"Yes. The green-topped desk of the Oba, the beer of Agoliagbo, the seminarian at Navrongo, the clock on the Kom's dais. Those are the symbols of the new things that are eating into the vitals of Africa. There are three responsible parties: first, Western governments; secondly, Western commerce; thirdly, Christianity. All three are disintegrating the culture, the practices, the life of Africa's past."

"No," answered another man in the circle. "I take exception to your word. Whenever—and I think the instances are rare—there has been disintegration, it has happened because we have made a mistake, we have been wrong in what we did. But neither good governments, nor decent business men, nor missionaries wish to tear down. All missionaries and the farsighted among the laymen wish to build. Today it is the style to talk of the *vocation coloniale*, of the *formation morale* of the native. The life of the tribes is changing, the days of unfettered liberty for kings and chiefs are gone. But neither the white civilians nor the missionaries stand for destruction."

"Speaking for the missionaries, certainly Monsieur is right," said one of the White Fathers quietly. "God has put the missionary in Africa, not for the dissolution of African civilization but for its full growth, for its fulfillment. We aim at crowning Africa's primitive cultures with Christianity and Christian life. True, govern-

ments weaken the chiefs' authority, business men lure 'away the blacks from the villages, the Church upsets African traditions by refusing membership in Christian society unless a man gives up a hundred wives and keeps but one. Wrong is done, however, only when something is selfishly taken away, and nothing put in its place."

Anti-Christian workers are trying to paint a different picture of what is happening in Africa. At Cape Coast Castle on the Gold Coast, one night, a big black with worried face came to the priest with whom I sat and handed him a magazine in English.

"Father," the black Catholic said, "this book says strange things. This book says the missionary wants to take away the black man's land. This book says the missionary wants to take away the black man's liberty. Father, what shall I say to myself when I read this book?"

What, indeed? For it was Communist propaganda, distributed that day through the town by Communist sailors from a boat anchored in the harbor. On the cover of the magazine, which was entitled *The Negro Worker*, was a cartoon of a white man choking a black man to his knees, and a caricature of a Catholic missionary standing by.

"Priest," read the caption, "tell this black man what he must do."

"The black man," replied the missionary through the caption, "must honor, obey, and work for the white man."

How clever are the Communists in painting us as purveyors of evil in terms which the lowly understand!

Africa is no Utopia. A part of the world in which we live, it is seething in its own way with the unrest which is sweeping the earth. As Christians, we can help Africa, not merely by giving to its people pantaloons and dresses, a little gold, a few schools, even a few missionaries, but by laboriously striving to give it complete and full-blown Christian life—in its government, in its economic activity, in its world of the spirit. Most of us have not yet even begun to think regarding the stupendous task which the Dark Continent represents.

XIII

The Moslem Entrenched

BUT FOR the color of their skin, these young men in natty green school-boy coats, sauntering over close-cropped lawns amid simple but dignified college buildings, might be English "public school" boys. Actually, they were native students of Saint Gregory's College of Lagos, the most "evolved" Catholic educational institution on the African horizon.

Opened in 1928, Saint Gregory's is the pride of the Society of African Missions. The boys must complete standard six of the English school system before entering the four-year course, to which is added a normal school for those wishing it. Fourteen acres of valuable land within the modern city of Lagos constitute the grounds, which include cricket and football fields. The boys are "tops" in Lagos for sports, but the priests make them work as well; each youngster, no matter how much cocoa or ground nuts his father owns, must do manual labor every day. A number of the graduates have continued their schooling in the British Isles; thanks to Saint Gregory's, Nigeria now has native sons who possess degrees from the National University of Dublin.

In all West Africa, the Church is making a vigorous effort to build Christian life through schools. There are over twenty-five hundred primary schools, with a total enrollment of some two hundred thousand pupils. But many of these schools are primitive, indeed. I recall one I saw in Navrongo, a creation in mud. The school building was mud, teacher's desk was mud, children's desks were mud, the benches were mud. The teaching in these schools, however, is thoroughly modern. In most cases these simple institutions represent a tremendous effort on the part of intelligent and devoted priests and Sisters. Again at Navrongo, in the far interior of the Gold Coast Colony, there was the kindergarten of Father Robert, who had studied pedagogy at the University of London. This school was pronounced by the Government inspector to be the best of its kind in British West Africa. The inspector remained

four days, sitting as unobtrusively as possible in a corner of the room, while the Sister passed among her infants, who were seated on raised counters in the most approved modern fashion to keep her from breaking her back with bending. He was astonished at the carefully developed Montessori method adapted to the needs of the local children.

What catches most the public eye, and feeds most effectively African vanity, is the secondary school. The Church has some two hundred of these in West Africa, of varying character—few of them, to be sure, as well developed as Saint Gregory's. In Africa, as on every other continent of the globe, the advisability and practicability of a complete Catholic educational system independent of state schools are always under consideration. In West Africa, will the Church plan to give its young a complete education in exclusively Catholic institutions? Or, in the secondary field, will it make use of the great state schools? However beautiful the ideal of a complete Church-controlled training may be, the urgent necessity of employing the best that circumstances offer, provided it is not inherently bad, leads missionaries to the state schools. In Uganda, for instance, the missionaries are co-operating at Makerere College, the largest educational project in East Africa. In the Gold Coast Colony, the Church has similar arrangements to employ the facilities of the Prince of Wales College at Achimota, easily the most ambitious school project in all Africa.

Achimota is the college built from cocoa. The man who knows only bush Africa will gasp when he sees Achimota. For, like Uganda, the Gold Coast Colony is materially a rich country. Its people lack the charm and attractiveness of Ugandans but are their peers in vigor and intelligence. Both countries, oddly enough, are practically the same size, the equivalent in area of the British Isles, and each has a population of between three and three and a half millions. Cotton is the great crop in Uganda, while cocoa is the chief Gold Coast product. The Gold Coast is the largest cocoa-producing country in the world, exporting almost fifty per cent of the world's supply. Again, as in Uganda, an amazing industry has been created within forty years by natives working on their own small plantations. They have combined for their own protection and have displayed remarkable discipline in fighting lustily the

English cocoa interests. As late as 1938, those interests sought in vain to bludgeon the natives into accepting a low price for their crops, a price dictated in London. The London interests lost the fight.

Unlike South Africa, the Gold Coast is a black man's world, even as is Uganda. The Supreme Court Judge is an African; so are the Solicitor General and the Secretary of Native Affairs. In 1939, four thousand Africans were on the Gold Coast staff list, as against eight hundred and fifty Europeans. African clerks who could barely handle a typewriter were receiving a salary of four pounds a week, which was much more than clerks doing similar work were paid in London. In the country's business, Africans are almost in complete control. Recently there was a strike of locomotive engineers; among the hundred and six strikers, there was not a single white man.

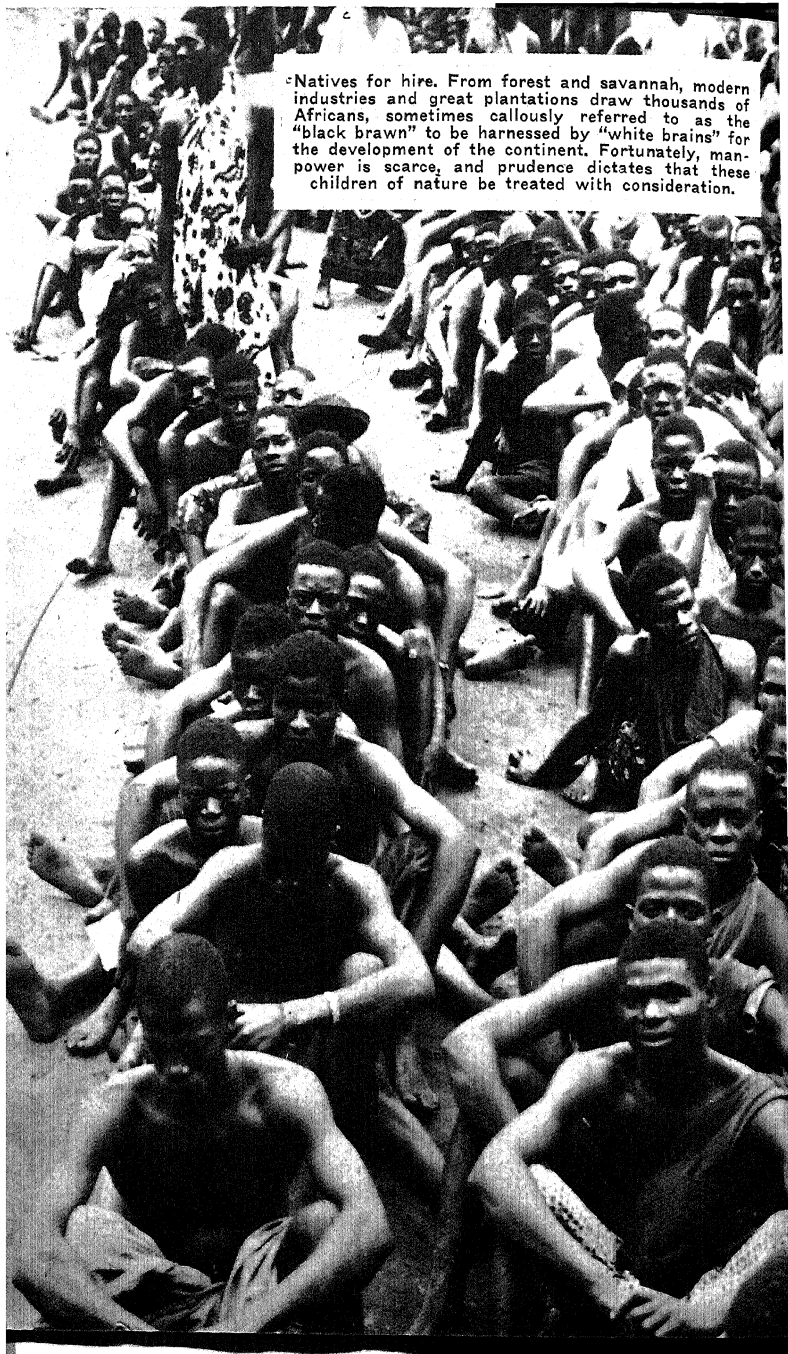
Men cannot have money and position and vigor without wanting education. Hence, among other projects, there came Achimota. Alas, education is ahead of the country, for there resulted a surplus of doctors, lawyers, school teachers, all of whom provide intellectual malcontents who make trouble for both rulers and missionaries. British Africa's growing pains promise to resemble India's. No wonder the French and the Belgians in their colonies (and the Germans in their books on what they *would* do if they had territory) keep quite severely away from higher education in the Western meaning of the word.

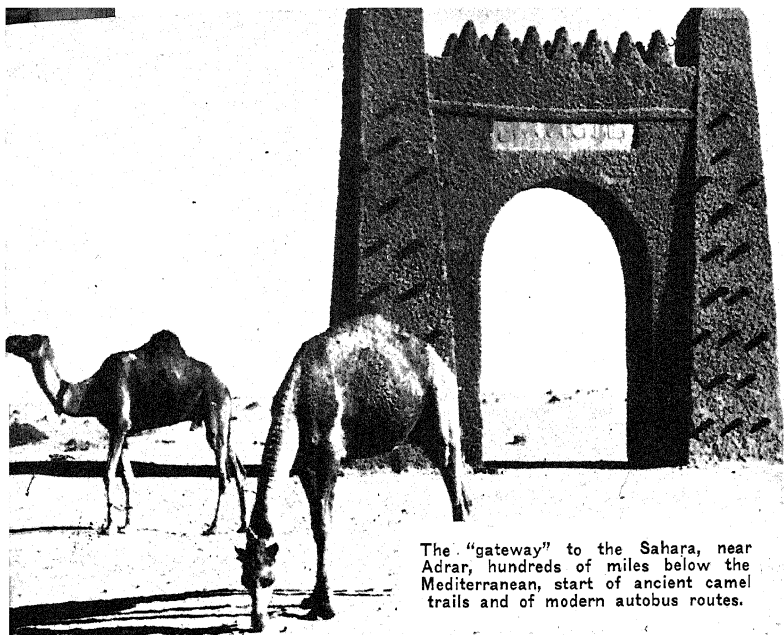
To reach Achimota, the traveler lands first at Accra, seven miles away. Accra is capital of the colony and is a prosperous coast city, dominated by the Castle of Christiansborg, which was built by the Portuguese in 1623. The governor resides within its white battlemented walls surrounded by swaying palms. One morning I put the castle—a delightfully romantic picture—behind me and drove inland toward the horizon of buildings which form the college. A great administration block is dominated by a clock tower; around it are nine residence houses for boys and four residence houses for girls. The attractive buildings are set in spacious grounds, well grassed and gardened. The boys' dining hall can be converted into a theater since at one end it has a stage. There are a good library, extensive laboratories, a large school of domestic



The role of the missionary in North Africa is one of patience and prayer. For the most part, he occupies his days breaking down fanatical hatred, that his successors of generations to come may deliver the Message.

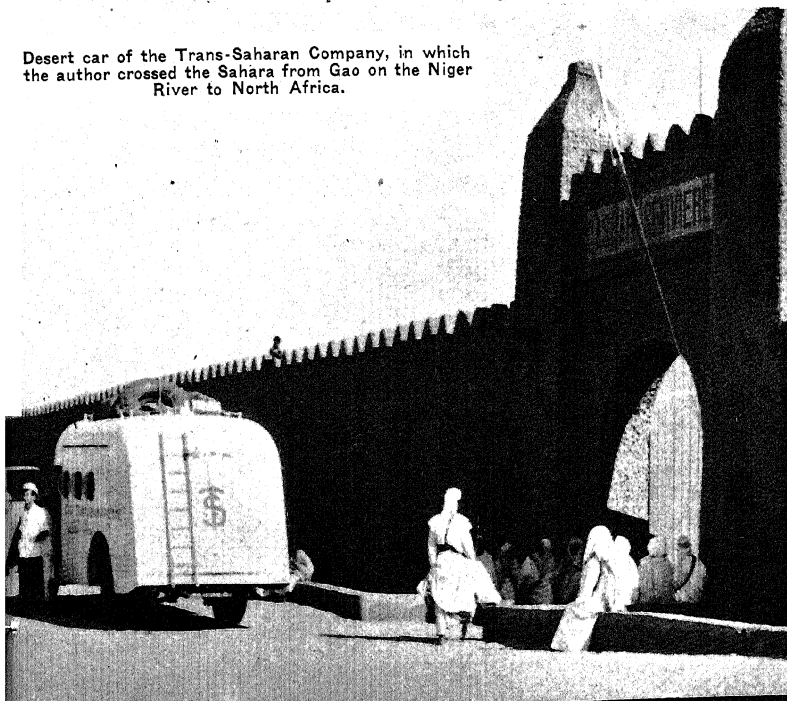
•Natives for hire. From forest and savannah, modern industries and great plantations draw thousands of Africans, sometimes callously referred to as the "black brawn" to be harnessed by "white brains" for the development of the continent. Fortunately, manpower is scarce, and prudence dictates that these children of nature be treated with consideration.

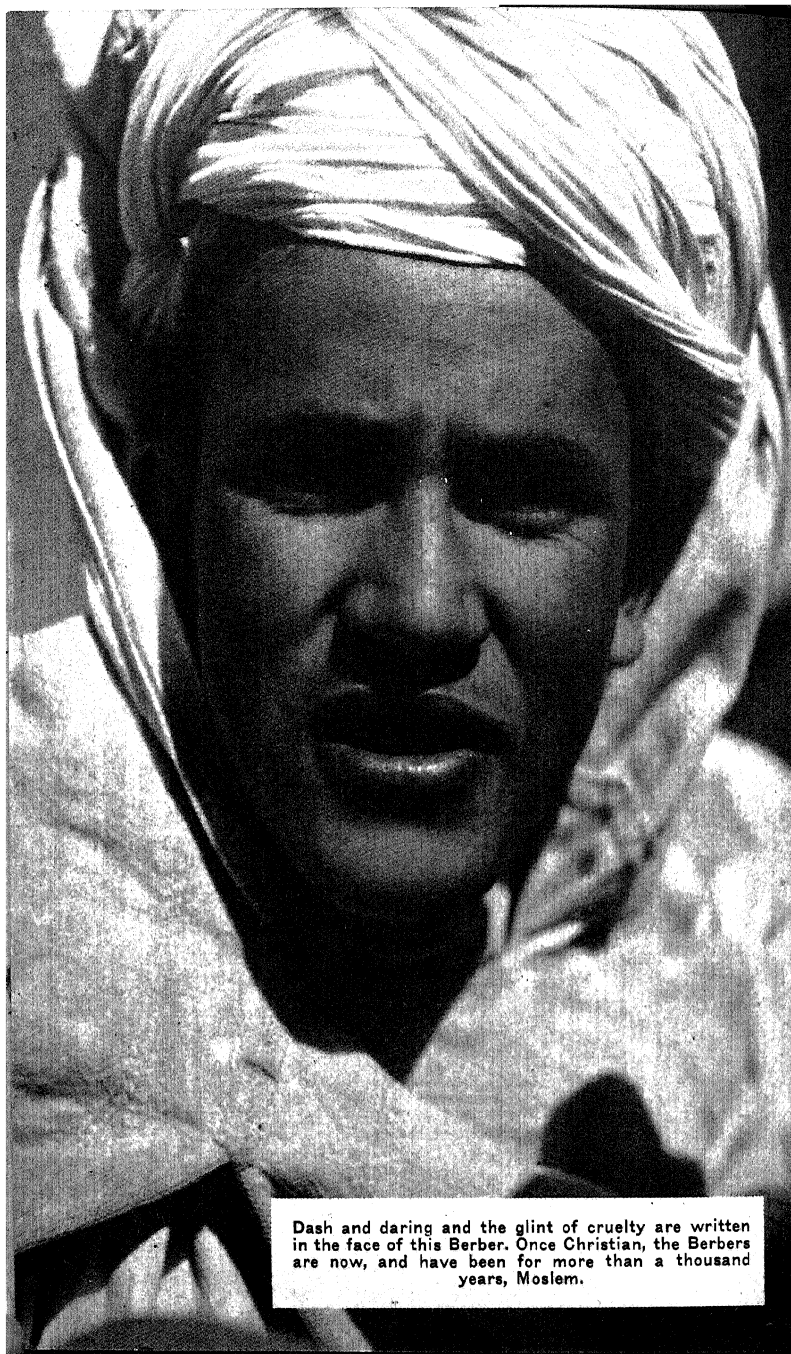




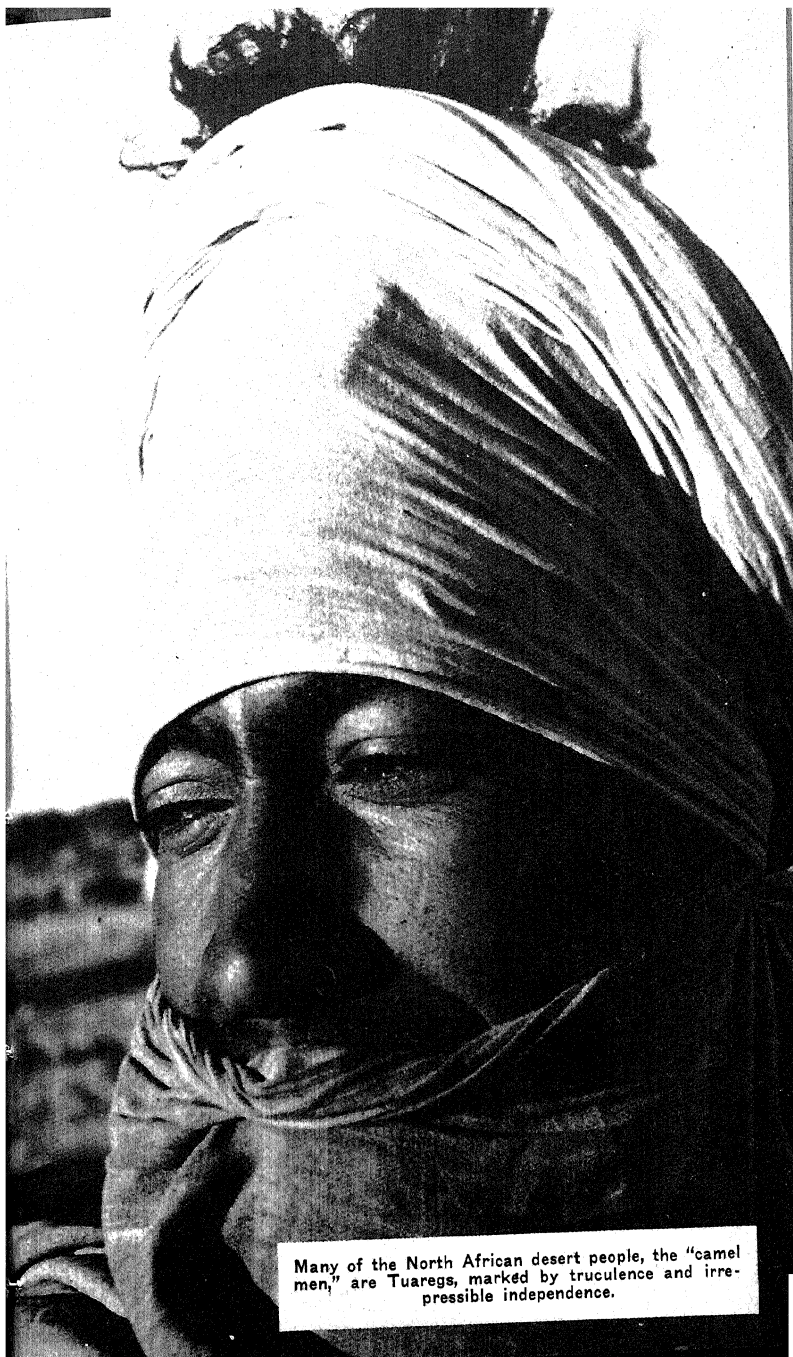
The "gateway" to the Sahara, near Adrar, hundreds of miles below the Mediterranean, start of ancient camel trails and of modern autobus routes.

Desert car of the Trans-Saharan Company, in which the author crossed the Sahara from Gao on the Niger River to North Africa.





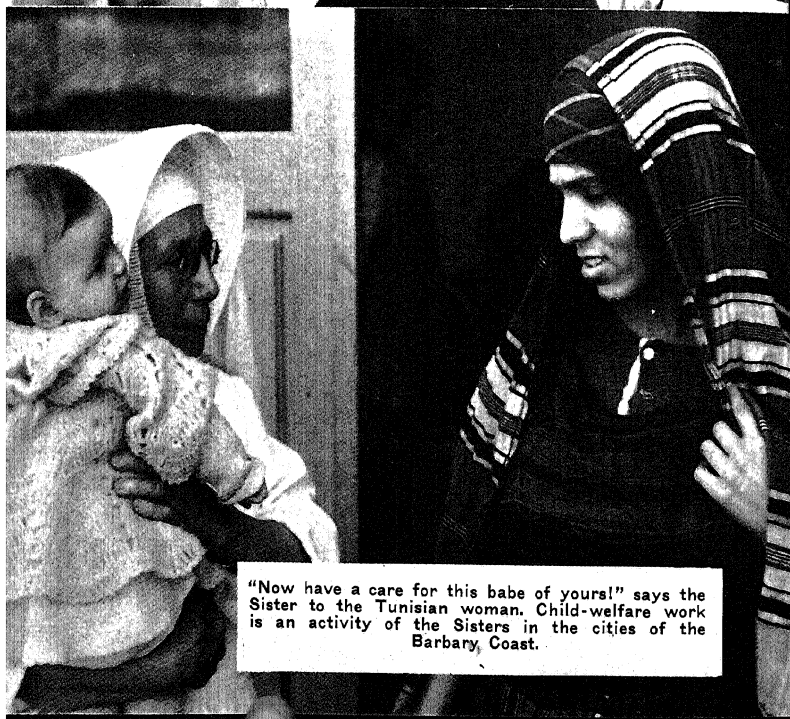
Dash and daring and the glint of cruelty are written in the face of this Berber. Once Christian, the Berbers are now, and have been for more than a thousand years, Moslem.



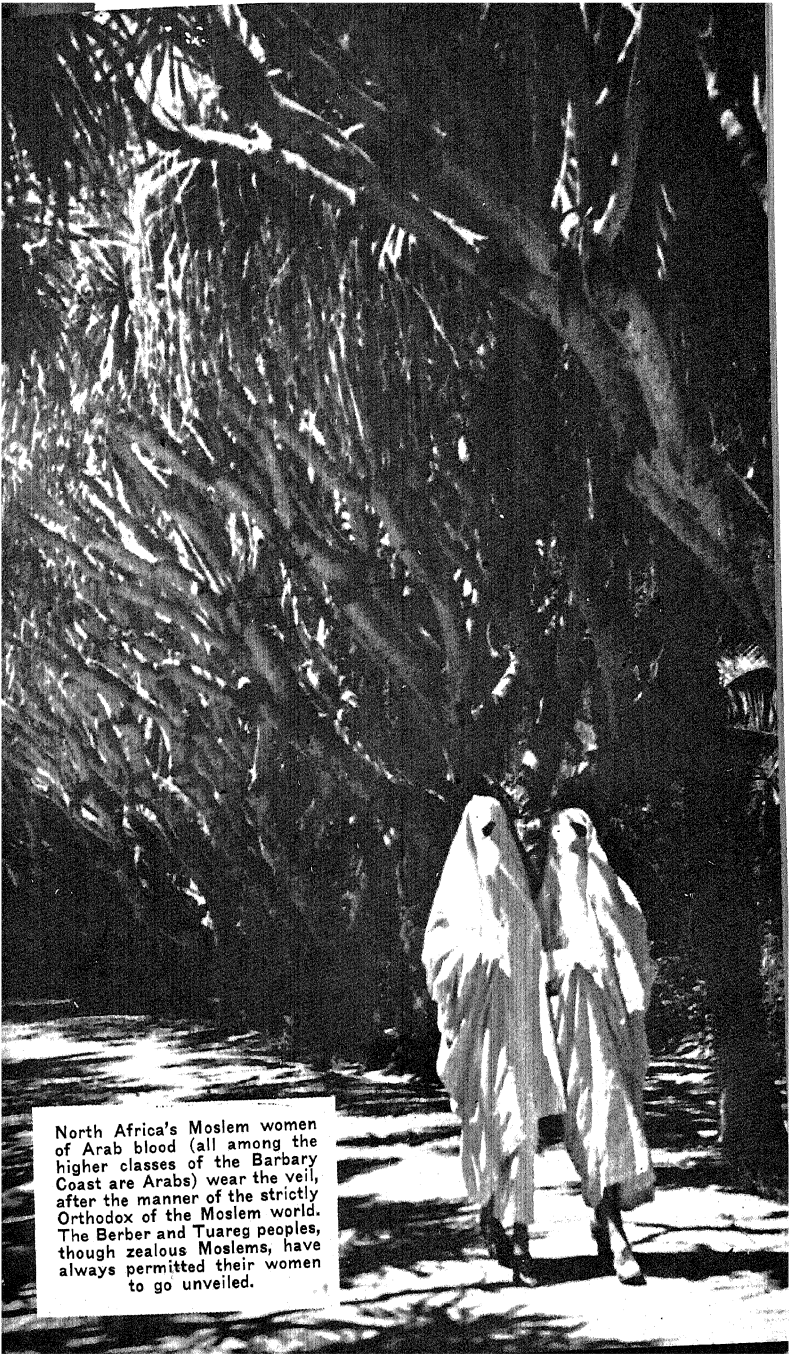
Many of the North African desert people, the "camel men," are Tuaregs, marked by truculence and irrepressible independence.



Passing on a choice bit of gossip in the market place of Tetuan, Spanish Morocco.



"Now have a care for this babe of yours!" says the Sister to the Tunisian woman. Child-welfare work is an activity of the Sisters in the cities of the Barbary Coast.

A black and white photograph showing two women walking away from the camera on a sun-dappled path. They are wearing long, flowing white robes and full-face veils (niqabs). The path is shaded by the large, leafy branches of a tree that dominates the upper half of the frame. The lighting creates strong shadows on the ground.

North Africa's Moslem women of Arab blood (all among the higher classes of the Barbary Coast are Arabs) wear the veil, after the manner of the strictly Orthodox of the Moslem world. The Berber and Tuareg peoples, though zealous Moslems, have always permitted their women to go unveiled.

Berber women at their doorway on the village street. In building homes in native North Africa, no effort is made to relieve the heartless glare of the sun; each village seems a labyrinth of sheer white walls. The confines within are shadowy and cool, the better homes possessing flowered courts and plashing fountains.



science. The venture cost millions of pounds to erect and now has an allowance of sixty-eight thousand pounds per year by legislative decree.

Happily, one of the pioneers on the staff at Achimota was Captain Maxwell-Lawford, an English convert who received from the Holy See the knighthood of Saint Sylvester for his efforts "to secure due consideration for the Catholic pupils of Achimota College in respect to their religious duties, and to insure for them instruction in their Faith." The captain and his wife were tragically killed in an automobile accident a few years ago. In one building I visited the attractive Catholic chapel which had been prepared under the captain's direction. Over the altar designed by his wife, is a painting of Christ in the Temple by the English artist Pippet, who is assigned to Achimota as art director. Morning prayers for the Catholic boys are held in that chapel. It has been the policy of the college authorities to prompt Catholics as well as Protestants to be proud of their respective faiths.

I called on Francis K. Potakey, a graduate of the University of London, who is professor of mathematics and one of the two masters of Lugard House. He is one of the dozen African members of the college board. A modest, simple man, and a good Catholic, he makes a favorable impression. He took me about and arranged for me to meet a number of young men and young women, well dressed and thoroughly equipped with English manners.

"The school breathes of a school in Europe," I observed to Potakey.

"That is the ground for most of the criticism of it," he replied with a smile. "However, whether it is worth all that it cost, or whether it is the wisest of all possible conceptions, seems secondary now. It is here, and its directors wish it to accomplish the greatest possible good. Hence, all of us who desire to see the Church flourish in the colony are glad to see the missionaries take advantage of its facilities to prepare strong Catholic leaders."

The Gold Coast differs most sharply from Uganda in that it does not represent a spiritual triumph for the Church. Catholics number only one hundred and fifty thousand, which is but a quarter of the Ugandan flock. Outstanding among the missions in West Africa is that of the Irish Holy Ghost Fathers, under Bishop Heerey

in Southern Nigeria. Other fields in this region—that of Bishop Rogan, the sage of Buea, and those of Bishop O'Rourke, Bishop Kelly, and Bishop Steinmetz—are likewise flourishing. Two excellent ones are those of the Society of African Missions of the Ivory Coast and of Togo. A small mass movement among the Dagbarri people along the borders of the Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, and French Sudan was the most promising development of the nineteen-thirties.

While there is no spectacular convert movement in West Africa, everywhere there is an earnest native element that wants the Faith. Bishop Taylor, with whom I journeyed over a thousand miles in Nigeria, provided many striking instances of this. On one occasion he had refused baptism to a native because the man did not yet know the catechism well enough. He was astonished to hear that, despite this, the man had gone to Communion.

The missionary sought him out and reproved him. The black fellow, his brow knit intensely, finally said: "Father, I wanted Jesus Christ. You no give me, so I fetch Him myself."

The coast African and, better, the fetishist African of the hinterland, are open to the Christian message. What few realize is that a third of West Africa's population has a closed mind to the Gospel because that third is Moslem. All of interior French West Africa, all of Northern Nigeria, and the interior of Sierra Leone and Liberia are Moslem. Once over the line into the French Sudan—or the Upper Volta Colony, to speak more exactly—evidences multiply that we are in country under Moslem influence. The architecture, the dress of the people, the spirit of the people, are Moslemized. From Wagadugu I set out with Brother David of the White Fathers for Niamey, capital of the French Niger Colony, and for Gao. By the time we reached Niamey we had perceived that the tone of life was that of North Africa. Why should it not be? There have been Moslems here for a thousand years.

Islam is Christianity's most formidable opponent in Africa. Before the European invasion of Africa, that of Islam wrought the greatest number of changes in the social, political, and religious life of the continent. In the seventh century, North Africa was conquered by the Arabs; and as early as the tenth century, Mohammedan merchants had penetrated to the Sudan. By the year 1400,

a small but effective degree of Moslem culture was to be found about Lake Chad, in the heart of the continent. As already noted, Islam arrived early on the East African coast. While its followers sought only slaves, Islamism took root; today the entire eastern horn of the continent, except Christian Ethiopia and a small strip of coast to Mozambique, is Moslem.

In West Africa the most powerful Moslem groups are the Hausa and Fulani tribes. Their principal centers are in Northern Nigeria, but their life looks, not toward the coast or to West Africa in general, but rather toward North Africa. In this region a number of emirates exist, of which the Emirate of Sokoto is the most important. The Emir of Sokoto shares with the Sultan of Morocco the title of "Commander of the Faithful." All the houses in Kano, the capital—from the most modest hut, to the palace of the Emir—are of deep red clay and, with the city's walls and battlements, its towers and mosques, form an ensemble at once of strange charm and of thought-provoking dignity. Here is strength: these tribes are fierce, powerful, and intelligent. To keep them unroused, Lord Lugard long insisted that no Christian missionary intrude into Northern Nigeria. Today, however, Christianity may be preached there, though missionaries as well as Government functionaries continue to tread lightly.

Contrary to popular tales that have gone abroad, Islam has never sent organized missionaries for the winning of the pagans. There have been a few cases of mullahs from Egypt who went to lax Moslems in certain parts of Africa. The Ahmadia movement, a streamlined Moslem sect of northern India, has sent a few propagandists to Africa, but these people are not of the main stream of Islam.

Rather, Moslemism has propagated itself by the open daily acknowledgment of faith by its members, in the way of prayers and other observances. The black African has always seen the Moslem as a political master, or as a richly garbed merchant possessing learning, however limited, superior to his own. The followers of the Prophet were not prone to show race discrimination, and the converted Negro was easily accepted according to his individual gifts. The Negro kept his local customs, his gods and his demons. He remained as superstitious as before; his morals required no

serious readjustment. There was a wonderful lift in the idea of faith in one Allah who ruled the world and in membership in a world religion. Ambitious or progressive Negroes, such as chiefs and the more vigorous among the tribesmen, have found in Islam satisfaction for many of their natural aspirations.

Islam created in past times important centers of learning in West Africa. The schools of Timbuktu, Segu, and Massina were celebrated throughout the Moslem world. Much as in Europe of the Middle Ages, teachers traveled from town to town in the Sudan, gathering pupils for class or engaging in public disputations. Rulers sponsored poets and writers and took pride in their people's knowledge of the Koran. All of this fell woefully short of what today we call learning, but it proved to the pagan that scholastic achievement was expected of followers of Islam.

Moslem schools are almost worthless as regards educational value, for they occupy themselves solely with memorizing and copying the Koran. But they exist in every Moslem village. The British Government has counted over thirty-one thousand such schools in Northern Nigeria.

"What about this idea of certain colonial officials that Islam is the ideal religion for the African?" I asked the missionaries at Koupela.

"It is like saying that the ox cart is the ideal means of communication for the African," replied one missionary, "because it is faster and better than walking, and because the automobile would require too much training and discipline. Officials who talk this way think the African is half a beast and should be allowed to wallow in his low morals. They see that Islam gives the crude fetishist something he didn't have before; namely, a feeling of greater self-possession and a sense of security in belonging to a large and proud group, rather than standing alone. It is these very advantages that make the movement toward Islam so damnable. Islam gives the African just enough to pander to his vanity, to cover his crudeness and nakedness; thus is lost the aspiration to better things, which leads so many to Christianity."

Brother David and I passed our time with Moslems as we moved toward the Niger River. Outside a village of Moslem Perhls, we camped in a traveler's hut. Folk around us performed the salaams

of evening prayer and mumbled their ejaculations. A Moslem traveler with three wives camped near us, and Brother struck up an acquaintance that paid dividends in an African supper. The friendly women first prepared us *cous-cous* in true African style, which means dry millet over which a piquant sauce is poured. Then there were stewed chicken with sauce still more piquant and a huge bowl of large mountain rice of the red variety. This last was a godsend, since it served as balm for the mouth, on fire from the burning peppers.

When all was over, I called to the man of the party, who spoke French, to thank the women for their splendid dishes. "That he will never do," said Brother, with a laugh. "No Moslem woman gets thanks for her work—certainly not from her husband."

There was a huge full moon which turned the thin savannah country to silver. Brother David and I sat outside the hut, and in the silence I asked myself how many millions, tens of millions, of women cook supper without receiving thanks. Many indeed, even among Christians. But when we omit thanks, we know we have neglected something. Such is not the case among these "masculine" religions like Moslemism, which admit no place for thanks to a woman.

A "Thank you!" does not seem much—at first thought it is hardly worth coming to Africa to teach. But really the "Thank you!"—gratitude—is quite essential to living, and Christianity is the spreading of life. "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." To replace the philosophy of life that excludes gratitude, by that which includes it, certainly is an accomplishment worth journeying a long way to achieve.

XIV

Heart of the Sahara

IT WAS the coldest day of the year, they told me, the January morning that we rose betimes and began the journey from Niamey to Gao, along the Niger River. The Negroes shivered and drew their thin cotton wraps around them. To me it seemed as lovely as New England Indian Summer. Indeed, the sallow steppe, the gray-green clumps of bush, of this border land of the Sahara were vaguely suggestive of the cranberry-bog country of Cape Cod.

Arrived at Gao, I felt like one who was about to put to sea. Of course the idea is not my own, for many have likened the Sahara Desert to an ocean and the journey across it to a voyage by ship. The principal resemblance lies in the necessity of taking aboard the desert autobus everything required for the transit, since absolutely nothing can be had along the way. And should unforeseen circumstances deprive us of food and water for man and motor, the result would be similar to drifting in an open boat on the waves—it would be quite disastrous. Veteran Saharans still tell of the catastrophe of 1805, when a great caravan of over two thousand camels with two thousand riders was so delayed by various causes that the water gave out: every last man and every camel died of thirst.

Certainly we were not very near the real sea. Gao is over a thousand miles from the Atlantic Ocean mouth of the Niger River; while north to the Mediterranean is a distance of some eighteen hundred miles, of which over a thousand are desert to the borders of Algeria. These distances and the lack of satisfactory communications make the western Sudan one of the most isolated parts of Africa. The old camel routes across the Sahara are no longer practical. The two most celebrated routes were the "Road of the West," which was the trail from Timbuktu, on the Niger, to Marrakash in Morocco; and the route from Kano, in northern Nigeria, to Tunisia. Either route required eight weeks. For some years now, an autobus service, requiring only one week for the trip, has been maintained.

There is no automobile road, but the hardy busses take both the rough and the smooth as offered by the untouched surface of the terrain. France appointed a Trans-Saharan Commission to fix the route for a railroad from southern Algeria to this town of Gao, whence it would bifurcate and go both south to Niamey and west to Segou via Timbuktu. There is tragic irony in the report that the German conquerors of France have issued orders to begin the construction of this huge but valuable project.

The Trans-Saharan Railroad would be of immense military importance, in that Dakar, on the western extremity of Africa, could be reached overland from the Mediterranean. Dakar is much nearer to South America and even the United States, than it is to France; armies could go more than half way to Brazil without perils of sea. Such a railroad would likewise be of great economic value, for western Sudan holds enormous untapped riches. The Niger River from Bamako to Timbuktu has annual floods as great as those of the Nile; hence the area is described as a potential Egypt, where cotton and other crops could be raised by millions of acres. Moreover, the ranching possibilities of western Sudan are comparable to those of the Argentine pampas and the Australian downs.

Thus life promises to be born anew in this thinly populated waste. The name of Timbuktu has been legendary in the West, a symbol of all that was remote and different. Since the twelfth century, the town served as the emporium of the Sudan, for all desert and savannah routes converged there. When Cardinal Lavigerie, in 1875, first planned the conversion of Africa, he sent forth to Timbuktu three of his young priests—Fathers Paulmier, Bouchand, and Menoret—on camel back. They were murdered somewhere along the desert route. In 1881 he sent out another three, Fathers Richard, Morat, and Pouplard; they also were killed in the weird and dangerous world of the Sahara. Thus Timbuktu took a toll of six missionaries' lives. It was finally reached from the West African coast. A corporal's guard of missionaries labor today throughout the Sudan and the Niger Colony, chiefly among groups of African Negroes. A line from Timbuktu to Khartoum, on the Nile, divides Negro Africa from the Hamitic and Semitic peoples of the north, who are dominantly Moslem.

Timbuktu and Gao are now but wretched villages. From the

starting point of the desert bus service, at Gao, can be seen the tombs of the Askian kings who had their capital there and ruled over what in its heyday was known as the greatest Negro empire in West Africa.

The Sultan of Marrakash, in far-off Morocco, sent an army against Gao. "Your King's palace," said the Moroccan leader, "is not worth a donkey driver's hovel in our country!"

Thereupon, with the age-old disdain of man for man, he proceeded to destroy the city. It has never again risen; its peoples are dispersed, laboring miserably in far lands to earn a few francs to pay their head tax. The Westerners would now like to reunite them, chiefly because labor shortage will be the new Sudan's gravest problem.

My companions across the Sahara were Monsieur Barre, a business man from Dahomey; Monsieur Reneau, our radio man from the Seine; and Monsieur Cheval, our Breton chauffeur. We made a congenial quartet together. From Gao to El Eouit we rode through the valley of the Tilemsi, where stunted trees and tufted grass prove a rich game sanctuary. Particularly interesting were the gazelles, which in their fright raced parallel to our car and crossed in front of it, though Cheval was pushing it at fifty miles an hour. Both Reneau and Cheval tried shots at the charming little beasts but, to my secret satisfaction, missed them.

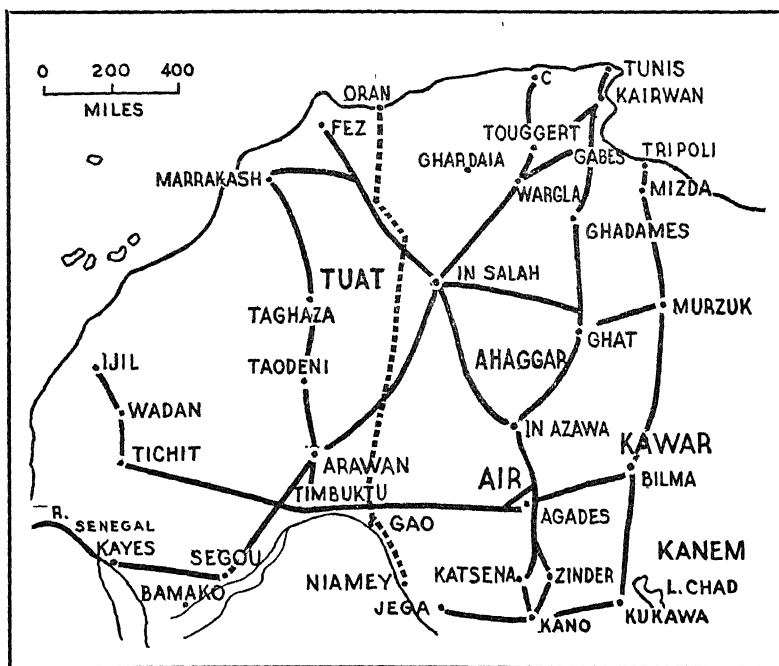
On the first night of our desert journey, we camped at Tabankort, the last Sudan outpost, one hundred and thirty miles north of Gao. It is occupied in winter by a sergeant and thirty Senegalese soldiers to guard against raids from Rio de Oro. It is a furnace in the summertime. Then the southern Sahara is one of the hottest spots on earth, with the thermometer at one hundred and twenty degrees every afternoon at two. Sergeant Bruneau invited us into his mud fort for supper, and then Reneau talked to Gao and Reggan with his neat little apparatus, which he was required to operate on fixed schedule—morning, noon, and night. Business over, he turned on some music from Paris.

Outside the fort were six straw huts shaped like Eskimo igloos, and each of us was given one for himself. They contained camp bed, table, chair, tin basin, lantern. The wind moaned a little outside, but the moon was full and rich. In a neighboring goat

fold the herd huddled in silence. The quiet was now and again broken by a human voice and sonorous laughter, but these did not spoil the charm of the night.

At half past two in the morning, Reneau roused us, gave us some black coffee and a toast biscuit, and we were on our way

SAHARA ROUTES, ANCIENT AND MODERN



The most celebrated camel routes across the Sahara were Marrakash to Timbuktu and Tunis to Kano. The modern auto route runs from Oran to Gao and Niamey on the Niger River. The contemplated Trans-Saharan Railroad is to follow this route.

by three. We had gone sixty miles when the sun popped up, preceded by a pale pink on the clouds. During the morning we crossed some rough ground, the worst of the route, at times causing our car to bounce along as over a fallow corn field and again to whine painfully in first speed through soft sand. Guide signals, which the French call *valises*, were the only construction along the way. They gave the kilometers ahead and the kilometers behind. Our last sight of a human being was that of a Tuareg woman

working a field in a small oasis. By afternoon every sign of life, every blade of grass or withered shrub, was gone.

Gone, because we were then in the desert of deserts, the classic desert of the world, the Tanezrouft. This is an area six hundred miles from north to south and two hundred from east to west, in great part as smooth as a billiard table. It makes excellent going for an automobile, but for centuries it was dreaded by the caravans, for in all the area there is not a single well. At night we camped in the heart of the Tanezrouft, at a spot bearing the curious name of *Bidon Cinq*. This means Gas Tank Number Five. When the route was first laid out, a series of ten fuel deposits were installed, of which this was the fifth in the line. The others were soon abandoned as impractical, but *Bidon Cinq* remains; and for those who dream of a great tomorrow for the Sahara, *Bidon Cinq* has taken on symbolic greatness as signifying the heart of things. It is to the Sahara what Times Square is to New York. When the Trans-Saharan railway will have been built, the station master at *Bidon Cinq* will boast that he has the honor to command the halfway point.

Meanwhile the boasting is done by Abdul Qader, the hermit of *Bidon Cinq*—who, however, is a hermit no longer, for he has acquired a wife, Fatima by name.

"There is Abdul!" Reneau cried at twilight, as far in the distance we saw a black spot on the horizon and the faint flickering of a lantern. By the time we arrived, the sun had set and the lantern gleamed brightly. "You must meet Abdul," said Reneau, and his first act on alighting was to call this pleasant little fellow and his bashful wife.

"Abdul was born on the oasis of Reggan," explained Reneau, "and hence is at home in the desert. He's lucky to have his wife with him, so the long days between bus arrivals can be punctuated by an occasional good quarrel to break the monotony.

"One of the company's greatest problems was to secure a guardian for this post. The first man here went out of his mind from the isolation. The second man sold his water supply to a private automobilist who passed through; soon after, as luck would have it, our bus broke down and a trip was omitted. Running out of water, the man started in his frenzy to walk toward Reggan. Our driver

found his body along the way, where he had fallen in his tracks and died of thirst. The third guardian also went out of his mind. As we approached one evening, he came within an ace of smashing his lantern into the gasoline tank and blowing us up. Abdul seems to solve the problem, with the help of Fatima."

Our quarters were two dismantled desert busses equipped with beds. Bidon Cinq is memorable, however, not for the accommodations, but for the horizon. This is a single line, a perfect circle, where flat, limitless sand meets the limitless sky. I walked slowly in the moonlight about our little camp, my eyes fixed on the distant joining place of heaven and earth. There are few spots on the globe where material things are reduced to such a simple common denominator. The author of *Kabloona* stood in the Arctic waste and had a similar experience. He was awed by the unearthly silence. So was it here in the Sahara. No wind moved the leaves, for there were no leaves, no trees for leaves. No birds sang, for there were no birds. No water eddied or tapped, for there was no water. No beast took fright and scurried in the darkness, since for hundreds of miles there were no beasts. Only the quintessence of desert: sand under foot, sky overhead. Here was solitude.

Some Frenchman has said, "The dearest wish of the truly unimpeded man is to seek refuge in the desert." At Bidon Cinq I thought of Charles de Foucauld. Along the great camel route from Tunis to Kano, which lay to the east of me, were the desert heights of Ahaggar. In the mountains outside Tamanrasset, he had built a hermitage six feet by twenty feet, and there he long held communion with the All-Present. He had been a brilliant and atheistic French army officer and had made a name for himself in North Africa. But it was not a career he desired; it was Reality. Hence the priesthood, and then the desert.

"Since I was twenty, I have always relished the sweetness of solitude," De Foucauld wrote. "Even in my non-Christian days, I loved the solitude of beautiful nature along with books, but now all the more when the sweetness of the invisible world prevents one's solitude from ever being lonely. The soul is not made for noise, but for meditation . . . Man, however, has launched out into endless discussions: the little happiness he finds in loud

debates is enough to show how far they lead him away from his vocation."

This last may sound a bit misanthropic. Was De Foucauld a mere pessimist? Quite the contrary. He called the Sahara Desert his parish, and the ten thousand Tuaregs of its oases his missionary flock.

"You must be simple, affable, and good to the Tuaregs," he wrote. "Love them and make them feel they are loved, so as to be loved by them. Don't be the assistant surgeon, or even the doctor with them; don't take offense at their familiarities or their easy manners: be human, charitable, and *always gay*. You must always laugh even in saying the simplest things. I, as you see, am always laughing, showing my very ugly teeth. Laughing puts the person who is talking to you in good humor; it draws men closer together, allows them to understand each other better; it sometimes brightens up a gloomy character; it is a charity. Always laugh."

Such was the renowned modern hermit of the Sahara. True, he did not convert great numbers; and despite all his efforts, he received, in 1916, the bullet of a Senussi rebel that ended his days. But throughout the desert country, Charles de Foucauld has accomplished more good than all the colonial functionaries. A Moslem writer, Amenokal Moussa ag Amastan, says of him: "The renown of our marabout [Moslem word for holy man] is great in Ahaggar. The folk to whom he did good, and that means all folk of Ahaggar, honor his tomb as if he were still alive."

At El Golea, where De Foucauld once passed some weeks, a Moslem notable spoke of him with reverence for the remainder of his days. "When I called to see him," he used to relate, "he said to me, 'May the Lord be with you!' and that expression moved me to the bottom of my heart."

Next morning we made another early start, fortified with Reneau's treat of black coffee without sugar and a toast biscuit. The greater part of the day passed without incident, for the desert was hard and smooth and we flew along, watching only for sand storms. One small one did delay us slightly, as we sat for about ten minutes in the tightly closed car, which did not attempt to move until the storm had whirled by. Even with every window

shut, the wind-blown sand somehow penetrated the car, covering everything with a yellow powder.

Late in the afternoon we reached a slight eminence, and far off on the horizon to the north was a welcome sight, a plateau crowned with the oasis of Reggan. On it, amid date palms, stood two red-walled structures, a French fort and the *bordj* (Saharan name for our Wild West blockhouse, though the Saharan structure is of mud) of the Trans-Saharan Company. We experienced a distinct thrill as we rode furiously through the untenanted world of sand toward those gaunt habitations and groves which have life through the bounty of a curious underground aqueduct. It was a pleasant sensation to drive through the high, inviting gates of the *bordj* to the parade within, where we found a hospitable little hotel.

To accentuate the nature of the welcome he had prepared for us, Monsieur Bauret, the host, appeared at the door togged out immaculately in white, wearing his most sparkling smile. He offered what he knew we desired most ardently, a bath. "And use all the water you wish!" he exclaimed with regal generosity. "We have ten thousand gallons awaiting you in our tanks."

This fort and sentinel-chateau of Reggan are built well out in the desert, a hundred miles below Adrar, which is itself remote border country in relation to the inhabited areas of Algeria. At Reggan we were to leave the desert autobus, which after each crossing of the sand has to be completely overhauled, and to take a lighter car. Two long, hard days of driving were ahead of us before we should arrive at the railhead of Colomb-Bechar; but once Reggan has been reached, the trying stages of the Sahara crossing are over. At Reggan were a settlement and soldiers. There were the *meharis*, the exotic camel troops that had taught respect to the fierce nomads. There were France's frontiersmen, pacifying a world that for a millennium has been at the mercy of the raider.

Hard men they must be, we would conclude, if we merely contemplated the task they have to perform. This was my view, until I met some of the men themselves. At Reggan we visited the chief of post, Adjutant Denis, who had just returned from a sortie of several weeks in the desert, hunting a band that had attacked

the Tuat Oases. We found the valiant adjutant in shirt sleeves in his garden.

"The raiders? Oh, yes, we caught them," he answered vaguely. "I am so delighted you came. I want to show you what wonderful things one can grow here with a little water. Every one of these plants I put down myself—a pretty job, *n'est-ce pas?* But I must not take all the credit for the upkeep. Boland helps me—Boland is the officer of the military police. Monsieur Boland!" he called, "we have visitors."

Boland appeared. "Do you have any hunting hereabouts?" asked Barre.

"Very little," answered Denis. "There are only small birds, and I must confess I find more pleasure in listening to them sing."

"There are a few gazelles also," said Boland, "but they are so gracious, I think it is a pity to shoot them."

From women, such comments might seem sentimentality and might provoke smiles, but from soldiers they were very attractive.

At Colomb-Bechar, a post of the Foreign Legion, Barre and I said goodby to Reneau and Cheval. There was something stale about the train ride that followed, through busy regions to Oran and Algiers. I kept thinking of the empty desert, of Charles de Foucauld who set up his hermitage deep in the labyrinth of its dunes, who rose at midnight to taste the sweetness of virginal sand, soft winds, and sky.

XV

The Western Isle

MOST Christians who live in North Africa think no more of the conversion of the Moslems than the Christian citizens of New York think of the conversion of the Jews. In the eyes of the rank and file of North African Christians, the Moslem has revealed himself as a dangerous rival or a deadly enemy. Traditionally he has been both. Only exceptional figures, such as Saint Louis of France, Saint Francis of Assisi, Blessed Ramon Lull, and Cardinal Lavigerie, had eyes to see that the Christian world falls far short of its duty if it merely defends itself against Islam—that it has something to give the Moslem that will benefit him and the world at large.

North Africa in its broadest sense can be taken to mean the entire area from the “horn” at the Gulf of Aden, north along the Red and Mediterranean Seas, past the Strait of Gibraltar, to the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco. Thus understood, it embraces four regions: Ethiopia, Egypt, Italian Libya, and the Barbary States. Each of these is quite effectively cut off from the others, and from the rest of Africa, by geographical obstacles.

Ethiopia is so completely isolated by mountains and desert that, in centuries gone by, it had more relations with Arabia than with Africa. Many of its inhabitants possess a strong Semitic strain. By culture and religion, the inhabitants of this corner of Africa are divided into three groups: first, the Ethiopian Christians, who in the fourth century received the Faith from Egypt, and today, although out of touch with the Holy See and fallen through ignorance into many superstitions, are devotedly Christian even to the point of fanaticism; secondly, the Moslems, almost as powerful as the Christians; thirdly, the pagan Bantus of the marginal country.

King Menelik II was the vigorous ruler of modern Ethiopia who made his country strong enough to withstand for a long period all European aggression. After an interregnum, he was succeeded

by Emperor Haile Selassie, who was overthrown by the Italians in 1934-1935, but whom the British returned to the throne during World War II. In 1927 I journeyed with a group along the quaint, narrow-gauge railroad, the five hundred miles from Jibuti, on the Red Sea, to the mountain capital of Addis Ababa, eight thousand feet above sea level, and called on this worthy ruler. As a young man he was prepared in the culture of the West by a Catholic missionary, later the episcopal ruler, Bishop Jarosseau. Emperor Haile Selassie is appreciative of the spirit of the Catholic Church, and if politics did not complicate the picture, he would be inclined to favor a *rapprochement* between the ancient Christian body in Ethiopia and the See of Peter. The shabby, selfish treatment his people have received from Christian nations precludes any such move. The best hope for the Church in Ethiopia at present lies among the humble Bantus.

Italy planned making Ethiopia a colony for settlement. The country about Lake Tana, at the headwaters of the Blue Nile, is as promising as the Kenya highlands, though the best land is from seven thousand to ten thousand feet above sea level. In a remarkably short period, more than thirty thousand Italians had taken up residence on Ethiopian land. The war brought an end to this program.

Egypt is a river land set within a vast encircling desert, and for thousands of years it has looked toward the Near East and very little toward the African continent. Saint Mark preached the Gospel there, and for centuries it was a flourishing Christian country. The Moslems changed all that. Rivaling in interest the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the greatest sights in Cairo today are the gorgeous mosques of Islam. In the population of fourteen million, over a million are Christian, but less than a hundred and fifty thousand are united with Rome. Very little mission work is attempted there for the moment.

Italian Libya is next along the coast. In Greek and Roman days it was a land of life and beauty; the marble ruins of great cities speak of its former prosperity and culture. Today it is a sea of sand, populated by less than a million souls. Moslemism rules and is bitterly fanatical, principally because of the Senussi brotherhood that has its center on the oasis of Kufara. Sturdy Italian peasants to the

number of over a hundred thousand were finding a way to make the parched land flower again, when World War II interfered.

Thus we come to the Barbary States, west of Libya, easily the largest and most populous portion of this North African world. What is now Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco was once Christian country, the country of Saint Augustine and of hundreds of active dioceses. Islam swept through here and crossed the Strait into Spain. Today, the traditions, the culture, and the religion are Moslem.

The Arabs call the Barbary States *Moghreb*, or the Western Isle. In truth they represent an island surrounded by water and the great desert. The majority of the inhabitants recognize no political frontiers within the region, though each of the three countries has a distinctive spirit. For half a century France has dominated there, has brought peace, and has encouraged the settlement of a million and a half Europeans. Casablanca, at one extreme, is a European city of a quarter of a million; Tunis, at the other end, is likewise European—its African element is a bare third of the city's population. Great vineyards and farms have made the region a supply house for the French mother country across the water. Algeria elects her own deputies to the French parliament. And to the French mind, the shrine of *Notre Dame d'Afrique*, which looks out over the Mediterranean at Algiers, is the sister of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, on the hill high above Marseilles.

Once there was a sharp distinction in the Barbary States between the Berbers, the people who dwelt there originally, and the Arabs, who came as conquerors. Today this distinction still exists, though it has been greatly lessened. The Berbers are Hamites; the Arabs, Semites. The Berbers once were Christian; the Arabs were followers of the Prophet. Slowly, despite stubborn resistance, Christian culture and religion gave way to Islam. North Africa is the outstanding example in history of a complete Christian defeat, of a mass apostasy, under duress, of a great Christian people. Today Berber and Arab alike are Moslem. The distinction between them is rather one of occupation and circumstances of life. The Berbers are the agriculturalists, live in villages, follow farming and village traditions. The Arabs are "camel men," that is, true nomads; and

"cattle men," that is, semi-nomads; while some, indeed, are agriculturalists. Both peoples possess much of the blood of the other. But the camel men, the tent dwellers, ruled by their sheiks, are contemptuous of the workers of the soil. Before the French came, the Berber was to the desert Arab merely fit prey for raids.

In the Barbary States, the Church has its place among the Europeans. But among the native peoples it is represented only by a few apostles of silent courage who, as living examples of lofty Christian ideals, seek to prepare seemingly hard hearts for a more hopeful tomorrow.

To this type belongs the young French Franciscan, Père Poissonnier. At the time that I passed through North Africa, he was stationed at Tazert, forty miles from Marrakash, in Morocco. So far as European companions were concerned, he was as much a hermit as Père de Foucauld. His task was to win the peasants, the Berber fellahs of his neighborhood, by his charity. He made himself their doctor and their nurse. He dispensed quinine, gave injections, washed and dressed many hideous wounds. Famine came, and he gave out food. The means at his disposal were small, but once or twice a week he could apportion bread and rice to some thousands of hungry people, and he did it humbly, unobtrusively, with his own hands.

Thus things went until 1938. On February 4 he wrote: "At the end of a day like today, during which I distributed bread to more than three thousand persons, both the bodies and clothing of whom were in most frightful condition, you can divine that I feel fatigued this evening. I should do wrong to complain; I came here to make known the charity of Christ, and have had all the opportunity my heart could desire. Now a little black spot appears; typhus has come to the region. If the Lord wishes me to continue, He will not find it difficult to keep me whole despite this plague."

Into the midst of the typhus sufferers went Père Poissonnier. "You are good; you are like the true Mussulman," said the suffering poor. "Your religion must also be great," they murmured.

But all this was only for a few days. Then fever took possession of the hermit of Tazert. He found strength enough to celebrate Mass for a last time, and permitted himself to be carried to Marrakash. There death interrupted his charity. His life was short,

unspectacular, a mere cupful of water poured upon a dried-up earth. But it is the Père Poissonniers who will one day overcome the resistance of the Moslem hosts.

Outside Algiers is the *Maison Carrée*, the celebrated central training house of the White Fathers. There I met Monsignor Nouet, Prefect Apostolic of Ghardaia. Ghardaia is one of those city-like oases to the south of Algeria, a natural center for the region. It has eleven thousand inhabitants and more than a million date-palm trees. For the Church it is the center of the entire North African desert world, for its Prefect Apostolic is responsible for all the mission work of the region behind the line of coastal territories.

Monsignor explained that some sixty White Fathers are at work among the Moslems. "They are thoroughly content that they are building for the future," he said. "As an instance, Père David has been over thirty years in the Sahara, he has made but two or three converts, but never for a moment does he doubt that he has lived a full life of accomplishment."

"There are graces of light and graces of blindness," remarked Père Maze, also present. "I think the ordinary missionary would become discouraged if he comprehended the magnitude of the task. True, David's life has been magnificent in itself, but how many more Davids there must be before our cause can be won!"

"In the Sahara country," went on Monsignor Nouet, "it is the change in spirit during the last quarter of a century that is the great achievement. The first priest to Ghardaia asked a man named Abdullah for a drink of water. In pity the man gave it to the unbelieving stranger, but he was discovered in the act, and the Moslem mullah forced him to empty his well five times to purify it. Everything we touched was considered contaminated; if we picked up a piece of fruit at the market, we had to buy it because we had rendered it impure. The women spat in front of us and then turned their faces to the wall as we passed. The children threw stones at us. Now all that is at an end.

"Not that our message is any more welcome. Many Moslem leaders are still bitter and suspicious."

Cardinal Lavigerie began a little work among the Kabyles, a Berber people tucked in a corner of Algeria, and today there are several small Christian communities in that region. This is the only

instance of any group acceptance of Christianity by Moslems in modern times. Individual converts, while not numerous, represent a worthwhile figure each year. Many find it necessary to keep their conversion secret.

So far as concerns efforts to make the Moslem understand, the White Fathers feel that they are only at the beginning of their task. In this respect we shall do well to watch the *Institut des Belles Lettres Arabes*, founded in Tunis by the White Fathers, at the head of which is Father Demeeresman, an excellent Arab scholar.

"It is over forty years since the death of Cardinal Lavigerie," explained Father Demeeresman, "but we still feel that we are only starting our work. Most of us commit the heresy of seeking directly to make conversions. There is much to be done before that. We need a profound knowledge of Arabic, of the Koran, of the Bible, of Arab and Berber folkways. It is astounding how few students of Moslem questions there are in the Christian world. We Christians need much, much deeper roots of conviction regarding our world task, if ever we are to perform it well."

"Deeper roots, deeper roots"—the phrase played through my mind as I walked with Père Delattre through the ruins of old Carthage. There were the pagan remains, reminders of a world that had decayed and gone. There were the Christian remains—the Basilica of Saint Cyprian, the Basilica Majorum, the Basilica Damous-el-Karita. To judge from Carthage alone, Christianity also had decayed.

But in the Arab quarter of Tunis is a statue of a dignified, bearded Christian prelate, one who, though from outside their circle, their way of life, their religion, spoke to the Moslems of North Africa in terms which they understood and which they deeply esteemed. The wielder of this missionary gift was Cardinal Lavigerie. Christianity has not decayed—will not decay, so long as such possessors of this hungry yearning to communicate Christ's ideals to all men march across our world.

Epilogue

A Program of World Christianity

BACK in Rome, the flower vendors still sold their gorgeously colored bouquets on the steps of the *Trinita*, and the cool fountain splashed in Bernini's boat on the *Piazza di Spagna*. I felt increased respect for another boat, Giotto's quaint mosaic of Peter's Bark, known as the *Navicella*, which graces the atrium of Saint Peter's Basilica. In Rome this is the special symbol of the Church. Baronius, the historian, each time he entered Saint Peter's, uncovered his head before the *Navicella* in reverent homage to the Church Universal.

There are sweep and majesty to the Church that can be found living vigorously on five continents, particularly on the predominantly non-Christian continents of Asia and Africa. Christianity is not on the defensive. It is driving forward with a positive, aggressive program as surely as it did in the centuries of the Roman persecutions.

This program is threefold:

- 1) Co-operation among all religious-minded men for the advance of religion throughout the world.
- 2) Ceaseless, prayerful effort for the union of Christendom.
- 3) A huge, world-wide effort for the union of all mankind in personal sanctity and corporate religious life, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Today as always, mankind divides itself into two camps: those who recognize the spiritual element in life, and those who ignore it or fight against it. In India, China, Japan, even among the tribes of Africa, this division is found. However crude and false in concept a religion may be, it is better than anti-religion; and, certainly, world Christianity has an ally for its journey into men's hearts in the existence of men of religion everywhere over the globe.

Pope Pius XII, in his encyclical *Summi Pontificatus*, takes note of this. He speaks feelingly of his gratitude for the good wishes

and prayers of those "who do not belong to the visible framework of the Catholic Church." He is confident that, "in their generosity and honesty, they could not bring themselves to forget all those links which bind them to Us, our common love of Christ's person, our common belief in God." He delineates in this sentence the great common ground on which Catholics meet, can meet, and should meet, first with non-Catholic Christians and secondly with all non-Christians of the world. He reminds the non-Catholics—while reminding also the Catholics—of "our common love of Christ's person." He reminds all men who possess even a minimum notion of the Deity—and they are far more numerous than many realize—of "our common belief in God."

So far as co-operation among Christians, Catholic and non-Catholic, is concerned, the fundamentals are set forth briefly in the simple statement of the Joint Committee of English Catholics and Protestants, issued in London, May 28, 1942. The Joint Committee agreed on three things:

"1st. That a compelling obligation rests upon all Christian people to maintain our Christian heritage, and to act together to the utmost possible extent to secure its effective influence upon social, economic and civic problems.

"2nd. That there is a large area of common ground on which, without raising ultimate questions of Church order and doctrine which divide us, full co-operation is possible and is already taking place.

"3rd. That among the essential freedoms must be freedom for Christian bodies everywhere to worship according to conscience; to preach, teach, and persuade in the spirit of Christian charity; and to bring up children in the faith of their parents."

The basis for the religious co-operation movement in England is the joint letter published in the *London Times*, December 21, 1940, signed by Cardinal Hinsley, the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council. The letter, which incorporated Pope Pius XII's five peace points and added five standards for guidance in economic questions, makes clear to Catholics everywhere that, until the day comes when Catholic and Protestant can be properly reunited

in one communion, they should act jointly and forcefully in the world struggle against anti-religion.

The whole religious co-operation movement sets as its primary aim the conquest of anti-religion. English Catholicism's organ of co-operation, *The Sword of the Spirit*, published under the auspices of Cardinal Hinsley, comments to this effect:

"People," it states, "are no longer primarily attacking the claims of the Holy See or the validity of the dogma of the Atonement. The center of attack is down at the level of the natural order and concerns the existence of God, the nature of man, his rights and duties in society. Men do not quarrel because they want God to be worshiped according to one rite or another. They quarrel because they question whether God should be worshiped at all. . . . Since the coming of communism and nazism, Christians are all together on one side of the arena; the atheists, the pagans, the materialists on the other. Indeed, there are many men of good will who, although they do not call themselves Christian, are on the Christian side in such matters as the rule of law, the rights of the free human person, the defense of the family. . . . The Pope has called us together to fight a great fight to keep society recognizably human."

While religious co-operation is accepted as an instrument to strengthen the position of world Christianity, it goes without saying that Catholics must be sufficiently strong and clear-headed not to permit it to prove a source of religious indifferentism. One religion is *not* as good as another. Concomitantly with a readiness to co-operate for the common good of men, the Catholic continues to work on the second and third points in the program of world Christianity; namely, the union of Christendom and the Christianizing of all men.

The union of Christendom—of Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox—is such an eminently reasonable proposition that the principal task of Catholics must be to reiterate it charitably and ceaselessly among their non-Catholic fellows. Pope Pius XII touched upon it again in his Episcopal Jubilee broadcast, in the spring of 1942. Among the many repercussions on this occasion was a plea by the Anglican Bishop of Gloucester, in the *London Times*, for "one universal church which would consecrate nationalism and restrain its crudities, and which would be the great International."

Let the World Church be called "the great International," or whatever men will, but let Catholics not forget that the building of this World Church is one of Christendom's major obligations. Catholic missionaries the world over engage in superb charities, such as the baptism of dying infants, the care of lepers, the sheltering of the crippled and the aged. The principal assignment of missionaries, however, is to build a world-wide Church Militant.

This task of building may consist of sending priests, Brothers, and Sisters to Latin America or the Philippines, to dominantly Christian peoples among whom religious personnel is wanting and where established Christian life suffers in consequence. For the most part, however, it represents a studied and consistent effort to carry a message to the billion non-Christians of the globe, not as a mere kindness, not as a mere generous charity, but as a duty inherent in Christianity.

In the pages that have preceded, we have seen how the missionary strives to bring this about.

We have seen *the way of education*: the mud kindergarten at Navrongo, the smart finishing school at Mangalore, the university at Calcutta or Peking.

We have seen *the way of charity*: the cities of the sick in Jerusalem and Bangalore, the lepers of Rangoon, the waifs of Loting, the aged of Shanghai, the insane of Leopoldville.

We have seen *the way of science*: the star gazers of Zose, the students of reptiles at Trichinopoly.

We have seen *the way of the artisan*: the trade schools of the Congo, the needle schools of India and China.

We have seen *the way of art*: Luke Chen and his followers in Peking, the cathedral builders of Phatdiem.

We have seen *the way of the plough*: the farm villages of northern India, the rural co-operatives among the aborigines of Bengal.

We have seen *the way of devotion*: Father Felix of Khushpur, Father Lebbe of Ankuo, Sister Maurillo of the Babingi, Father Poissonnier of Tazert.

We have seen *the way of contemplation*: the Carmelites of Indo-China, the Trappists and Trappistines of the Hokkaido, Charles de Foucauld of the Sahara.

We have seen *the way of martyrdom*: the holocaust of the black boys of Uganda, the tree watered with blood in Annam.

And we have seen *the way of direct evangelism*: Mar Ivanios of Malabar, Father Chow of Suanhwafu, the catechists of the Congo and Cameroons, the Sister journeyers of Kaying.

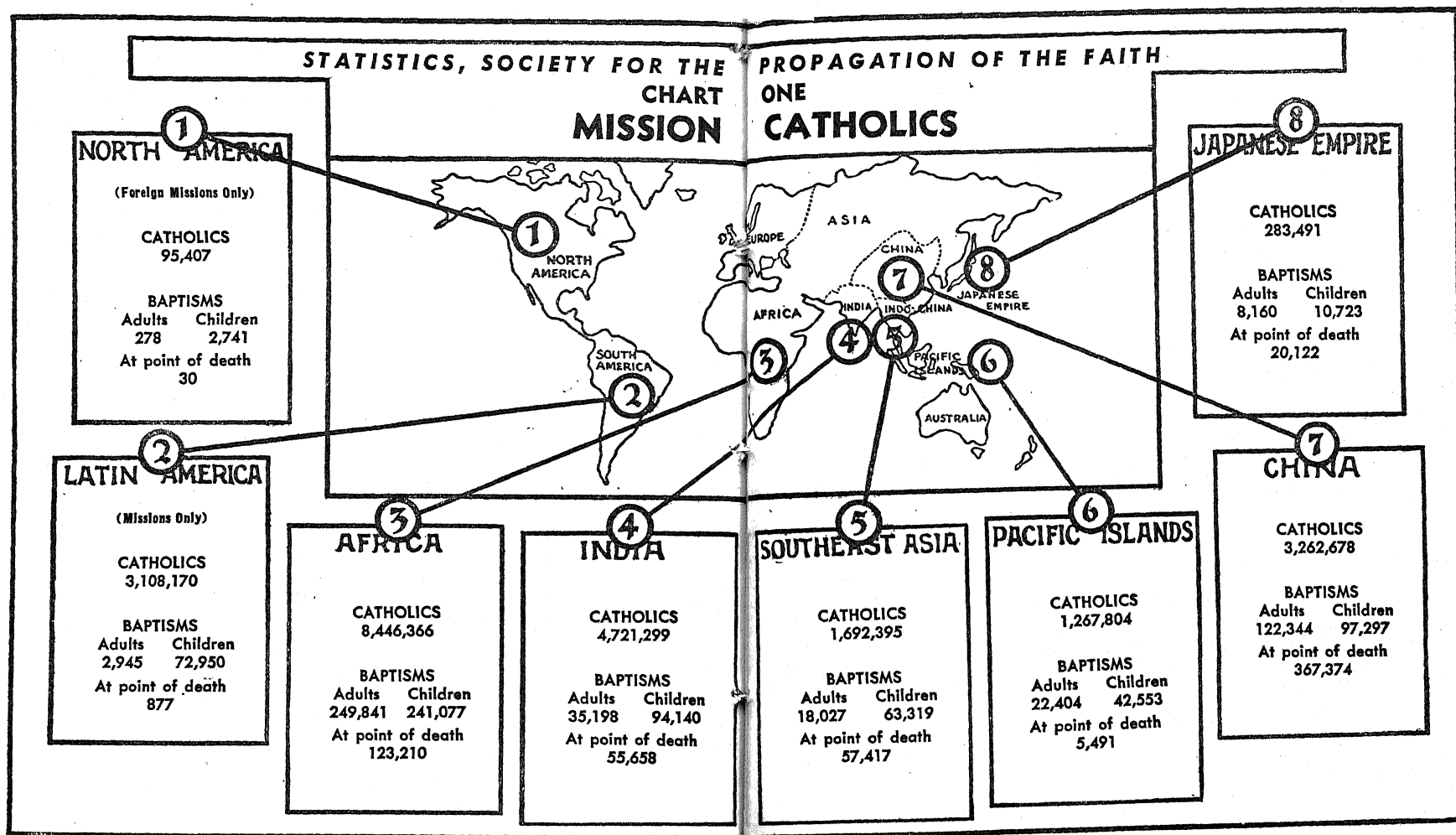
Behind all these ways stands the intrepid figure of the missionary himself, the world's finest portrait of patience and courage, of unremitting hope, of deathless promise.

When, in the course of the foundation of the California missions, the beautiful site had been chosen for Mission *San Antonio de Padua*, the mission bell was suspended on the branch of a sturdy oak that stood in the yet-untamed wilderness. As soon as it was in place, Fra Junipero Serra seized the rope and rang the bell loudly and long.

"Why do you do that?" a confrere asked. "There is yet no church, and there are no Indians."

"But I hear them coming!" replied Serra, a vision of the future gleaming in his eye.

Here is the classic missionary, who will march across the world until the Church's millennial dream shall have been realized, and mission fields shall be no more.



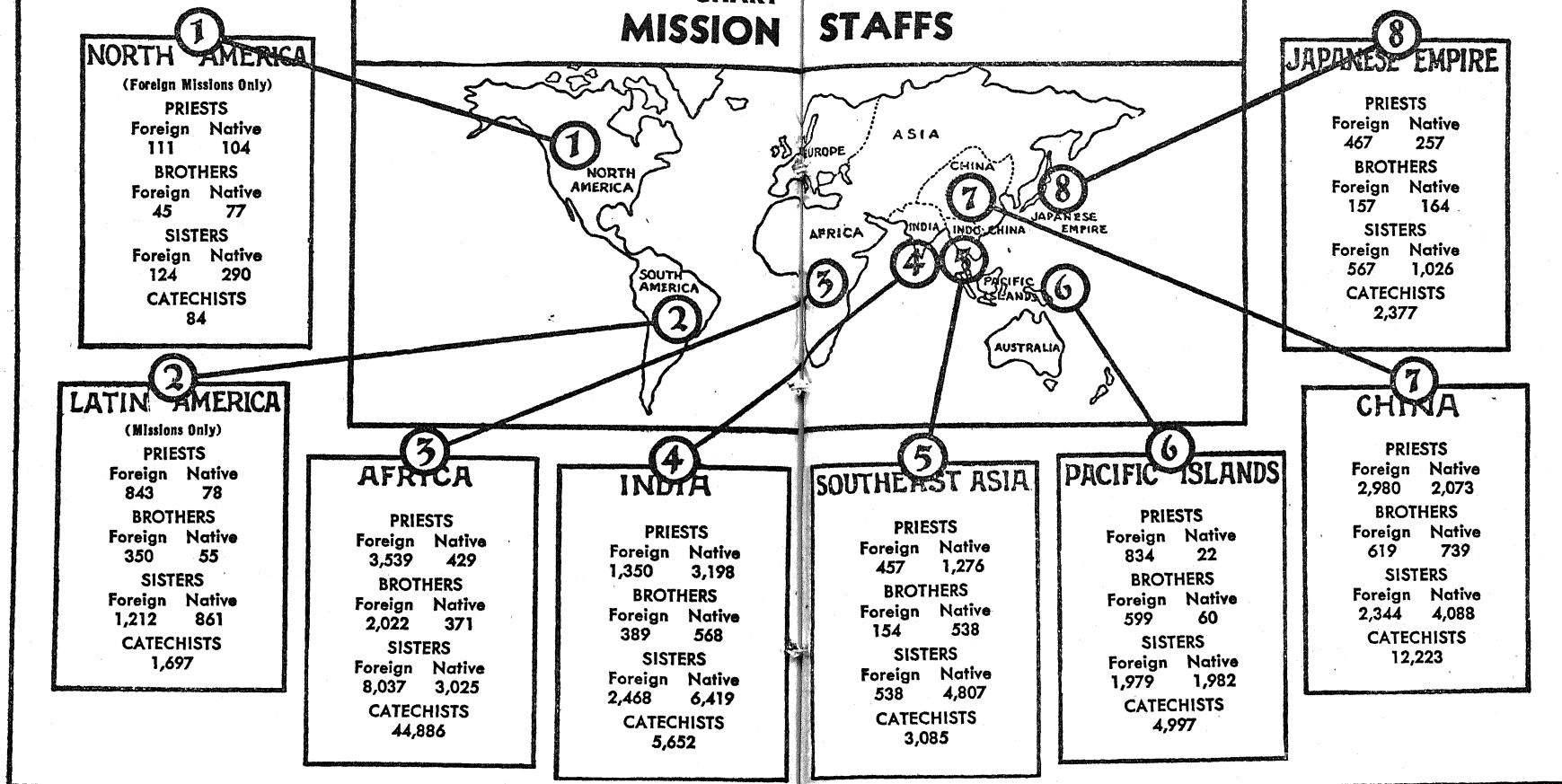
The statistics on these four charts were for the most part compiled from data of the Congregation of the Propaganda by Fides Service, the bureau of information conducted by the International Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. The basic census employed is that of 1934, the last officially prepared world statistics, but more recent data available for certain areas have likewise been used. Nothing more exact can be expected until the end of the war.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is a pontifical and international mission aid society established to assist missionaries the world over. The other pontifical mission aid societies are the Society of St. Peter the

Apostle, purpose of which is the education of the native clergy, and the Society of the Holy Childhood. Various sending societies in the world train the Church's mission priests, Brothers and Sisters and furnish most of their needs in the field. Their missions are assisted substantially by the pontifical mission aid societies.

Only Alaska and the Canadian North are represented in the figures given for North America. Splendid missions in the United States, the home missions of the Church in America, are not included, nor are the main bodies of Catholics in Latin America and in the Philippines, though supplying priests for these groups represents a great missionary task.

STATISTICS, SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH CHART TWO MISSION STAFFS



Priests, Brothers, and Sisters in mission lands total some sixty-five thousand by the above statistics which in most cases are for the year 1934, date of the last published world mission census prepared by Fides Service, a department of the International Headquarters in Rome of the S.P.F.

It is interesting to note that among the foreign mission priests of the world one out of three serves in Africa, while, practically speaking, the second out of every three is found in China. The remaining third are at work in the other fields of the world.

Almost seven thousand Brothers labor in mission fields, of whom three thousand are of the teaching communities operating the important line of

schools which fall to them in mission lands. Every great city of Asia and Africa has a contingent of teaching Brothers.

Almost fifty per cent of the foreign mission Sisters of the Church are in Africa. One out of every seven is in India, and the same proportion holds for China.

In native personnel India is the strongest, because of the splendidly developed forces of the Malabar Coast. India is well in the lead in priests and Sisters, while China and Southeast Asia have approximately the same strength in Sisters. Native Brothers are not notably numerous in any part of the mission world. Africa leads in catechists.

STATISTICS, SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH CHART MISSION SCHOOLS

1 NORTH AMERICA
(Foreign Missions Only)

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
176	8,189
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
24	586
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
—	12
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
—	12

2 LATIN AMERICA
(Missions Only)

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
1,123	102,788
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
231	22,367
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
2	135
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
5	106

3 AFRICA

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
17,642	932,529
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
1,370	80,917
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
29	748
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
80	3,080

4 INDIA

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
4,893	289,065
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
760	112,932
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
14	1,109
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
32	977

5 SOUTHEAST ASIA

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
2,031	102,079
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
60	9,704
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
10	564
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
19	2,116

6 PACIFIC ISLANDS

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
1,957	123,591
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
270	26,041
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
2	110
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
11	296

8 JAPANESE EMPIRE

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
145	26,162
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
65	19,866
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
1	196
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
7	490

7 CHINA

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Pupils
3,416	181,472
SECONDARY SCHOOLS	
Number	Students
531	54,851
MAJOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
23	1,151
MINOR SEMINARIES	
Number	Students
111	3,601

Mission schools are strongest in Africa, where over forty per cent of the total are found. Colonial governments are an important factor in the development of mission schools through the subsidies they grant. Three fourths of our mission schools over the world are in colonies operated before World War II by the British, Belgians, French, or Dutch. Forty-five per cent of all mission schools were in British colonial territory. Government co-operation in the Belgian Congo places almost the entire school system—some 400,000 children—in Catholic mission hands.

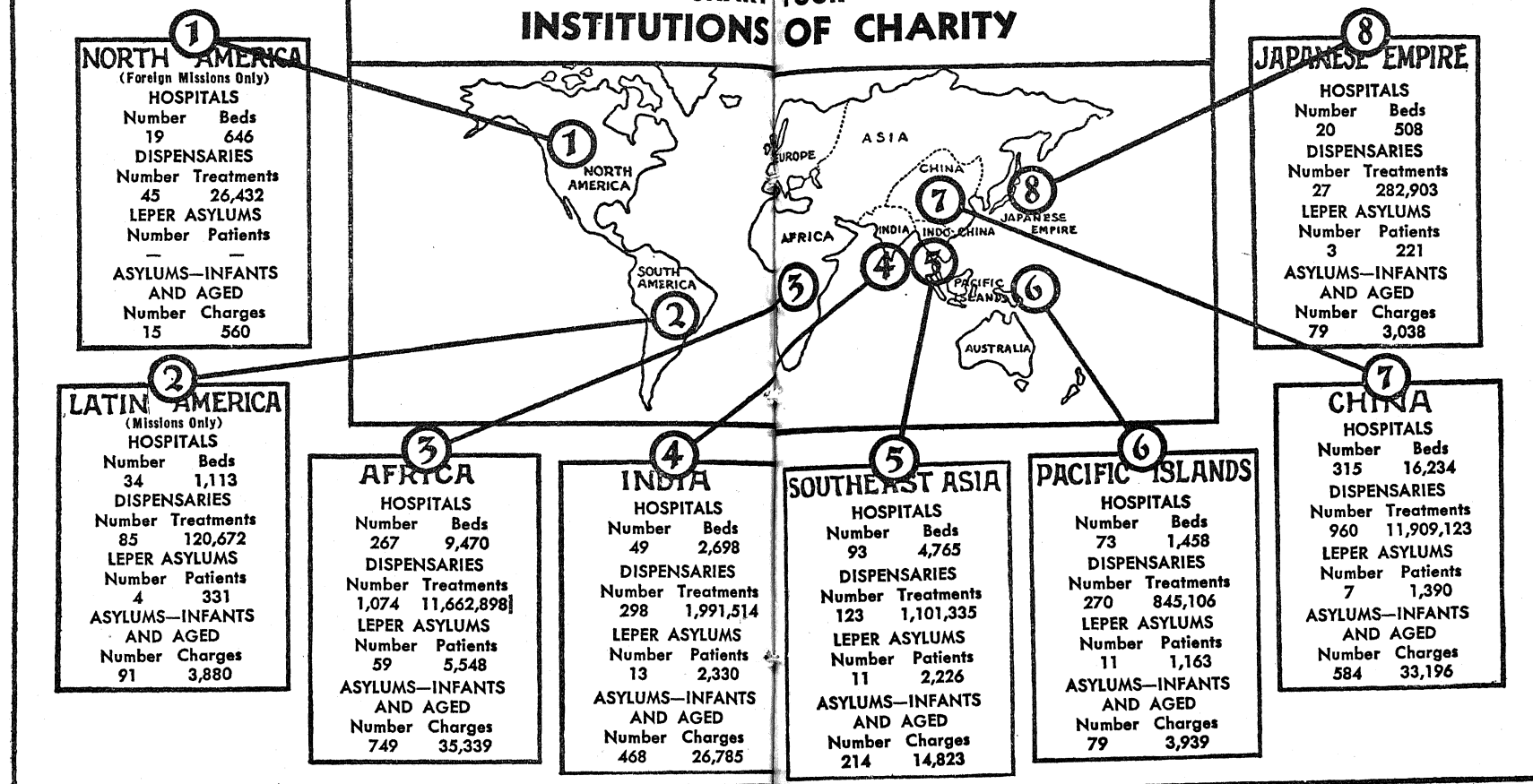
Notable Catholic colleges and universities are found in India, China, and Japan, while in Africa there are likewise a few well-developed higher

schools. The Church is not strong in higher education in mission lands.

Catholic missions operate 215 normal schools. The influence of government policy is again revealed by the existence of 111 normal schools in British colonies and none in French colonies except in Madagascar. In North and Central China there are twenty-five Catholic normal schools.

Catholic missions now engage 65,000 lay teachers besides the thousands of Sisters and Brothers devoted to teaching. Catholic missions possess a school enrollment equivalent to that of Catholic schools in the United States—some two million—but without the same physical equipment.

STATISTICS, SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH
CHART FOUR
INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY



Catholic missions maintain 860 hospitals counting 36,892 beds. There are 2,882 dispensaries which in a single year rendered 27,139,983 treatments—a substantial figure.

The missions employ but 211 doctors and thus must rely on non-mission doctors. Some thousands of Sisters are registered nurses, while some thousands of lay nurses are engaged in mission hospitals. In Africa there are some hundreds of midwives trained by the missionaries and, for the most part, engaged by them for the assistance of Africa's women.

The patient devotion of priest and Sister accounts for the strength of the missions in asylums of every sort—for infants, aged, deformed, insane, for

the tubercular and leprous. Some 150,000 charges are harbored in these institutions.

No clear distinction can be made between the medical activity of missionaries and the missionary activity of members of the medical profession. The vocations of both can be combined only with difficulty in a single individual, while for effective Christian work the tasks of the two cannot be completely divorced. In countries where conditions of life are particularly difficult, the religious seek to handle the problem of medical missions without lay assistance. As soon as possible, however, qualified lay professional aid is introduced.

Appendix B

AMERICAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARY PERSONNEL OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

Statistics as gathered by the national headquarters of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Cincinnati, Ohio, and published in its official Missionary Index of 1942.

AFRICA

Benedictines (Newton, N. J.)	1
Christian Instruction, Brothers of (Fall River, Mass.)	2
Divine Word Fathers (Techny, Ill.)	12
Black Franciscans (Milwaukee, Wis.)	1
Holy Ghost Fathers (New York, N. Y.)	29
La Salette Missionaries (Bloomfield, Conn.)	3
Mariannahill Missionaries (Dearborn, Mich.)	2
Oblates of Mary Immaculate (Lowell, Mass.)	13
Sacred Heart, Brothers of the (Metuchen, N. J.)	10
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	6
Holy Child Sisters (Sharon Hill, Pa.)	6
Holy Names, Sisters of the (Albany, N. Y.)	30
Sacred Heart, Sisters of the (Reading, Pa.)	1
Sacred Hearts, Holy Union of the (Fall River, Mass.)	4
Ursulines (Kirkwood, Mo.)	1
White Sisters (Metuchen, N. J.)	7
Wisdom, Daughters of (St. Agatha, Me.)	2

Summary for Africa: Men 73; Women 57; Total 130

ASIA

CHINA

Benedictines (Lisle, Ill.)	6
Capuchins (Pittsburgh, Pa.)	1
Divine Word Fathers (Techny, Ill.)	27
Dominicans (New York, N. Y.)	9
Franciscans (Chicago, Ill., Cinn., Ohio, New York, N. Y., Oakland, Calif.)	68
Jesuits (San Jose, Calif.)	36
Marianists (Dayton, Ohio)	11
Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	129
Passionist Congregation (Union City, N. J.)	35
St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society (St. Columbans, Nebr.)	10
Salvatorian Fathers (Elkton, Md.)	15
Stigmatine Fathers (Wellesley, Mass.)	1
Vincentians (Philadelphia, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.)	38
Benedictine Sisters (St. Joseph, Minn.)	8
Sisters of Charity (Mount St. Joseph, Ohio)	9
Sisters of Charity (Convent Station, N. J.)	9
Daughters of Charity (Normandy, Mo., Emmitsburg, Md.)	11
Dominican Sisters (Columbus, Ohio)	6
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	17
Franciscans (Milwaukee, Wis.)	9
Franciscans (St. Francis, Wis.)	10
Franciscans (Springfield, Ill.)	15
Franciscans (Oldenburg, Ind.)	6
Franciscans (Dubuque, Ia.)	8
Franciscans (La Crosse, Wis.)	13
Holy Ghost, Servants of the (Techny, Ill.)	8
Immaculate Conception, Missionary Sisters of the (Paterson, N. J.)	2
Loretto, Sisters of (Nerinx, Ky.)	9

Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	59
Sisters of the Precious Blood (Ruma, Ill.)	9
Sisters of the Sacred Heart (Reading, Pa.)	1
Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur (Reading, Ohio)	8
Sisters of Providence (Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.)	10
Missionary Sisters of St. Columban (Silver Creek, N. Y.)	21
St. Joseph, Sisters of (Baden, Pa.)	5
Salvatorian Sisters (St. Nazianz, Wis.)	11
Ursulines (Kirkwood, Mo.)	1

Summary for China: Men 386; Women 265; Total 651

KOREA

Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	37
St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society (St. Columbans, Nebr.)	3
Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	12

Summary for Korea: Men 40; Women 12; Total 52

INDIA

Divine Word Fathers (Techny, Ill.)	3
Franciscans (Loretto, Pa.)	12
Congregation of the Holy Cross (Washington, D. C.)	45
Jesuits (Chicago, Ill., New Orleans, La.)	98
La Salette Missionaries (Bloomfield, Conn.)	10
St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society (St. Columbans, Nebr.)	2
Salesians (New Rochelle, N. Y.)	1
Medical Missionaries (Philadelphia, Pa.)	11
Franciscans Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	13
Sisters of the Holy Cross (Holy Cross P.O., Ind.)	10
Servants of the Holy Ghost (Techny, Ill.)	1

Summary for India: Men 171; Women 35; Total 206

JAPAN

Jesuits (St. Louis, Mo.)	1
Marianists (Cincinnati, Ohio, Kirkwood, Mo.)	8
Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	14
Secular Priests	1
Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	4
Notre Dame de Namur, Sisters of (Waltham, Mass.)	12
St. Ann, Sisters of (Marlboro, Mass.)	2

Summary for Japan: Men 24; Women 18; Total 42

MANCHUKUO

Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	32
Viatorians (Bourbonnais, Ill.)	1
Holy Ghost, Daughters of the (Putnam, Conn.)	8
Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	27
Ursulines (Kirkwood, Mo.)	1

Summary for Manchukuo: Men 33; Women 36; Total 69

WESTERN ASIA

Carmelite Fathers (Joliet, Ill.)	2
Franciscans (Washington, D. C.)	16
Jesuits (Boston, Mass.)	16

Summary for Western Asia: Men 34; Total 34

THAILAND

Ursulines (Kirkwood, Mo., Miles City, Mont., New Orleans, La.)	6
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Summary for Thailand: Women 6; Total 6

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

OCEANIA

Capuchins (Detroit, Mich.)	11
Christian Brothers (New York, N. Y.)	1
Jesuits (New York, N. Y.)	1
Marianists (Dayton, Ohio)	75
Marists (Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C.)	25
Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	7
Congregation of the Sacred Hearts (Washington, D. C.)	6
Secular Priests	2
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	2
Franciscans (Syracuse, N. Y.)	47
Servants of the Holy Ghost (Techny, Ill.)	8
Marist Sisters (Bedford, Mass.)	56
Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	85
Sisters of the Sacred Heart (Reading, Pa.)	3

Summary for Oceania: Men 128; Women 201; Total 329

EAST INDIES

Divine Word Fathers (Techny, Ill.)	6
Sacred Heart, Missionaries of the (Geneva, Ill.)	1

Summary for East Indies: Men 7; Total 7

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Augustinians (Villanova, Pa.)	4
Benedictines (Newton, N. J.)	1
Christian Brothers (New York, N. Y.)	13
Divine Word Fathers (Techny, Ill.)	20
Dominican Fathers (New York, N. Y.)	4
Jesuits (New York, N. Y.)	114
Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	5
Oblates of Mary Immaculate (Lowell, Mass.)	10
Passionist Congregation (Union City, N. J.)	1
St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society (St. Columbans, Nebr.)	2
Secular Priests	3
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	10
Servants of the Holy Ghost (Techny, Ill.)	9
Maryknoll Sisters (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	53
St. Columban, Missionary Sisters of (Silver Creek, N. Y.)	13

Summary for Philippine Islands: Men 177; Women 85; Total 262

THE AMERICAS

ALASKA

Jesuits (Spokane, Wash.)	31
Secular Priests	6
Charity of Providence, Sisters of (Seattle, Wash.)	3
St. Ann, Sisters of (Marlboro, Mass.)	14
Ursuline Sisters (Kirkwood, Mo.)	6
Ursuline Sisters (Wilmington, Del.)	1

Summary for Alaska: Men 37; Women 24; Total 61

CANADA

Atonement, Franciscan Friars of the (Garrison, N. Y.)	3
Christian Instruction, Brothers of (Fall River, Mass.)	9
Oblates of Mary Immaculate (Lowell, Mass.)	6
Stigmatine Fathers (Wellesley, Mass.)	3
Atonement, Franciscan Sisters of the (Garrison, N. Y.)	4
Benedictine Sisters (Mt. Angel, Oregon)	6

Charity of Montreal, Sisters of (Cambridge, Mass.)	12
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (North Providence, R. I.)	1
St. Ann, Sisters of (Marlboro, Mass.)	18
White Sisters (Metuchen, N. J.)	3

Summary for Canada: Men 21; Women 44; Total 65

CENTRAL AMERICA

Capuchin Fathers (Detroit, Mich.)	9
Claretian Missionaries (Los Angeles, Calif.)	18
Jesuits (St. Louis, Mo.)	36
Vincentians (Philadelphia, Pa.)	14
Secular Priests	1
Franciscans (Milwaukee, Wis.)	1
Mercy, Sisters of (Washington, D. C.)	33

Summary for Central America: Men 78; Women 34; Total 112

SOUTH AMERICA

Divine Word, Society of the (Techny, Ill.)	1
La Salette Missionaries (Bloomfield, Conn.)	3
Marianists (Kirkwood, Mo.)	9
Maryknoll Missioners (Maryknoll, N. Y.)	21
Redemptorists (Brooklyn, N. Y.)	44
St. Francis, Poor Brothers of (Cincinnati, Ohio)	2
Stigmatine Fathers (Wellesley, Mass.)	1
Bernardine Sisters (Reading, Pa.)	53
Christian Charity, Sisters of (Wilmette, Ill.)	2
Immaculate Conception, Sisters of the (Paterson, N. J.)	2
Immaculate Heart, Sisters of the (West Chester, Pa.)	38
Mercy, Sisters of (Dallas, Pa., Washington, D. C.)	35
Sisters of the Sacred Heart (Reading, Pa.)	2
Notre Dame, School Sisters of (Baltimore, Md.)	2
Notre Dame, Sisters of (Cleveland, Ohio)	5
St. Casimir, Sisters of (Chicago, Ill.)	3
Ursulines (Kirkwood, Mo.)	4

Summary for South America: Men 81; Women 146; Total 227

WEST INDIES

Benedictines (Collegeville, Minn.)	17
Capuchins (Pittsburgh, Pa.)	18
Dominicans (New York, N. Y.)	4
Holy Ghost Fathers (New York, N. Y.)	11
Jesuits (Boston, Mass.)	59
Marianists (Dayton, Ohio)	18
Redemptorists (Brooklyn, N. Y.)	71
Secular Priests	1
Carmelite Sisters (Corpus Christi Carmelites, Kearney, Nebr.)	4
Charity, Sisters of (Convent Station, N. J.)	20
Charity, Daughters of (Normandy, Mo.)	21
Charity, Sisters of (New York, N. Y.)	18
Sisters of Divine Providence (Allison Park, Pa.)	14
Dominican Sisters (Brooklyn, N. Y.)	21
Franciscan Sisters (Millvale P.O., Pa.)	12
Franciscans (Allegany, N. Y.)	48
Marist Sisters (Bedford, Mass.)	7
Most Blessed Trinity, Missionary Sisters of the (Philadelphia, Pa.)	18
Sisters of the Sacred Heart (Reading, Pa.)	3
Notre Dame, School Sisters of (Baltimore, Md.)	42
Sacred Heart, Mission Helpers of the (Towson, Md.)	22
St. Joseph, Sisters of (Brentwood, N. Y.)	20
St. Joseph of Carondelet, Sisters of (St. Louis, Mo.)	15
Wisdom, Daughters of (St. Agatha, Me.)	2

Summary for West Indies: Men 199; Women 287; Total 486

RECAPITULATION

Priests and Brothers	1489
Sisters	1250
	<hr/>
Total	2739

American missionaries in the war zones have been in some instances temporarily transferred due to the political situation. The statistics as given above do not take into consideration any such recent changes.

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